HOUSE OF X

Hickman
Larraz
Silva
Gracia

MARVEL

[01–06]
[01–06]

HOUSE
OF
X

POWERS
OF
X

[01–06]
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[powers_of_x]

[kra_]
[koa_]

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10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

[kra_]
[koa_]

HOUSE OF X

POWERS OF X

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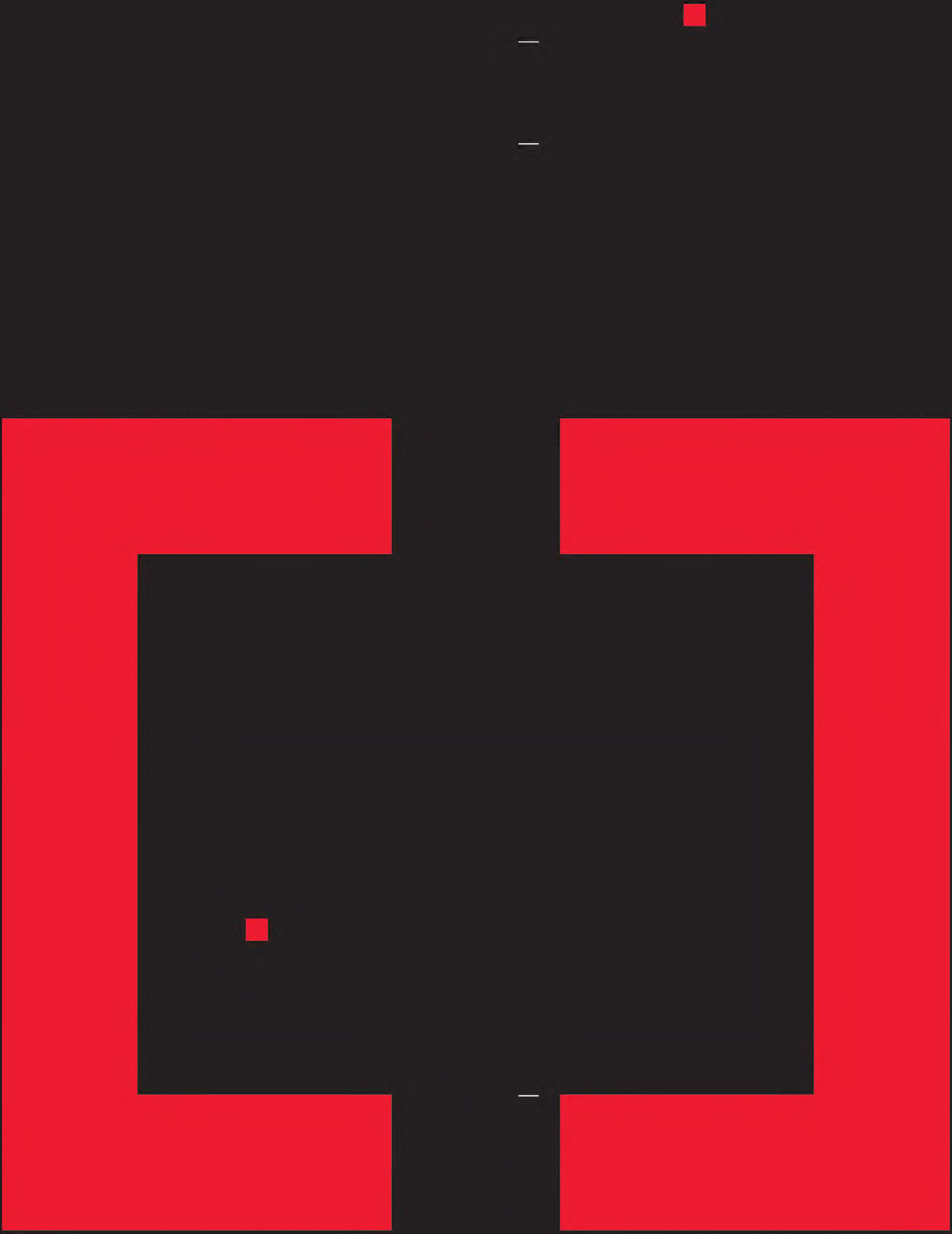
[kra_]
[koa_]



[kra_[0.1]
[koa_[2.1]

Humans of the planet Earth.

While you slept, the world *changed.*

-PROFESSOR X

[kra_[4.1]
[koa_[6.1]

[kra_[8.1]...]
[koa_[9.1]...]

[Xavier_alpha]

To me, my X-Men.

2019

[kra_]
[koa_]

Chapter 01

The house that Xavier built

[house_of_x]
[powers_of_x]

01

Five months ago.
Krakoa.
Four months ago.
Westchester.
Three months ago.
The Blue Area of the Moon.
Two months ago.
Mars.

One month ago.
The Savage Land.
Three weeks ago.
Washington, D.C.
Two weeks ago.
The Jerusalem Habitat.

Now.
Ambassador. You look tired.
How was your flight?
Same as yours, I'd guess. *Unexpected.* Charles Xavier decides to deliver a telepathic message to the world--*an offer we can't refuse*--and here we are...
...at a habitat I didn't know existed, recognizing the sovereignty of a nation-state I'd never heard of until four days ago.
How's the saying go? *"May you live in interesting times."*

Personally, I'd settle for a bit of *predictability and a good night's sleep.*
Unfortunately, these things... I cannot see happening.
You're apprehensive.
I am.
It's the designer drug thing, no?
It is a *problem.*
A drug that extends human life five years, another that prevents diseases of the mind and a third that is the most effective, adaptive antibiotic the world has ever seen...
You say it's a ***problem.*** I would call it a ***gift.***
It's not a ***gift*** if you have to ***pay.***
Xavier is only offering these miracle drugs to nations who recognize his.
Well, that's called *leverage...*
God knows none of us would ever dare such a thing.
Trade deals, treaties...the money and power of it all--these are complications you are all familiar with.
What should concern you is the amnesty.
You think so?
I seem to remember something someone said once...something about appearing to be one thing while actually being another.
You're not actually going to quote Sun Tzu, are you, Ambassador?

Why bother? It's not a war if they've already won.
...
Is that *your position* or the position of the *Chinese government?*
I have been ordered-- *if put to the question--* to accept Xavier's deal.
We see the *potential* of it.
Excuse me, Ambassadors...
We're sorry to have kept you waiting. Please, come inside.
Welcome to this Krakoan habitat.
I'm Esme. This is Sophie.
Actually, Sophie's my *human name.* I'm thinking of taking *another.*
tsk
Anyway, we-- *along with our sisters--* are acting as the temporary staff for this habitat until we're fully up and running.
Can I offer anyone something to drink?

I'm fine.
When will we be meeting with *Xavier?*
Charles won't be joining us today--he is *otherwise engaged...*
I admit-- *I'm a poor substitute*--but hopefully I'll manage.
Magneto.
Please, *Ambassador* is fine.
Follow me. I'll give you the tour.

[Flo_wers]..................[8]
[Kra_koa.2.1(Cypher yield 1.0)]

THE FLOWERS OF KRAKOA

The mutant island of Krakoa is not just the home of mutants and the seat of their nation-state, it is also the only known producer of the primary economic resource of the mutant nation: **The flowers of Krakoa.**

FOR HUMANS:

[kra_koa].......[00.1]
[L]...85
[L]...15
.
[I]...60
[I]...40
.
.
[M]...55
[M]...45

HUMAN DRUG L:

Delivery mechanism: Fabricated/ synthesized pill.

This flower produces a drug that extends the life of a human for five years.

HUMAN DRUG I:

Delivery mechanism: Fabricated/ synthesized pill.

This flower produces an adaptive, universal antibiotic. A super drug for humans.

HUMAN DRUG M:

Delivery mechanism: Fabricated/ synthesized pill.

This flower produces a drug that cures diseases of the mind (in humans).

[00_00_56.8]
[00_00_88.9]

[Flo wers]..................[8]
[Kra_koa.2.1(Cypher yield 1.0)]

FOR MUTANTS:

[kra_koa].. ....[00.2]
[G}...95
[G]...05
.
[H]...75
[H}...25
.
.
[N]...60
[N]...40

GATEWAYS:

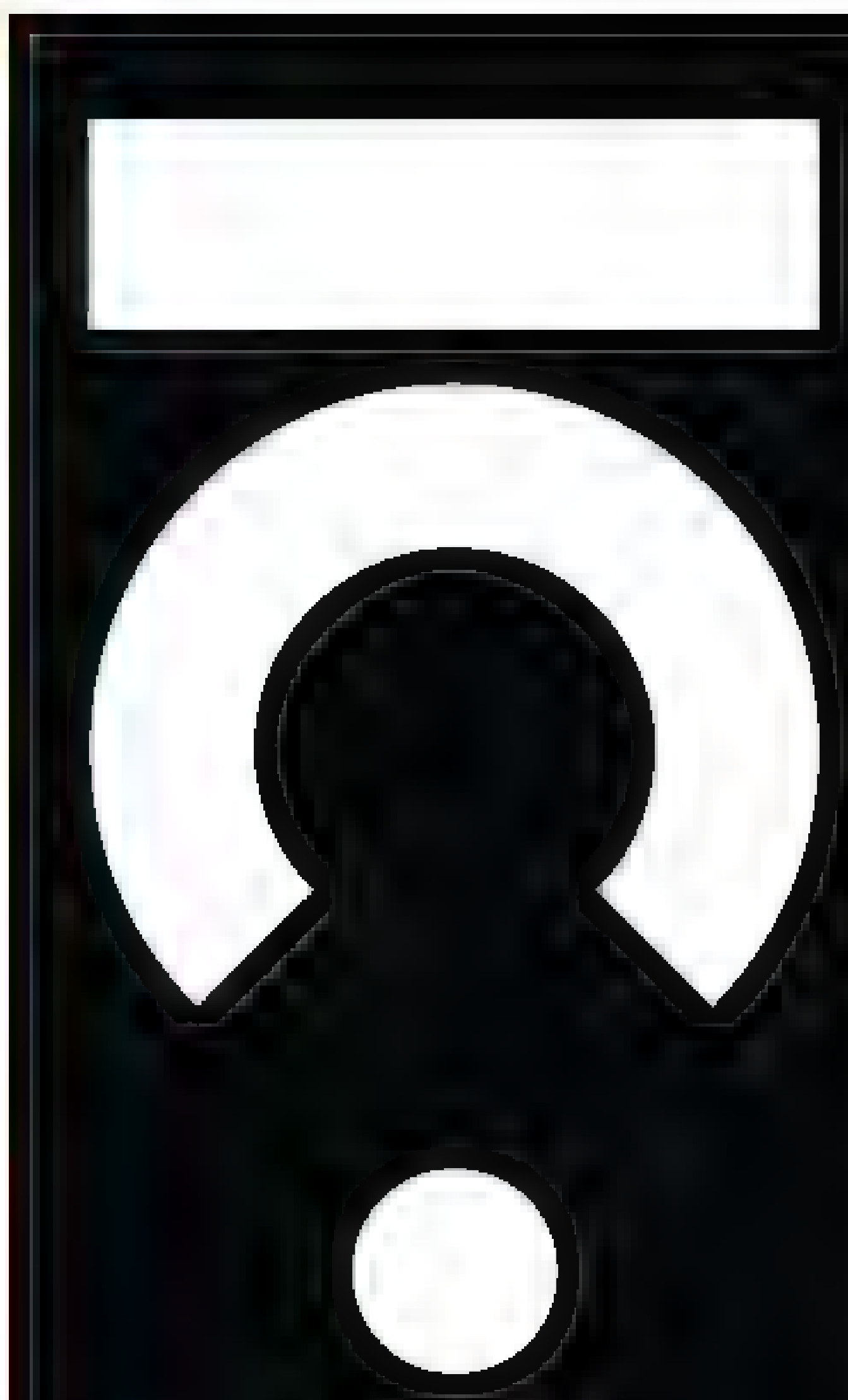
Delivery mechanism: Flower.

This flower grows a Gateway. A pathway from where one is planted to its twin gateway on Krakoa.

HABITAT:

Delivery mechanism: Flower.

This flower produces a habitat. A habitat is a self-sustaining environment -- a biome -- that is part of the interconnected consciousness of Krakoa.



NO-PLACE:

Delivery mechanism: Flower.

This non-naturally occurring flower produces a habitat that exists outside the collective consciousness of Krakoa. A place within the island ecosystem that Krakoa doesn't know exists. A Krakoan tumor.

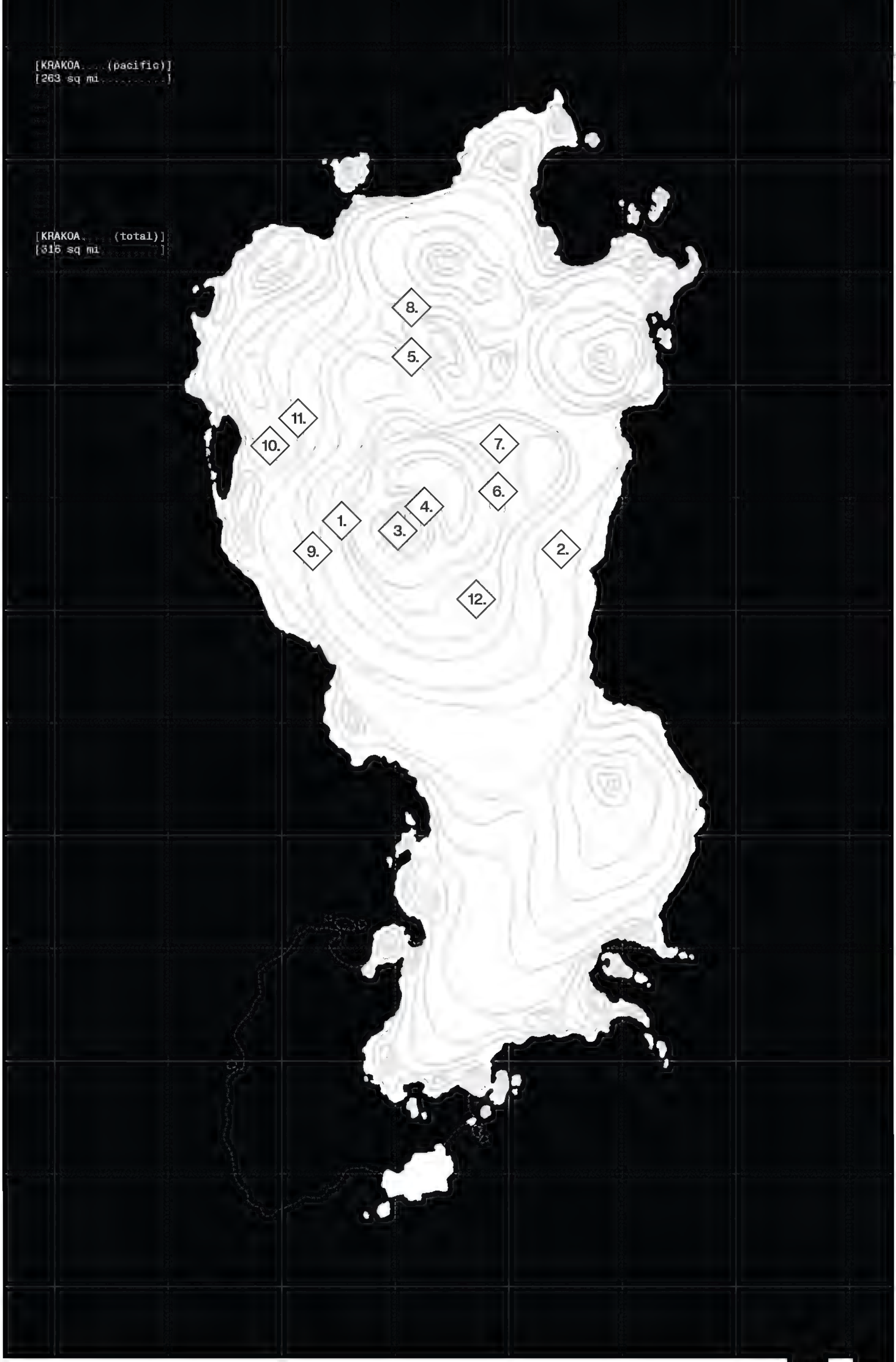
[X_001]
[Y_115]

The Graymalkin Habitat.
Westchester, New York.
Can *anyone* travel through a *gateway*, Mrs. Grey?
No. Not *everyone*.
Any *mutant* can, of course. Krakoa *recognizes its own*. But anyone or anything that isn't a mutant must be accompanied by one-- *and even then* we have to ask for *permission*.
You see, Krakoa is very protective, and it's always important to have *good manners*.
Okay, here we go. Just walk through, and then we'll be on the island.

INCOMING: SANDRA YO - WRENCH
INCOMING: ROBERT WYNN - SONOS REX
INCOMING: SEAN CASSIDY - BANSHEE
INCOMING: DESMOND OCHOA-DIAZ - FAUNA
INCOMING: JEAN GREY - MARVEL GIRL
The interface has the count at twelve, Cypher.
Can you confirm?
Checks out with Krakoa.
See, I told you it would work, Sage.
Last week, you built an entire system to manage the traffic of the Krakoan network from scratch--
And how cool was that?
--coded in a language only you and the island can speak and bio-engineered to run on light and not electricity...
Yeah, I can't believe I doubted you.
It's time to get with the program, Sage. You need to bury all that cynicism and replace it with good old-fashioned hope.
The Professor has changed all the old rules...

"...and we've entered a whole new world."
Whoa.
Yeah. That does about cover it.
The plan is for most of the younger mutants to live in the habitat near the lagoon, but there really aren't any rules regarding that...
So if you see somewhere else you'd rather be, that's perfectly fine.
Oh wow...
Look! That's Professor Xavier. Over there, with that *hairy guy.*
Yes. Why don't you go introduce yourself?
And the *hairy guy's* name is Logan.

Welcome home, Jean.
You're safe here. We all are.


[KRAKOA.....(pacific)]
[263 sq mi..........]
[KRAKOA.....(total)]
[316 sq mi.........]
8.
5.
11.
10.
7.
6.
4.
1.
3.
9.
2.
12.

[00.08]
[00.15]

[kra koa]....... ....[8]
[spawn//pacıfıc] .. ..[8]

KRAKOA [PACIFIC]

1.	HOUSE OF X
2.	HOUSE OF M
3.	ARBOR MAGNA
4.	ARENA
5.	AKADEMOS HABITAT
6.	TRANSIT
7.	THE ORACLE
8.	THE GROVE
9.	THE CRADLE
10.	THE RESERVOIR
11.	THE WILD HUNT
12.	CAROUSEL

[kra koa]................. ..[6]
[spawn//world]..............[3]

"There she is..."
Built on the bones of a planet killer, *the Forge* is our best hope to survive the coming days.
I'm extending the docking collar.
She's a *Hail Mary* for *humanity,* Agent Mendel...
...so be gentle when you give her a kiss.
Roger that, sir.
And... *contact.* The light is green and we have a solid lock. *Pressure's good.*

Okay, Doctor Gregor, you're free to board the station but keep in mind the first ship of the Orchis convoy is approximately 22 hours away.
So--*if it's not too much trouble*--let's start with diagnostics and make sure this place is actually capable of supporting human life before everyone arrives.
I'm perfectly aware of Maslow's hierarchy of needs, Erasmus.
But I've already had breakfast and *just maybe* I don't want to waste my entire morning beholden to my baser instincts.
Protocol is boring, dear. *Be bold, I say.*
She's engaging the safety override of her suit, sir.
Of course she is.
And *this* is why we don't have *kids.*
It's about ten degrees cooler than I'd like, but I'm guessing that's the environment controls preprogrammed to support a full crew.
The air's fine.

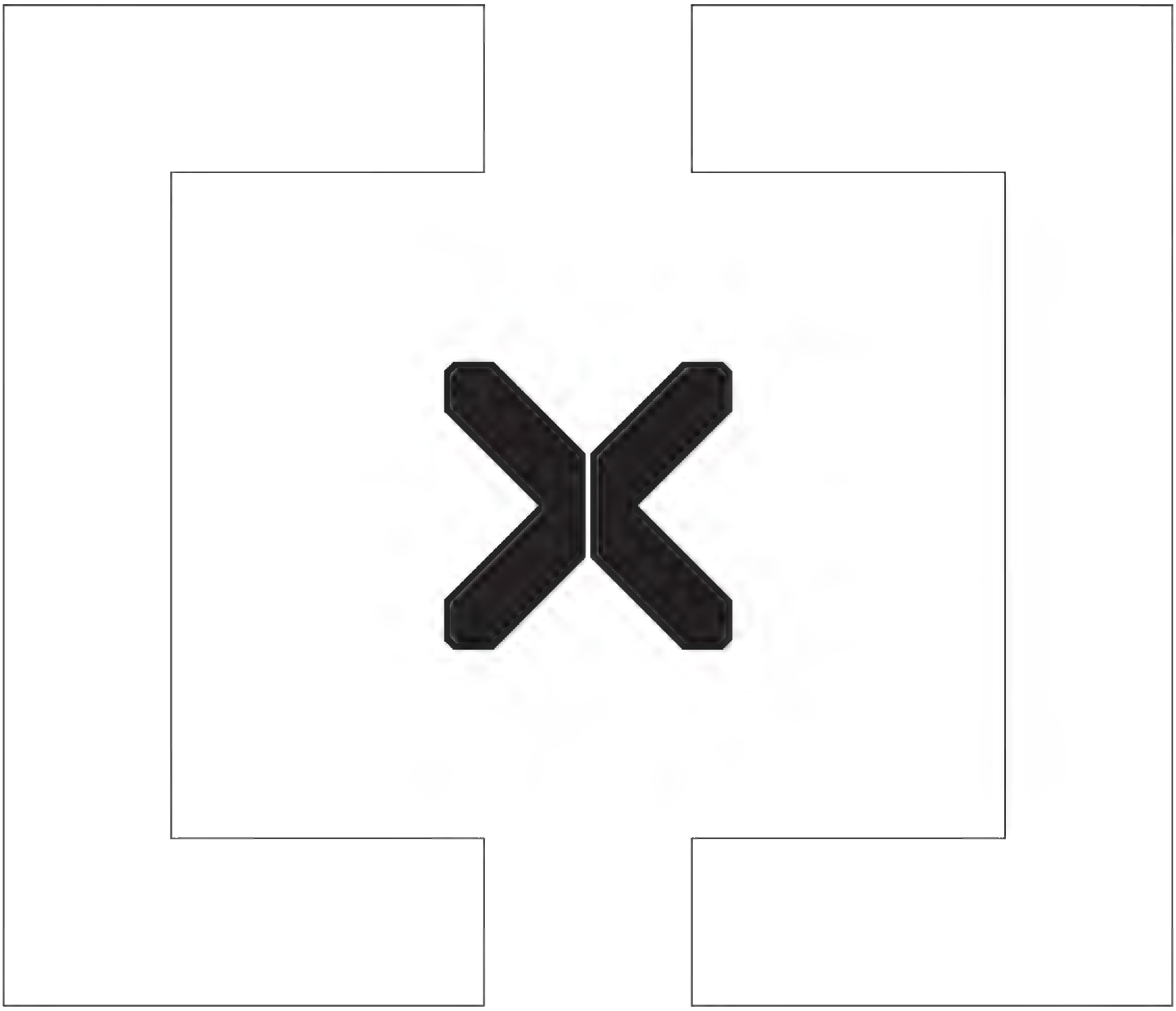
Doctor Smith, please handle the diagnostics so Erasmus will be able to sleep tonight.
Doctor Cain--*if you don't mind*--take a quick look at the power grid. Let's make sure we're converting all the sunlight that's hitting us good and proper-like.
I really don't want to die of *radiation poisoning...*
Karima, you're with me.
Understood.
So. *What do you think?*

I think *mistakes of this scale* should take longer than *six* months to *build.*
Truth be told, the Forge would have been completed sooner, but the machines got the nitrogen and water levels wrong and we lost everything in the habitat.
It turns out ***doomsday plans*** need a bit more *flexibility* the closer you get to the sun.
I'm not surprised, Doctor. Those are the kinds of mistakes men usually make when being ***overly aggressive.***
Actually, you can't blame this one on us, Karima.
As soon as the predictive models forecasted the extent of what Xavier was planning, ***Orchis protocols*** were enacted--***we were activated***--and the automated refit of this station began.
Which is odd. I don't see any machines.
I see no *brothers.* I see no *sisters.*
That's because when construction was completed, all the machines were retasked for mining duty.
We're going to need the resources, so they're on Mercury excavating heavy metals. *But don't worry...*

...if we need more, we'll have her build them.
"Hello, beautiful."

[house_of_x]
[powers_of_x]

[kra_]
[koa_]



[0.08_OR]
[0.12_CHIS]

ORCHIS PROTOCOL

Initial establishment of doomsday network based on evolutionary research regarding the extinction level population density of *Homo sapiens superior.* [See: "The Cro-Magnon problem" by Doctor Alia Gregor.]*

Recruitment of assets in strategic organizations [A.I.M., S.H.I.E.L.D., S.T.R.I.K.E., S.W.O.R.D., ALPHA FLIGHT, H.A.M.M.E.R., A.R.M.O.R., HYDRA] as well as funding from black budgets and other human-centric financial considerations.

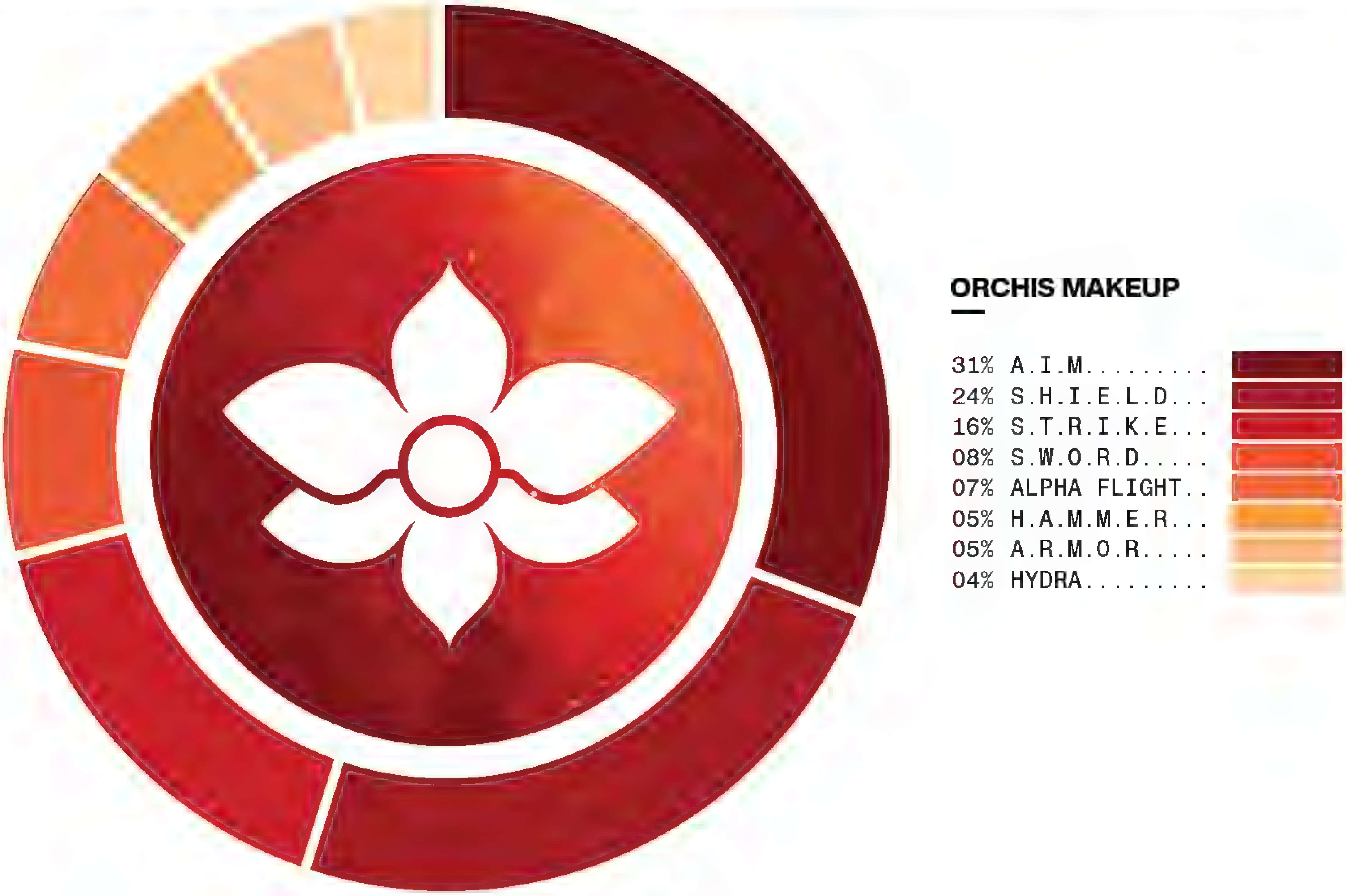
Absorption and adaptation of various organizational assets into next-generation infrastructure: BUILD FOR DOOMSDAY.

Operating under the premise that there are three areas of concern [Population, Financial, Territorial], Orchis assets established watchdog programs to observe -- undetected -- mutant influence.

[DR_Gregor]..............[0.5250]
[Mothermold_assembly.....[vrs 12]

ORCHIS STRUCTURE

[DR_Gregor]..............[id_05b]
[Mothermold_assembly.....[vrs.34]



TWO YEARS AGO: OBSERVATION BEGINS

ONE YEAR AGO: Population Alert: Instances of X-Gene activation have spiked along with the re-emergence of established mutant alphatypes long observed as active in the mutant cause.

SIX MONTHS AGO: Financial Alert: Long-observed shell companies wholly owned by the mutant activist, Charles Xavier, quietly purchased the seventh-largest pharmaceutical company in the world and recently announced three new drugs, which are poised to destabilize that industry and spread throughout global financial sectors.

TWO MONTHS AGO: Territorial Alert: The mutant nation of Krakoa established.

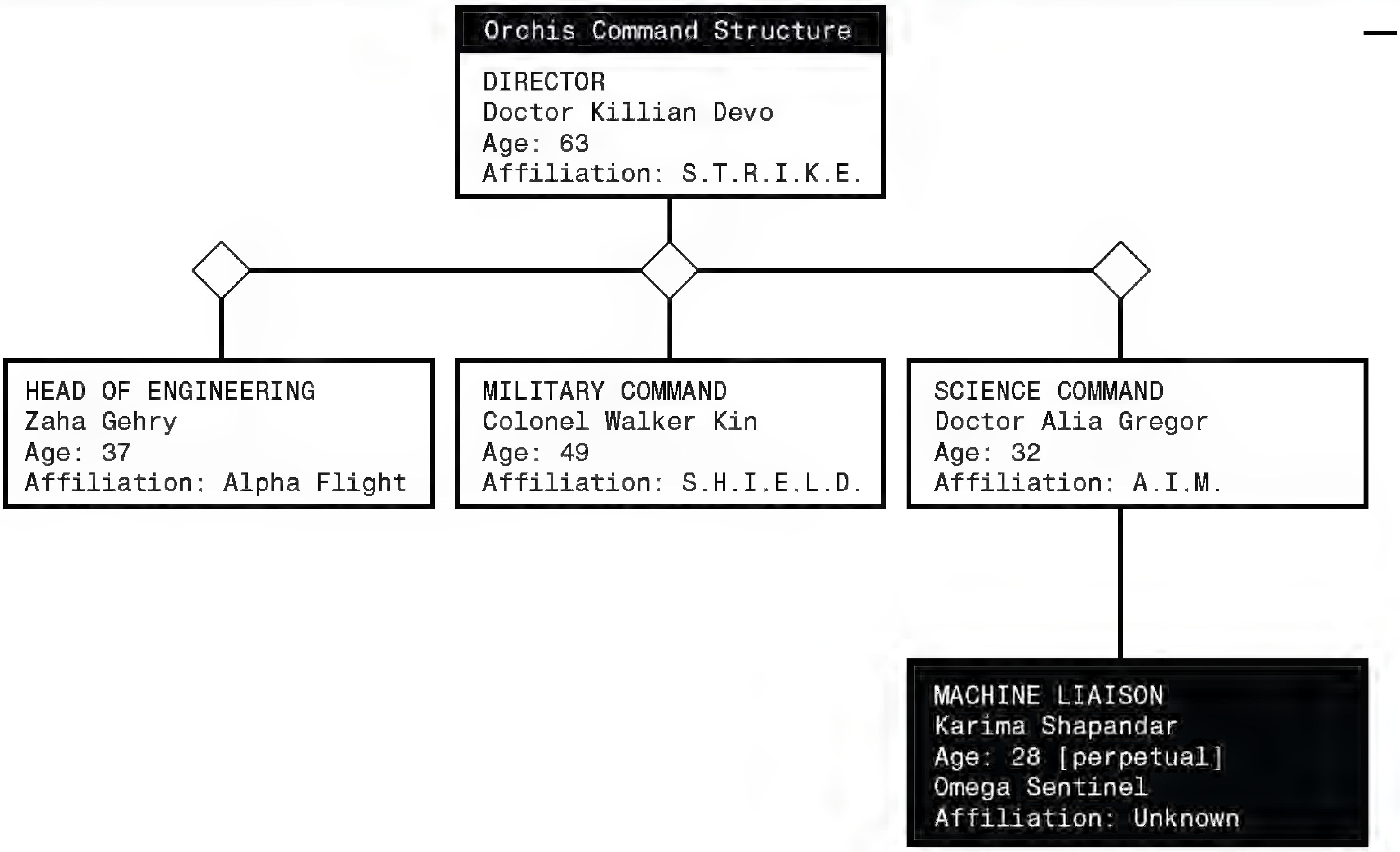
OBSERVATION ENDS: ORCHIS PROTOCOLS ENACTED

*RE: "The Cro-Magnon problem" by Doctor Alia Gregor began as humanitarian research into mutant repopulation following the Genoshan genocide, which resulted in the deaths of over sixteen million mutants.

Doctor Gregor postulated that, despite best efforts, mutantdom would not be able to repopulate to significant enough numbers to become the eventual dominant species of *Homo sapiens* on Earth due to factors including environmental, technological and specific scientific advancements in genetic engineering and artificial intelligence. What she found disproved her theory.

Not only were mutants repopulating/reappearing at a higher rate than expected, but a regression analysis of previous growth patterns of mutants revealed that, if not for Genosha, mutants would have become the dominant species on Earth within ten years due to cascading biological and cultural mutant-positive variables.

What Genosha bought mankind was time that they didn't know they didn't have. Doctor Gregor's new timeline suggests that humanity has twenty years left.



Orchis Command Structure

DIRECTOR
Doctor Killian Devo
Age: 63
Affiliation: S.T.R.I.K.E.

HEAD OF ENGINEERING
Zaha Gehry
Age: 37
Affiliation: Alpha Flight

MILITARY COMMAND
Colonel Walker Kin
Age: 49
Affiliation: S.H.I.E.L.D.

SCIENCE COMMAND
Doctor Alia Gregor
Age: 32
Affiliation: A.I.M.

MACHINE LIAISON
Karima Shapandar
Age: 28 [perpetual]
Omega Sentinel
Affiliation: Unknown

[DR_Gregor].............[alpha_05b]
[Sentinel_oversight.....[omega_05b]

Damage Control.
Contested storage facility.
This has gone south, Toad...and gone south quickly.
How much longer?
You think...you think it's easy searching the combined databases of not one but two of the smartest people in the world, *uh,* copying what we need, and then...and then making it look like I was never here?
Well, it's not, Mystique. *I have limitations.* And it's gonna take as long as--
BE-DOOP
Okay. We can go.
You probably shouldn't have wasted the effort making it look like we were never here.
Others weren't so careful.
I think...I think you, *uh,* broke a few of them, Sabretooth.
Yeah. Well, they were fragile. Then again...

...what ain't?
There's never a good excuse for recklessness, Creed. Especially when the plan called for us to quietly get in and get out--then lie low before we delivered the data...
Now I think we're going to need a more direct exit strategy.
Washington Square?
Yes. That's the clos--
Both of you shut up. ⊹Sniff sniff⊹
We got comp--
AARGGHHHH!

Would you look at that, Ben. A bunch of no-good thieves taking stuff that don't belong to them.
Now what do we do with no-good thieves?
Nothin' nice, Johnny.
Both of you, go on.
I got this.
That's mighty bold talk for a guy who smells like burnt hair.
Smile for me.
If we don't get out of here with the data, this was all for *nothing.*
We have to make the gateway.
Yes... ***RUN!***
Should we run? *I think we should run.*

[Richards_Stark [bkup]_01]
[Richards_Stark [bkup]_07]

DAMAGE CONTROL

While this corporate entity traditionally serves in a quarantine or repair/rebuild capacity, Damage Control also operates as the archival unit for government-contested metahuman machinery and technology that belongs to missing, incapacitated or deceased individuals where either a clear chain of custody does not exist or the items in question pose an existential threat to the United States.

Current inventory in the Damage Control Contested Storage facility is made up almost exclusively of advanced schematics and disassembled material created or owned by Reed Richards [Mister Fantastic] and Tony Stark [Iron Man].*

LIST OF SECURITY ITEMS [LEVEL 5]:

- Sol's Anvil
- Sol's Hammer
- The Bridge
- Iron Man Mark V
- Iron Man Mark VI
- Iron Man Mark VII
- Iron Man Mark VIII
- Rescue Mark I
- Rescue Mark II
- Antiproton Sling
- Multiversal Beacon

*In the recent past, both Stark and Richards have gone to great lengths to ensure that their technology did not fall into the hands of entities like Damage Control. But their normal avenue of evasion -- leaving control of their intellectual property to each other -- failed when Richards was missing for a prolonged period of time and Stark was presumed dead.

Rights to all current material are being contested.

[Richards_Stark [bkup]_10]
[Richards_Stark [bkup]_18]

If you look around, you'll see we've now left the Habitat in Jerusalem behind.
This gateway leads to this hub, and through this hub we can reach any number of other habitats and gateways. Each one a piece of the larger, interconnected Krakoan ecosystem.
How do you know which door leads where?
I won't lie, at first it was easy to get turned around. Familiarity helps, but just to be safe, we asked Krakoa to grow some signs so no one would lose their way.
See?
Am I supposed to be able to read that?
Of course not. It says nothing. It's *gibberish*.

Well, it's certainly not Russian, English, French or Chinese...but it is a *language*. *Ours.*
It's Krakoan, and every mutant who lives among us has it telepathically imprinted in their cerebral cortex the day they arrive.
So you made your own language.
Of course we did. One cannot create a *distinct culture* without it.
And make no mistake, that is ***exactly*** what Charles Xavier is doing.
Come on.
Let's go through here.

As you can see, Krakoa is not limited by distance...
...or elevation...
...or even environment...
Excuse me, I don't mean to spoil the *grand tour,* but at some point we have to talk about the *military aspects* of...*all this.*
The inherent advantages of being able to move an army any distance without being seen is...well, let's just say you'd have to throw out a *couple thousand years* of military strategy.
People are going to have a problem with this.

Where you see an *instrument of war,* I see an *unassailable refuge.*
That's quite a difference.
Some would call that semantics. Either way, it's *an advantage.*
There has never been a *mutant war,* Ambassador.
We've never conquered a people, stolen their land or made slaves of the vanquished. *That's our real advantage.*
Excuse me, but...
...when are we actually going to go to Krakoa?
Well, at this point, Krakoa is as much of an idea as it is an actual place, but if you mean the main island itself, we won't be going there.
Why not?
You have heard Charles Xavier's offer.
Mutants are the evolutionary inheritors of this world--*all of it.* But instead of claiming it, we are giving it to you and keeping only a small portion for ourselves.
The island, you see, is ours. *And ours alone. Man is not welcome there.*

Creed! We're leaving!
Quit @#$%&%@ around and let's go!

Huh?
Nice of you to show up, Sue. How'd you know where to cut them off?
It was actually pretty simple once you identified them. There was really only one place they could conceiv--
Heads up, Reed. The gate's active again...
Someone's coming through.
Ah. How wonderful.
The Richards family.

And you, Ben, I hear you got married. *Mazel tov.*
Awww, thanks, Slim.
Of course.
And everyone else is fine? *Doing well?*
You know, just the *normal fireworks,* Cyclops.
What would life be without *little surprises.*
So...
So.
Shall I take Mister Creed off your hands?
But we just caught him.
Why would we do something like that?
You're a *smart man,* Doctor Richards.
I know you know what *amnesty* means.
I do. I also know that Sabretooth broke any number of laws in the last hour, including no small number of injuries to guards and a high probability that some of those injuries are significant, *possibly fatal.*
Are you really offering amnesty from that?

It's upsetting, I know. But I'm afraid we are.
New beginnings demand a wide berth.
Then I think I have a problem with that.
Fair enough.
I can see you feel ***strongly*** about this...

Why don't you keep him? We'll deal with it some other time--*some other way.*
What? Are you #@&#$% kidding me, Summers?
Shaddup.
Cyclops. This amnesty. The other things Xavier is doing...
What are all of you thinking?
My family has spent our entire lives being *hunted* and *hated*. The world has told me that I was *less* when I knew I was ***more.***
Did you honestly think that we were going to sit around forever and just ***take it?***
Of course not.
But...
It's really very simple, Susan. I ***believe*** in what Charles Xavier is doing.
Please, greet your son for me...
...and tell him when he's ready...he has ***family*** on Krakoa waiting for him.

OMEGA LEVEL

OMEGA LEVEL MUTANT: A mutant whose dominant power is deemed to register -- or reach -- an undefinable upper limit of that power's specific classification.

FOR EXAMPLE: Both Magneto and Forge are the most powerful mutants of their power types on the planet Earth [Magnetism and Technopathy, respectively], but what makes Magneto, and not Forge, an Omega level mutant is that the upper limit of Forge's measurable powers could hypothetically be surpassed [and, in fact, has by multiple humans on the planet], while the upper limit of Magneto's power cannot be surpassed in any measurable fashion.

NOTE: *Omega level is a classification of a single mutant power. While it is quite common that mutants manifest multiple powers, only one is normally of Omega level.*

FOR EXAMPLE: *While Jean Grey is both a telepath and a telekinetic, she is only an Omega level telepath.*

OMEGA LEVEL MUTANTS [Known]:

NAME	ALIAS	OMEGA POWER	ALLIANCE
Jamie Braddock	Monarch	Reality Manipulation/[Quantum]	None
Robert Drake	Iceman	Temperature Manipulation/[Negative]	Krakoa
Joshua Foley	Elixir	Biokinesis	Krakoa
Jean Grey	Marvel Girl	Telepathy	Krakoa
David Haller	Legion	Power Manifestation	Unknown
Erik Lehnsherr	Magneto	Magnetism	Krakoa
Kevin MacTaggert	Proteus	Reality Manipulation/[Psionic]	Krakoa
Absalon Mercator	Mister M	Matter Manipulation	Unknown
Ororo Munroe	Storm	Weather Manipulation	Krakoa
Bennet du Paris	Exodus	Telekinesis	None
Quentin Quire	Kid Omega	Telepathy	Krakoa
Franklin Richards	Powerhouse	Reality Manipulation/[Universal]	Human
Gabriel Summers	Vulcan	Energy Manipulation	Krakoa
Hope Summers	Hope	Power Manipulation	Krakoa

OMEGA PROTOCOL

While it is believed that a greater dynamo is possible through collective means, it is a current priority for the mutant nation of Krakoa to protect and nurture its greatest natural resource: Omega level mutants.

All efforts are to be expended in order to secure the future of the state.

"One people. One tribe. One family."

The Krakoan Habitat.
Jerusalem.
So, what have we learned?
That in return for recognizing Krakoa as a nation of good standing, you will--
NO. I wasn't speaking to you.
Well, our host ambassador from Israel decided to join her fellow representatives from the Security Council today. She's with them, but not...*with them.*
She's also ex-military and doesn't really care for them--*or you, for that matter*--but that's no surprise...

As for the others, well, they've been trained to withstand telepathy-- *just not trained well enough.*
They're all plants, sir.
What?
Outrageous!
Ma Mingyu is actually the head of the state science office. Both he and influential members of parliament are eager to agree to our terms.
They see the political and scientific opportunity our asymmetry represents.
Jean Pierre Kol actually is an ambassador, but he bought it with his private-sector pharmaceutical money.
He'll agree to Xavier's terms if we allow him *special access* to our drugs.
It's, how they say, a win-win.
Natalia Vollock is a Red Sky senior operator who would have never agreed with our terms.
It's even more true now that she knows the others would. *Am I right? Or am I right?*
If this is what we have become, it might be best if we were replaced.
Walter Reppion is interesting. He's an agent of S.T.R.I.K.E.
But he actually doesn't care about any of this. *He's just here because he's been assigned to watch...*
...Reilly Marshall. Who is an ex-S.H.I.E.L.D. and S.W.O.R.D. black-ops agent... There's some other affiliation, but he's fighting me...
Get out of my head.

Oh. He also has a weapon of some sort. Would you like for me to do something about that, sir?
No need.
I wasn't going to *use it.*
It was for my *protection.*
Of course. That's how it *always* starts.
Should I show him out?

No. Some would be offended at a wolf presenting as a sheep, but I have learned hard lessons from your kind--*so I know the truth...*
You are all wolves.
And it's good that you are here--*all of you*--as you ***really are.*** So you can run home and tell your masters what you have learned.
I *want* you to ***tell them.***
Charles Xavier has made you an offer--*one full of grace and brotherly love*--but one that is also written in stone.
This is not a negotiation. Things will be different now, and the sooner you realize the finality of your situation--*and the inevitability of ours*--the sooner you will learn to be grateful for the things we are so generously giving you.
Do you know what you sound like?
I do. And it feels *good* to finally *say it.*

So, you summoned us here to Jerusalem to, *what,* threaten us?
A *promise* is not a *threat,* Ambassador.
And I summoned you to this place for *wholly superficial reasons.*
You see, I know how you humans love your ***symbolism,*** almost as much as you love your ***religion.***
And I wanted you--***I needed you***--to understand...
You have new gods now.

[kra_[0.1]
[koa_[2.1]

I have a new word for the lexicon of man: KRAKOA.

And in the future, when you speak it, make sure you do so softly and with proper deference.

For we will be listening.

-MAGNETO

[kra_[4.1]
[koa_[6.1]

[kra_[8.1]...]
[koa_[9.1]...]

[Magneto_omega]

[kra [0.2]
[koa_[3.4]

Here’s the thing, Charles...

It’s not a dream if it’s *real.*

-MOIRA MacTAGGERT

[kra [5.1]
[koa_[7.1]

[kra_[8.1]...]
[koa_[9.1]...]

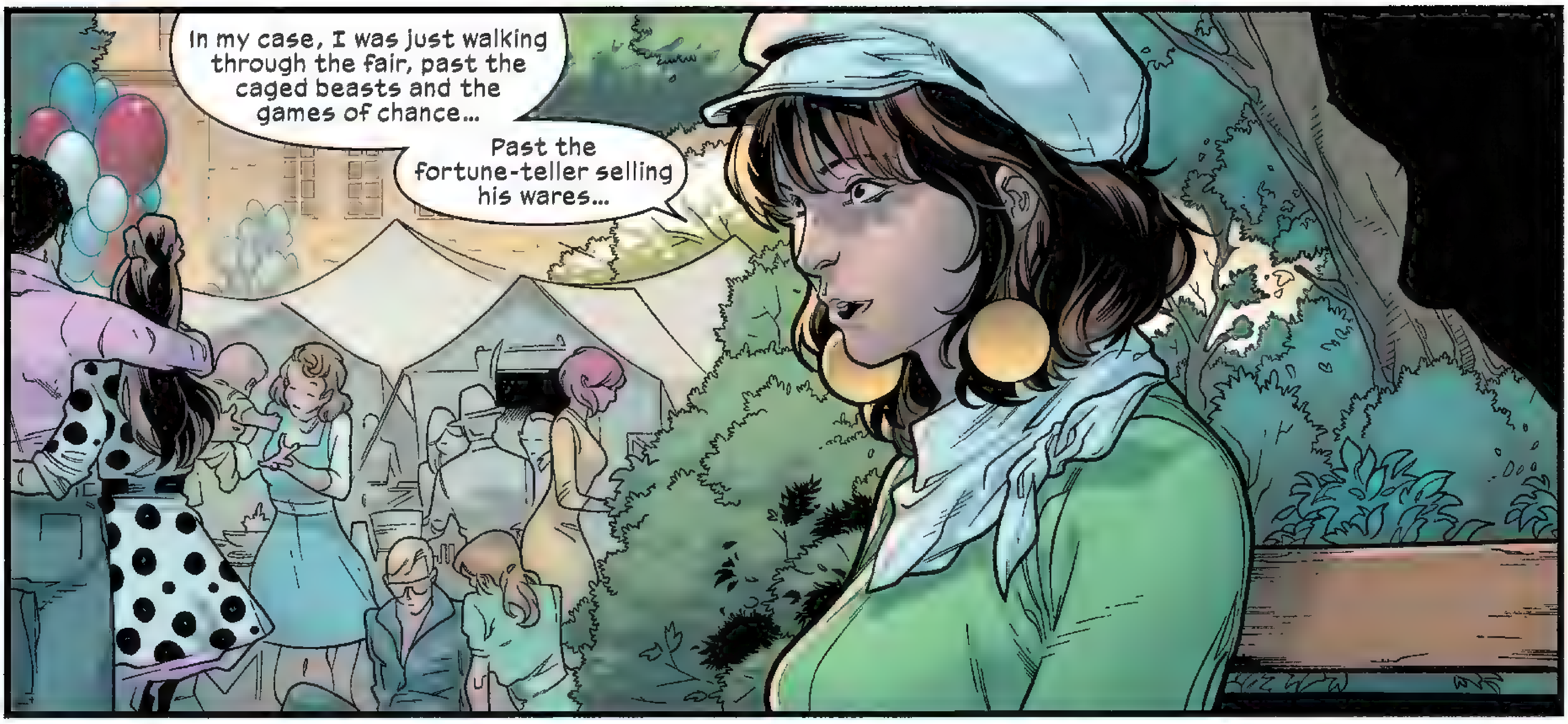
[M_X_theta]

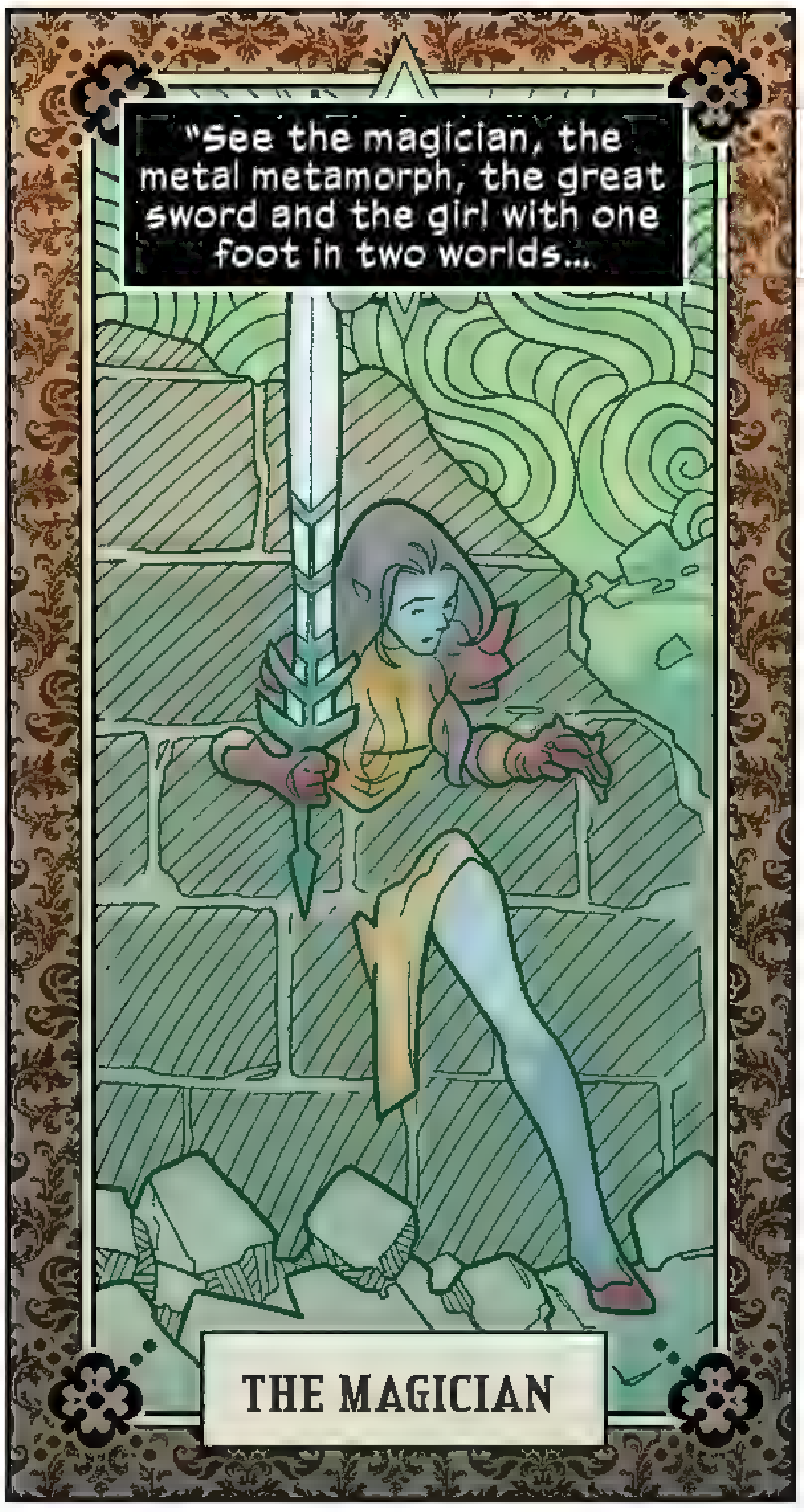
X^0: The X-Men. Year One. The Dream.
X^1: The X-Men. Year Ten. The World.
X^2: The X-Men. Year One Hundred. The War.
X^3: The X-Men. Year One Thousand. Ascension.

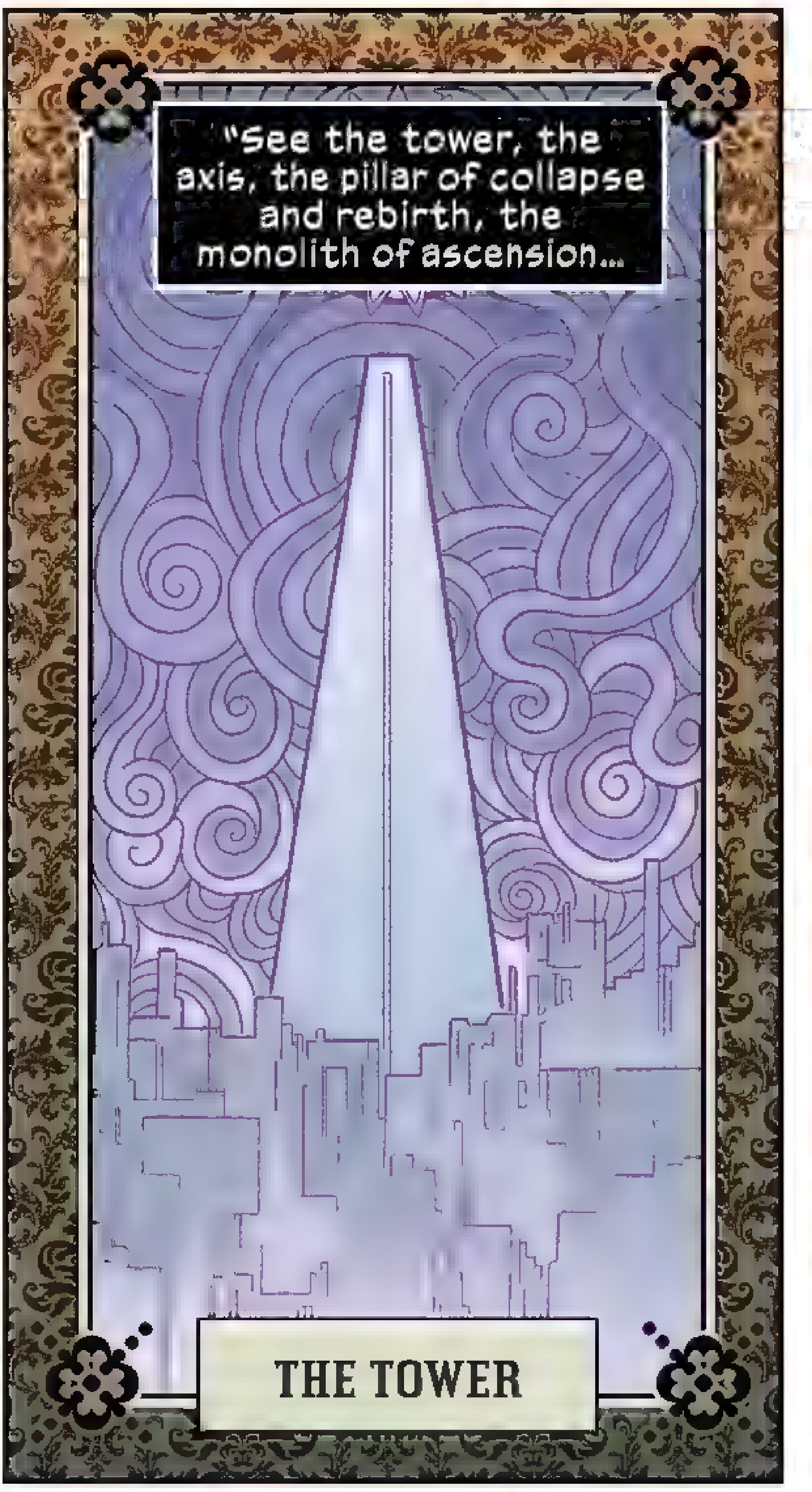
X°: The X-Men. Year One.

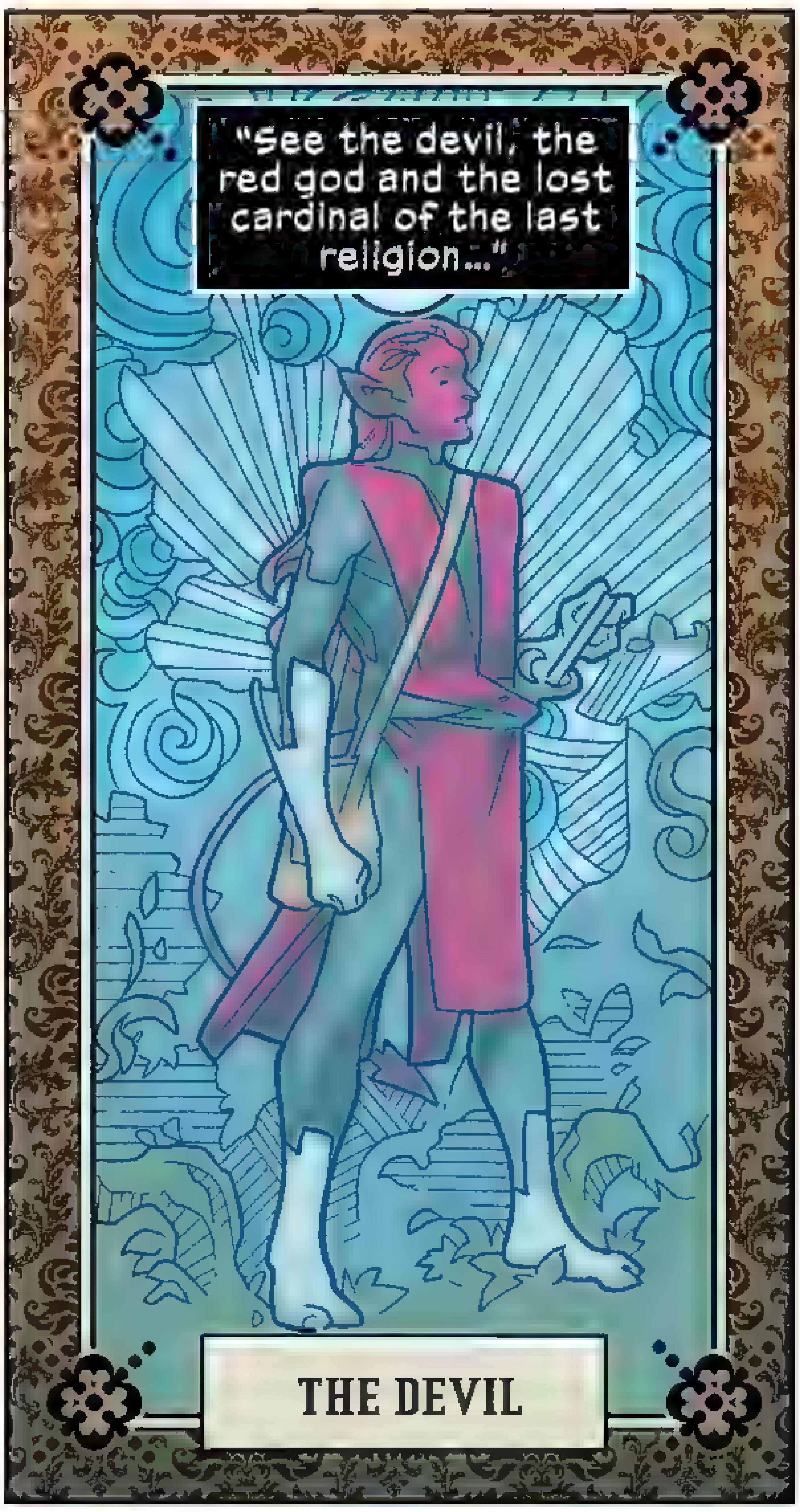
Good afternoon.

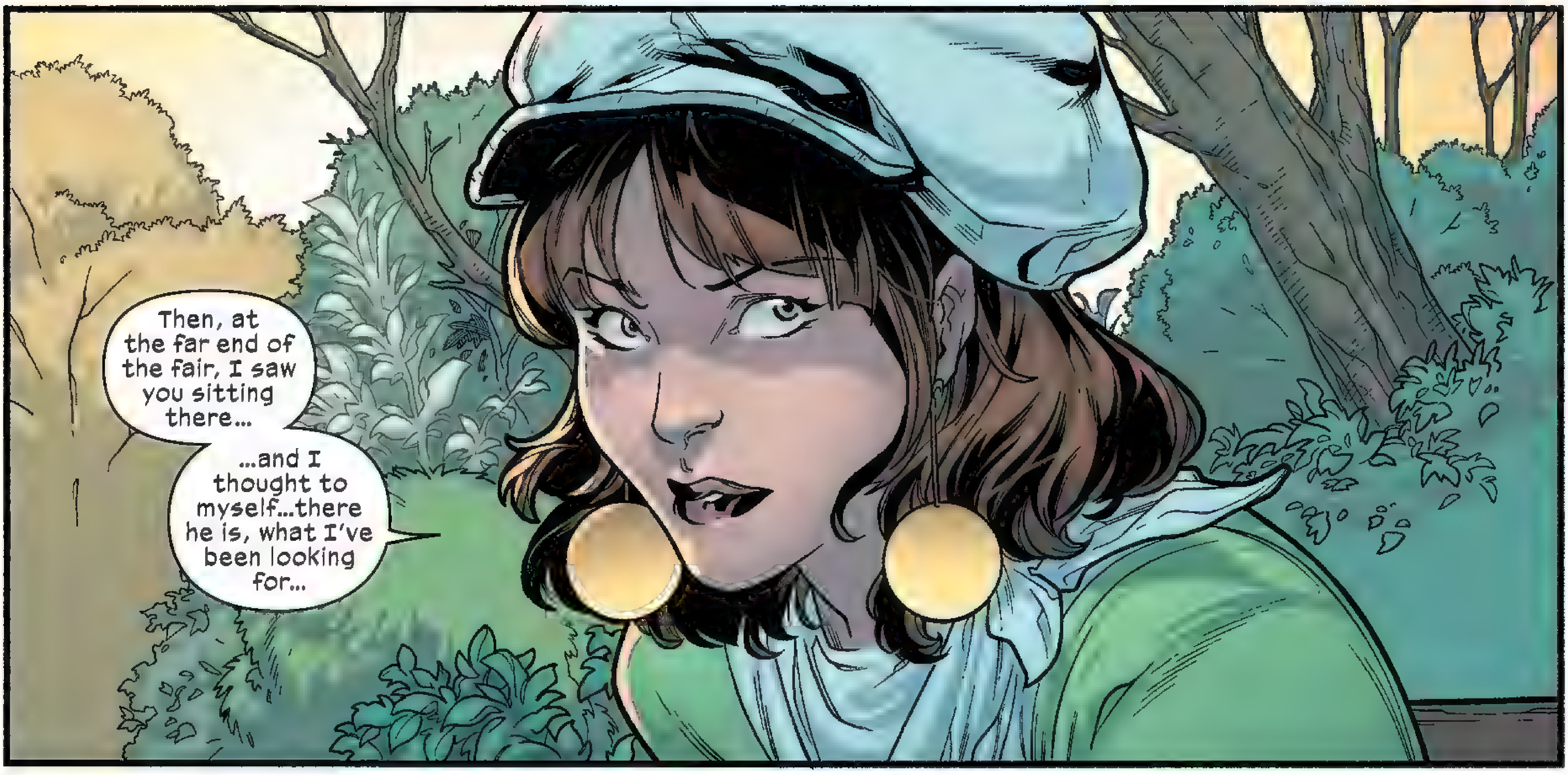
And the same to you...
Are you enjoying the fair?
It seems like the kind of thing I should enjoy, and yet...
...I look around at all these people and know it's just a show for those who need one.
A distraction from what's really going on, if you will.
Mind if I sit?
Please.
So...are you enjoying the fair?
I am. It seems like the kind of thing I should not enjoy, and yet...
...a little parting of the clouds, a little shining of the sun, and suddenly everything seems right in the world.
Having a good day, are we?
You'd have to be blind not to notice.
Is it that obvious?


In my case, I was just walking through the fair, past the caged beasts and the games of chance...
Past the fortune-teller selling his wares...


"See the magician, the metal metamorph, the great sword and the girl with one foot in two worlds...
THE MAGICIAN


"See the tower, the axis, the pillar of collapse and rebirth, the monolith of ascension...
THE TOWER


"See the devil, the red god and the lost cardinal of the last religion..."
THE DEVIL


Then, at the far end of the fair, I saw you sitting there...
...and I thought to myself...there he is, what I've been looking for...

The strong man.
I'm not really that str--
And I wondered, *why*, sitting there under parted skies and brilliant sun, was this strong man smiling so?
I was, wasn't I?
Yes.
Do you want to know why?
I do.
Very much so.
I was smiling because I have recently had the most wonderful dream.
Of a **better world** *and my place in it.*
Well, here's the thing, **Charles...**
It's not a **dream** *if it's* **real.**

…
I'm sorry.
Do we know one another?
Oh yes.
We go back quite a ways.
Who are you?
Why don't you read my mind, Charles?
Read my mind and *see.*
Ah…

[kra_]
[koa_]

Chapter 02

The last dream of Professor X

[house_of_x]
■ [powers_of_x]

02

X^1: The X-Men.
Year Ten.
Krakoa.
Go play, Toad.

The House of M.
Ah, you're back...
Good.
So, tell me...have you noticed the effect this place is having?
Almost overnight, it seems Krakoa has become a wellspring of hope--*a home of dreamers and true believers...*
Even I--*one so shaped by the cruelty of this world that any skepticism would seem well earned*--find myself infected with the idea of it.
Tell me, Mystique, do I dare dream of success?
We lost Sabretooth, and he did us no favors when he killed several guards...
But, yes, Magneto...*I have it.*

Well done.
But I have demands.
Do you, now?
Is helping your fellow mutant not reward enough for Raven Darkhölme?
No. It isn't.
I need more.
Yes, I see that...
But it's fair, I suppose. We have further demands as well.

Really?
I'm afraid so.
Is helping your fellow mutant not reward enough for the *great* Charles Xavier?
We're building a better mutant world, Mystique.
And everyone who would live in it owes *something.*

X²: The X-Men. Year One Hundred.
There was a dream. Our dreams are the same. While you slept, the world changed.
Northern Territory. The Nexus.
This one's dying.
Dare I hope for something salvageable from its mind? Or should I set my expectations more toward the human end of the spectrum?
Bad news on that front.
Of course.
They're wiping on termination now. Some kind of mnemonic trigger when they start to flatline.
And the other mutant?

We *know* her. Cylobel was born in the Khennil.
Bred as a black brain telepath--a *natural Judas*--subversion was written into her DNA.
Normal field protocol is sure to fail. We'll have to give her a bath.
Oh, let's not give up so easily, shall we? Where's that human ingenuity you're always going on about?
Maybe its current misfortune is making it feel conversational.
Does that sound right to you, mutant? Tell us, what did you and your friends find rifling through the Nexus? *And where oh where did they run off to?*
What.
Friends?
I see.
So you'll be needing *persuasion,* then?

Hold on, sister. I worked too hard to find you just to lose you now.
No! Don't you dare.
Once I had no name, because I was born without one. How much blood did I have on my hands before you saved me...*before you named me...*
All of this was for nothing if you don't make it back.
She's right, Rasputin. This is too important.
*We have to go. **Now.***
Just because you were bred to be a coward *doesn't make me one, Cardinal.*
If you want to run, then run. ***I won't be.***
AARGGHHHH!
I'm planting the black seed of Krakoa.
I will wait for you as long as I can before I close it on the other side... *if you do not come,* then I will see you both when the world is made again.
Will you pray for me, priest?

Of course. My faith is boundless... I pray for *all* living things.
And that's your *problem*, priest...
You've forgotten that machines have no soul...

...and that the humans lost theirs a long time ago.
Hello, little sister.
I want to go home.
Then let's do that. I've got her, priest. How soon until the gate is fully grown?
It's taken root. *Not long.*
Hold them off just a bit longer.
I can do that.
I was made for it.

Nothing's fazing her!
Metal or plasma!
We need backup. I'm calling in a tank.
Gate's open!
Let's go!
Okay. We're leaving now, sist--
OOOOPHFF!
KABOOM

OOOFFFF!
Got her.
Rasputin!
We're withdrawing with this prisoner. Hunting party, subdue and capture the other one.
Oh no...
NO!

No choice now, sister...
Leave me behind. *Escape!*
I will die here before I do.
Leave.
Please.
NOOOOOOO!

[0.01_SINIS]
[0.04_TER..]

[Sinister]............[0.0001]
[MARS_0001a............[vrs.01]

THE SINISTER LINE

MUTANT BREEDING PROGRAM

When the population level of mutants reached a crisis point and the constant evasion-relocation-confrontation cycle made systemic mutant propagation impossible, the remaining mutant leadership* endorsed/approved the creation of the Sinister breeding pits of Mars.

Under the expert hand of chief mutant geneticist Mister Sinister, this strategy mirrored the earth-based Sentinel HOUND program, but instead of focusing on the interbreeding of mutants with powers that lent themselves to detection, pursuit and deception, the Sinister strategy focused on mutants with power sets that had more aggressive, militaristic traits.

These "lost years" of mutant leadership followed the almost universal death or disappearance of senior leaders, and preceding the fall of Krakoa and Mars, many believed rampant rumors that the 'lost years' were not accidental but purposeful. [see: BETRAYAL]

[Gen01_00.00bleed]
[Gen04_00.64bleed]

CHIMERA

The first generation of Sinister mutants were uniformly designed to be divergent copies of a singular DNA source with a pure, uncompromised X-gene. Commonly referred to as "fodder" inside the breeding pits, these mutant soldiers were trained in the Martian underground until they reached the age of 16, at which time they travelled to Krakoa to defend the mutant nation-state until it fell 30 years later.

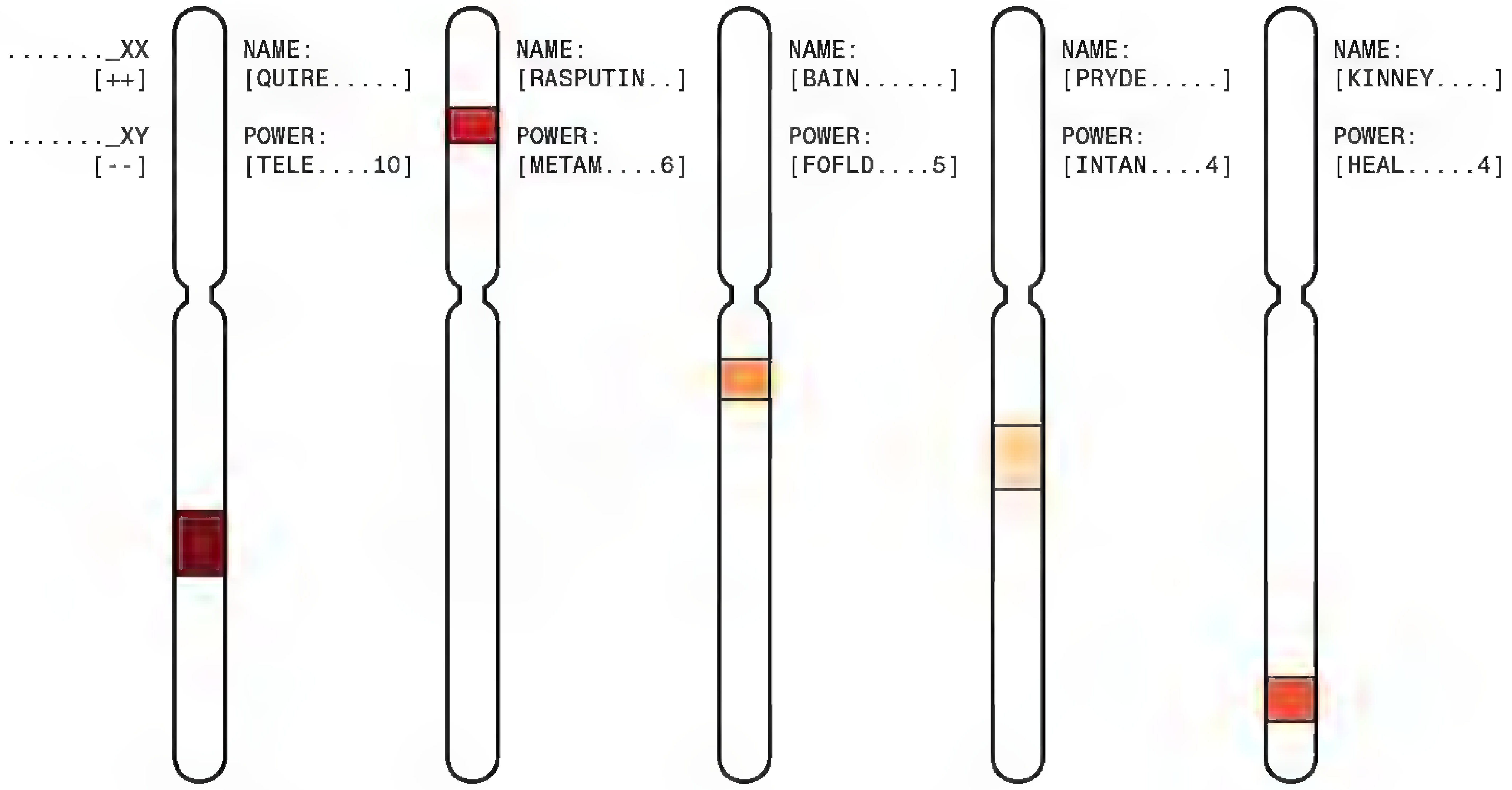
The second and third generations of Sinister mutants were referred to as "Chimera" class.

The second "Chimera" generation produced mutants that had DNA composed of two separate X-genes, resulting in a mutant with the 'mostly' predictable combined power set of the source mutants.

The third "Chimera" generation produced mutants with an amalgamated DNA featuring up to five X-genes. Outside of a predictable failure rate [see: OUTLIERS], this third generation of Chimeras was universally successful against the Man-Machine Supremacy, and many believed that this would be the turning point in the war.

However, the fourth generation of Sinister mutants suffered a systemic failure. The entire batch of these Omega-based, Chimera mutants was produced with a corrupted hive mind that was only discovered to be defective after they had destroyed 40 percent of the remaining mutant population and caused the fall of Krakoa itself. They eventually committed mass suicide, collapsing Mars, the Sinister pits and themselves into a self-singularity.

SAMPLE CHIMERA [RASPUTIN]



NAME:
[QUIRE.....]

POWER:
[TELE....10]

NAME:
[RASPUTIN..]

POWER:
[METAM....6]

NAME:
[BAIN......]

POWER:
[FOFLD....5]

NAME:
[PRYDE.....]

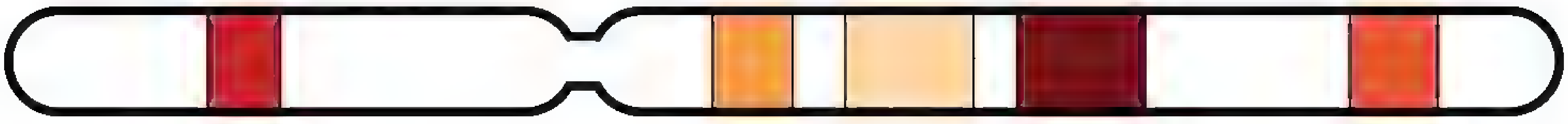
POWER:
[INTAN....4]

NAME:
[KINNEY....]

POWER:
[HEAL.....4]

NAME:
[RASPUTIN IV..................................]

POWER:
[TELE.....5]......[METAM....6].......[FOFLD....3]
[INTAN....2]......[HEAL.....2]



OUTLIERS

Like any experiment, Sinister's breeding program would produce results that fell outside of the expected range: a failure rate. Every generation of mutant Chimeras had outliers, but the expectation was that these failures would be controllable at worst and acceptable at best.

Failure rates per generation:

Generation One:....... 00.3 percent
Generation Two:....... 01.2 percent
Generation Three:..... 09.4 percent
Generation Four:...... 62.3 percent

Generation Three had a ten percent failure rate where, in spite of their being bred for war, these mutants developed passive, "peace-time" power sets. Almost all of these "outlier mutants" also had personality profiles that lent themselves to pacifism and an obsession with creation myths. They also rejected the idea of personal identities and refused individual names. These variants were all called Cardinal.

BETRAYAL

The fall of Krakoa and destruction of the Martian breeding pits was directly preceded by the betrayal of mutants by Mister Sinister. Retrospectively, it is obvious that Mister Sinister was playing a longer game of self-interest that superseded any formal association or alliance.

And while the failings of the Generation Four mutants were clearly a design flaw baked into their design, it is now believed that most of the "random" circumstances that led to the creation of Sinister's program were, in fact, orchestrated by him.

> ***"The nature of that man, Sinister, reaches far beyond any hope of redemption. There can be no salvation for the devil himself."***

Sinister was publicly executed by the Man-Machine Supremacy after defecting.

The Tower of Nimrod the Lesser.
The Human-Machine Monolith.
Look, Omega. It appears as if your faith in humanity has paid off once again.
They come... *bearing gifts.*
Hmmm.

Great Nimrod. We seek an audience and require the wisdom of your counsel.
Please, there's no need for formalities.
We are allies--*equals of a kind*--and you are always welcome.
What do you need, Hunter?
Earlier today, we believe that as many as four mutants penetrated the Nexus and accessed the mainframe.
We do not know how they gained entry, we do not know how they masked their search and we do not know what they found.
At least one escaped. One died, and we captured this one. She once was--
A hound.
And isn't this interesting, Nimrod? From the SalCen Khennil.
You are looking at the last strain of mutant produced through our breeding program.
A hound? *I see...*
Give me your eyes, mutant. *I* want you to look at me when *I* say this...

...I am *so sorry* for what we did to you.
In fact, I am embarrassed and ashamed at what we did in the name of both *expediency* and *annihilation.*
We bred you not only to be a slave but to betray your own people. How in a good and just world did higher-functioning programs like ourselves believe that would ever be a *good idea?*
And--*speaking personally*--I find it encouraging that your litter failed us so miserably.
Bad ideas *should* die a bad death.
I find hope in that. And you should too.
...
If it takes a thousand years, I swear, we will endure and erase you from existence.
That's the spirit.
I love it.

Some bad news, though. This will not be that day of days.
Today, you will tell us what you were looking for, if you found it and, most of all, *why* you wanted it.
Do you really think I would do that?
Of course--people betray their own kind all the time.
I can assume standard interrogation protocols *failed?*
We tried. But, as you know, she was bred to withstand that.
It might not work, but I want to give her a bath.
See what comes out in the wash.
Yes!
Yes, yes, yes!
Perhaps. The A.I. is young. Still learning. Parsing the data comes without a clear window of recovery.
You could learn what you need to tomorrow, or decades from now, when the information is useless. Are you sure?
What else are we going to do?

...
Please let me.
...
Have it your way.
Excellent.
Prepare the subject.
Let go of--
Stop! What are you doing?

I am *so, so sorry* for what I'm about to do to you.
You see, I've built something. A repository of sorts. A monument to understanding the mutant anomaly.
But sometimes, innovation has a biological cost. And when you add to that your...*unwillingness* to let us know the things we need to, well, *necessity* narrows our options *even more.*
Soon, all of these chambers will be full of your kind. Your bodies--*and, more importantly, your minds*--will be submerged in femtofluid where you will be suspended and distilled down to nothing but data...
...curated by an A.I. of my own making. My very own brood. Unfortunately, for one of mine to flourish, many of yours must perish. *Including you.*
So, as you fade away into nothingness, do try to find it in your heart to forgive me.

You think... you think threatening me is going to make me tell you what you... you want?
I'm...I'm not afraid to die for what I believe in.
It's *good* that you're willing to die for a cause.
Though causes have long seemed to be fatal for... *you people.*
And, unfortunately, while this *is* a kind of death...
...it's not one you can escape from.

THE KHENNIL

SENTINEL MUTANT BREEDING CAMPS

[Ascendancy]............[HND]
[HND_alpha...............01]

The SalCen Khennil was built to be the pinnacle of the Man-Machine Ascendancy's breeding program to produce HOUNDS.

Hounds, which were mutants bred in captivity to hunt other mutants, were originally designed to present as a subspecies with dehumanizing affectations. These were meant to generate fear and sympathy in their intended targets, but these designs were quickly abandoned after several generations because -- being broken and dependent -- they were ineffective hunters of their own kind.

However, modified versions of hounds, like the final ones bred in the SalCen Khennil, were created with unreadable, “black” brains and conditioned for insurgence and duplicity. And while the few hounds who were successfully deployed proved to be lethally effective, the majority of them -- as they were bred for betrayal -- defected in support of their own kind and became some of the mutants’ most effective warriors.

The SalCen Khennil was destroyed ten years ago, along with all biological and research material.

[Ascendancy]............[HND]
[HND_omega. .. ..09]

The No-Place Hub.
I'm sorry.
I wish I was made some other way, *but I'm not.* I'm just not capable of violence. If I could trade places with her, I would.
You know that, right?
She was gone by the time I was done fighting them. *Gone. While you watched.*
Right now, I think I would take your trade, priest.
Krakoa.
We saw that there were only two of you in transit...
What happened?
Percival's dead. Cylobel probably is too.

Well. That's too bad. They were both good soldiers.
Question is, did they die for nothing?
Or was it worth it?
... We've got it.
All right. Then follow me... the Old Man's waiting.

SURVIVING MUTANTS

TOTAL MUTANT POPULATION UNDER THE MAN-MACHINE SUPREMACY

The current estimated number of surviving *Homo sapiens superior* is currently believed to be less than 10,000. The vast majority of these mutants are transplants/refugees no longer living on Earth or in their native Solar system.

Two main colonies (which make up the bulk of the refugees) exist in Shi'ar space:

The first, Benevolence, is a converted transit station located on the fringe of Shi'ar space where it has long served as a buffer between the Empire and the wild space spawning grounds of Brood breeding territory. The current number of mutants living on Benevolence is just under 8,000.

The second mutant colony is located on the Shi'ar throne world of Chandilar. The less than 2,000 mutants who live here are -- by treaty with the Empire -- warrior stock for the Imperial Guard. Currently, six mutants serve as superguardians and fifty-seven are of subguardian classification.*

*It has long been whispered in Imperial circles that Empress Xandra has always had ambitious plans to annex the Sol system, and the mutant guardsmen are being cultivated to be sympathetic conquerers as an emollient for Imperial rule.

Inside the mutant community, it is hoped that should this come to pass, the surviving mutants can serve as seed stock for repopulation.

[XAN_D [guard]_exo]
[RA_IG [guard]_exo]

[NIM rod].. .. ..[0]
[KY location....... ......[X]

SOL MUTANTS

All living mutants in the Sol system are currently citizens of Asteroid K.

After the recent deaths of the ex-hound Cylobel and the ghost Percival, the current population of Asteroid K is 8.

BENEVOLENCE

Location:
SHI'AR SPACE

Population:
7942

CHANDILAR

Location:
SHI'AR HOMEWORLD

Population:
1829

ASTEROID K

Location:
SOLAR SYSTEM

Population:
0008

[A_K pop [final]_01]
[A_K pop [count]_08]

X³: The X-Men.
Year One Thousand.
We are losing them...
The Archive of Nimrod the Greater.
The Mutant Library.
...and there's nothing I can do to prevent it.
There's too much machinery floating around inside there--and not enough soul to save, let alone copy.
The blame is not yours, Librarian...

It's mine.
I simply wasn't built to maintain integrity for a millennium.
It's no one's fault, Nimrod.
You did exactly what you were made to do.
You created a collective consciousness of mutantdom--*a living database of Homo superior*--in order to provide a tactical advantage in a war.
Who could have known how pointless and useless that war would be?
Who--*at the time*--could have seen the surprising end of the ***human-machine-mutant war?***
Homo sapiens...

...so good to be done with *all that.*
Are we done with them? Can we ever really be done with the past?
After all, *that's what a legacy is...*
The Preserve.
And it's why we keep dinosaur bones around.

As a *reminder* of what this world used to be like--and to *remember* what we *overcame.*
It's important to keep a record of the *great sins* of *history.* Even better, to *preserve a remnant...*
...*something to point at...*
...and hope to God they never have dominion again.

[kra_[heaven]
[koa_[heaven]

You’ve forgotten that machines have no soul and that the humans lost theirs a long time ago.

-RASPUTIN

[kra_[mars]
[koa_[mars]

[kra_[1.1]...]
[koa_[2.1]...]

[Sınister_05]

[kra_]
[koa_]

Chapter 03

The uncanny life of Moira X

■ [house_of_x]
[powers_of_x]

03

[kra [APOC]
[koa_[APOC]

If you can find it in you to survive --
if you are worthy -- then I will make
you into something more than them.

Something eternal.

-APOCALYPSE

[kra [HORS]
[koa_[EMEN]

[kra_[0.0]...]
[koa_[0.0]...]

[APOC_forever]

When she was 13 years old, Moira fell ill. Her fever was high--*unnaturally so*--and the doctor's prognosis was not *hopeful.*
The next day--*almost miraculously*--she was fine. *Better than ever. Right as rain.*
Years later she would marry, become a schoolteacher and have three children. Two boys, Callum and Dean, and one girl, Abigail.
They would, in turn, have eight children of their own, and to Moira's great joy, once every year the extended family would return home.
Moira eventually died at the age of 74, when she passed peacefully in her sleep.
It was a *good life.* A ***human life.***
Predictable, mostly pleasant and not ***extraordinary*** at all.

Moira's second life began in utero. It was the *womb birth* of a ***fully sentient being*** who had a perfect recollection of her ***prior life.***
You would think being totally aware and trapped inside your mother would lend itself to madness...
But the rearing of children, *it seems*, comes with a certain amount of bliss baked in--some kind of embryonically induced neuroleptic. *Zen via biology.*
And the truth is I've never been happier. For your mother is ***safe.*** *Your mother* is ***home.***
It's the world ***out there*** that makes you ***lose your mind.***
Shortly after she was born, Moira's parents began to believe that she was ***special--and she was,*** just not the way they thought.
There was nothing ***special*** about Moira learning to walk, speak and read early--*she was born knowing how to do these things...*
No, she was special because she was ***something new.*** And at the time, something few in the world--*including herself*--had ever seen.
Though she did not *know it,* Moira was a ***mutant.***

[kra [0.1]
[koa_[2.1]

In her early years, Moira had to be careful not to let on what she really was. She had to hide what was going on in a mind that was older than the humans who made her.

She knew the pride they had for their special girl would quickly turn into fear if she pulled back the curtain a little too far.

But try as she might, it was impossible to completely conceal how different she was.

Her teachers began to use words like *“advanced”* and *“clever,”* which led to other words like *“brilliant”* and *“prodigy,”* which eventually led to Moira being pushed in the direction of academia. **A life of the mind.**

Moira didn’t fight these efforts, as she herself wanted to understand who -- *and what* -- she was, and had exhausted all the possibilities the perspective of her first life offered her.

[kra_[4.1]
[koa_[6.1]

[kra_[8.1]...]
[koa_[9.1]...]

[Moira_L_TwoA]

[kra_[0.1]
[koa_[2.1]

Moira would later attend Oxford University. While there, she met some interesting people and eventually -- *after consideration of her unknown condition* -- concentrated her studies in the areas of psychology and biology.

She ran controlled experiments to prove that her memories were not a form of disorder or psychosis. She marked the existence of personal historical markers from her first life and discovered two things:

If she simply performed her role in events as she did in her previous life -- *if she was a passive participant* -- then that event would proceed almost exactly as before. This proved her memories were real.

But if she became an active participant, then she could change what happened.

And the path of her life would **diverge.**

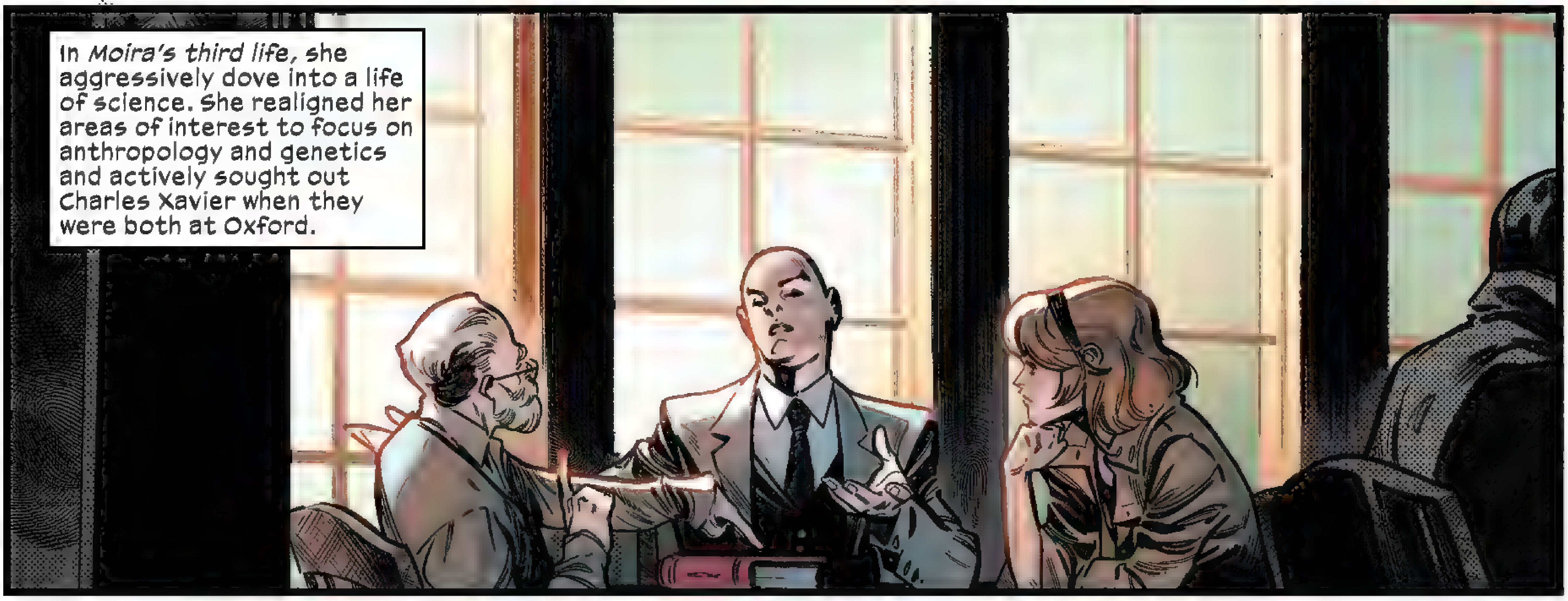
[kra_[4.1]
[koa_[6.1]

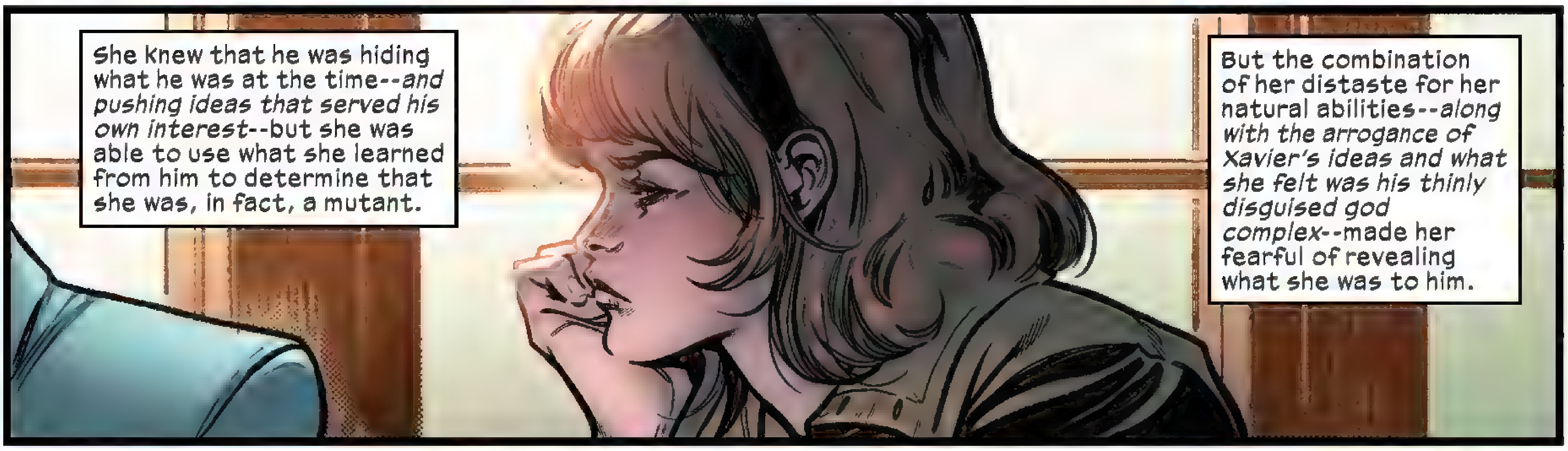
[kra_[8.1]...]
[koa_[9.1]...]

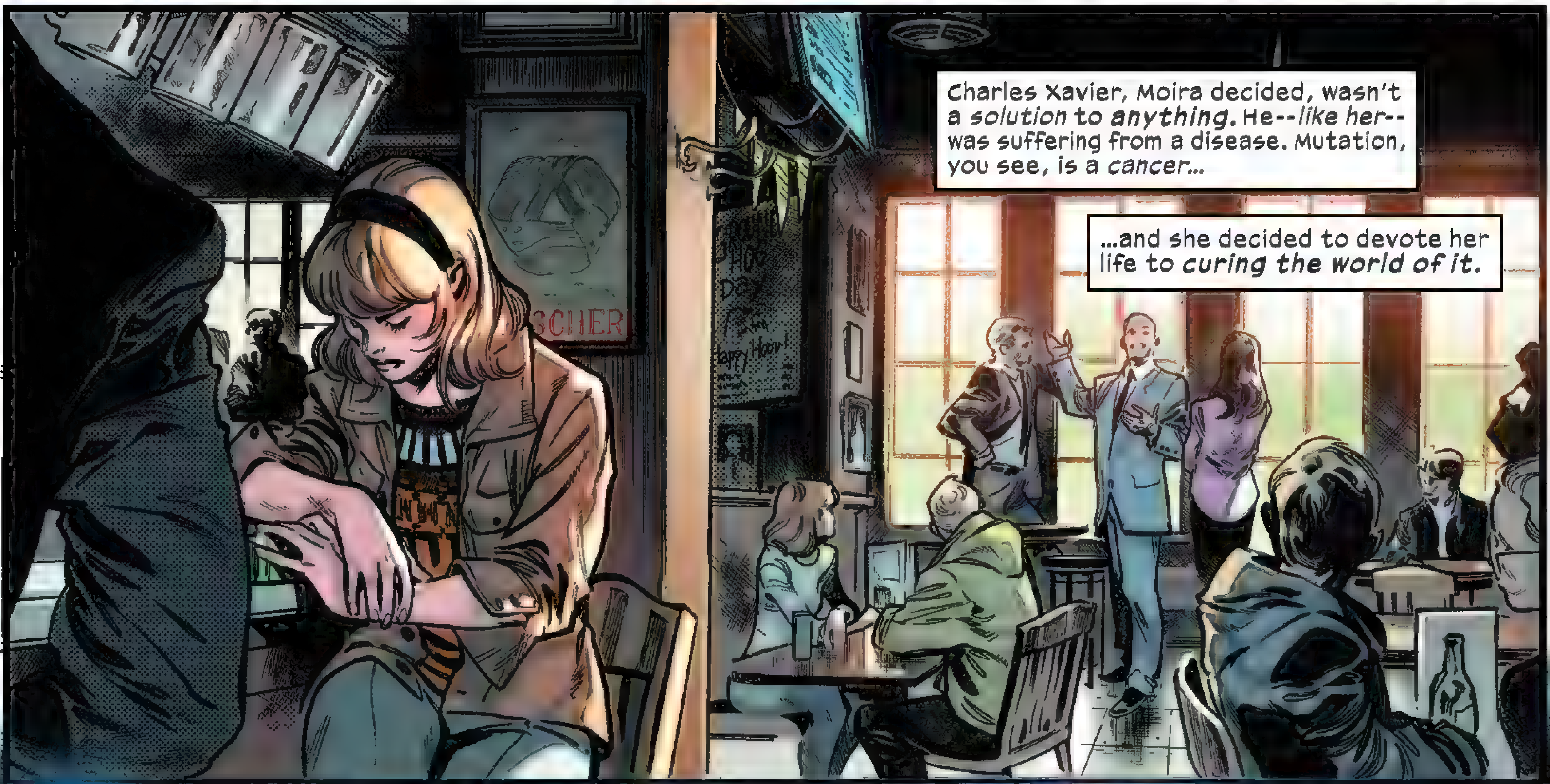
[Moira_L_TwoB]

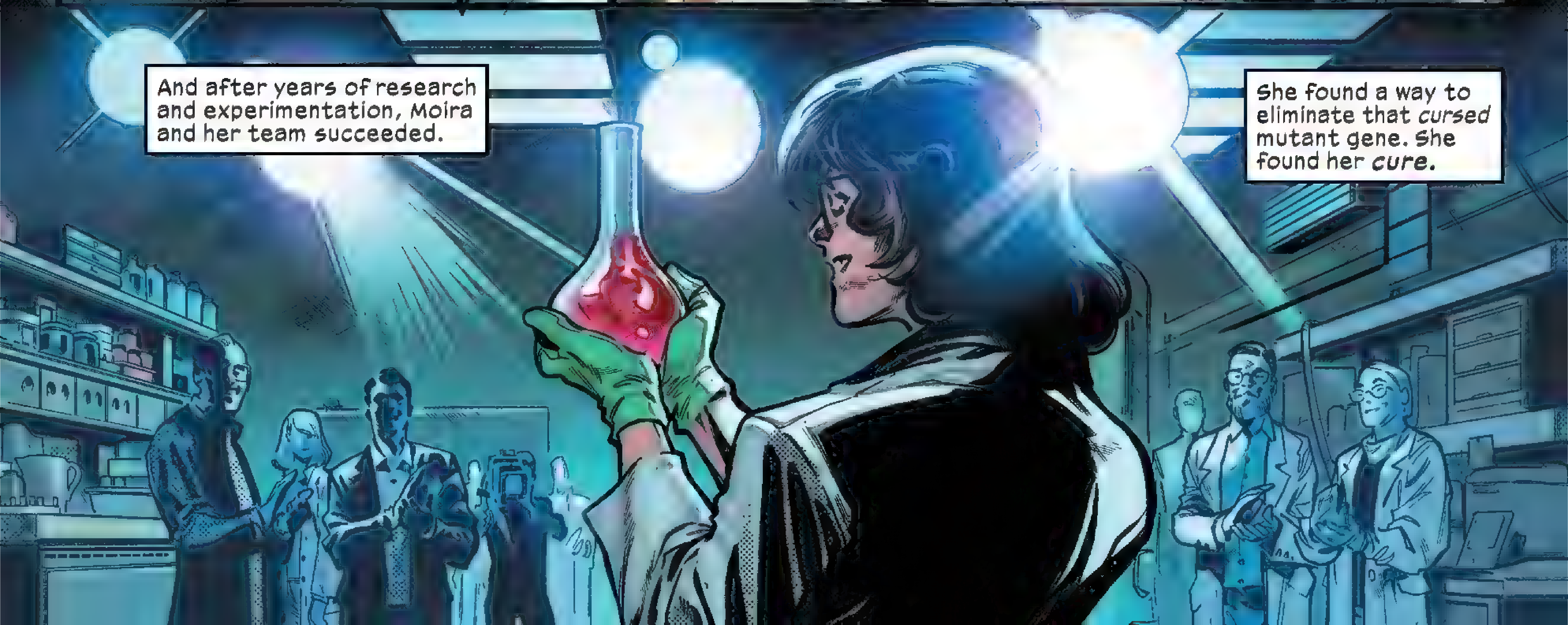
Which you would think would be amazing. Who wouldn't want to fix all the mistakes you'd made in the past?
Then again, that was before I knew what the observer effect was--and that simply by existing and watching, I was already *changing everything.*
And what seemed to be a gift--*something of a blessing*--wasn't a blessing at all.
It was a ***curse.***
Meeting the love of your life already knowing every flaw they possess--*along with the knowledge they will never change*--destroyed any chance of Moira re-creating what she had in her first life.
Familiarity breeds contempt, and her once-husband could see it in her eyes.
There would be no family for Moira in this life, no one to love, no one to be loved by...
...no children in the yard, playing and laughing.
And she wondered--*damned as she was*--if there were others like her in the world. ***Ruining it,*** right alongside her.
Then she saw a man on the television, someone she had a faint memory of. *Someone she met in school.*

I believe the shadows are no place for angels to hide.
So with that in mind, I feel it's finally time to put an end to masks. An end to hiding our gifts behind *"secret identities"* and ill-fitting clothes.
Ladies and gentlemen.
My name is Charles Xavier, also known as Professor X.
And I am a mutant.
His words echoed in her ears and took root in her heart.
Moira knew then she might be ***a mutant*** too, and that she had to talk with this man and find out for sure.
So Moira jumped on the first flight she could find to America and died when her plane crashed into the ocean.


In Moira's third life, she aggressively dove into a life of science. She realigned her areas of interest to focus on anthropology and genetics and actively sought out Charles Xavier when they were both at Oxford.


She knew that he was hiding what he was at the time--and pushing ideas that served his own interest--but she was able to use what she learned from him to determine that she was, in fact, a mutant.
But the combination of her distaste for her natural abilities--along with the arrogance of Xavier's ideas and what she felt was his thinly disguised god complex--made her fearful of revealing what she was to him.


Charles Xavier, Moira decided, wasn't a solution to anything. He--like her--was suffering from a disease. Mutation, you see, is a cancer...
...and she decided to devote her life to curing the world of it.


And after years of research and experimentation, Moira and her team succeeded.
She found a way to eliminate that cursed mutant gene. She found her cure.

But she never got a chance to use it.
She wasn't *allowed* to.
It's interesting. I can't see her at all...
I can see the world bending around her--*the eddies of change rippling out*--but she is just...***an absence.***
A hole where there shouldn't be one.
A mutant who is invisible to other mutants.
It's a defense mechanism of a sort--*I suppose*--but not much good once you know what you're looking for.
Is she looking at me now, Raven?
She is... and she doesn't look *happy.*

Yes. Well. I suppose we've given her *good reason.*
Then again, we were acting *with cause.*
Listen to me, child. My mutant name is *Destiny*, and I have the power to see *the future.*
Which is tricky with someone like you, since your *mutant power* is *reincarnation.*
One might think that would be impossible--*seeing the future of someone who potentially has a limitless, unending one.*
But here I am, child. *See me.*
You--you killed all my friends... everyone...
So if you're going to kill me, then just kill me and get it over with.
Oh, we're going to do that, but it doesn't do much good if we just have to do it all over again *next time.*
*Now listen closely...*Destiny has a word for you.

Such a gift, *knowledge.*
And yet here you are, using it to *betray your own kind.*
It's a *disease*--what we are.
But I'm not trying to force it on anyone--I'm only trying to cure people who *want it.*
You think this stops at *want?* You think they'll let you keep this thing you've made? *Do you have any idea how much they hate us?*
The humans will come for you. They'll break you, chain you and make you their own. Then mankind will use what you've done here to *eliminate* our *entire race.*
I have seen the potential of your good works, and *I do not care for them.*
How, exactly, is it that you think you can stop me?
I am much older than you are. My powers will have manifested *full of the knowledge of what we have done.*
If you--*once again*--try to do this evil work against our people, like today, I will see the potential outcome of it and find you. *Again.*
And if you try to kill me before I kill you...I will see *my end* coming and prevent it.
You see, Moira, we are joined together now, you and I. You will know that I am out there, waiting for this version of you. And you, knowing that, have a choice:
Change or die.
Help your people, or I will annihilate you in all your lives to come.
...
I think she's still on the fence and needs a bit more encouragement.

Very well, *here it is...*
You're a smart woman who is beginning to understand the potential of your power. You're starting to believe that you are in an eternal loop of some kind.
That your powers give you a version of *immortality.* I want you to know ***they do not.***
...
I see ten lives, Moira. Maybe eleven if you make the right choice at the end...***but that is all.***
How is...
How is that possible?
You are born each time with the knowledge of your previous lives, but if you die as a child--*before your mutant powers manifest*--then you will not reincarnate.
You simply end. Like everyone else.
And what if I don't *believe you?* Or that what you've said is ***true?***
Or that what you want is ***right?***
My dear, you're a ***scientist. You tell me*** how one would go about proving something like that.
I test it. Experience it for myself.
In my next life.
The question is, ***will you?***
Will you embrace what you are and ***help*** your people instead of ***hurt*** them?
I...
I...
I don't know.

Let's find out.
I don't want to die like this.
Dying *like this*...is what a life poorly lived gets you.
Pyro?
Yes, Mother?
Burn her.
And slowly, so she doesn't forget how *dying* like this *feels.*
AAIIEEEEEEEE!

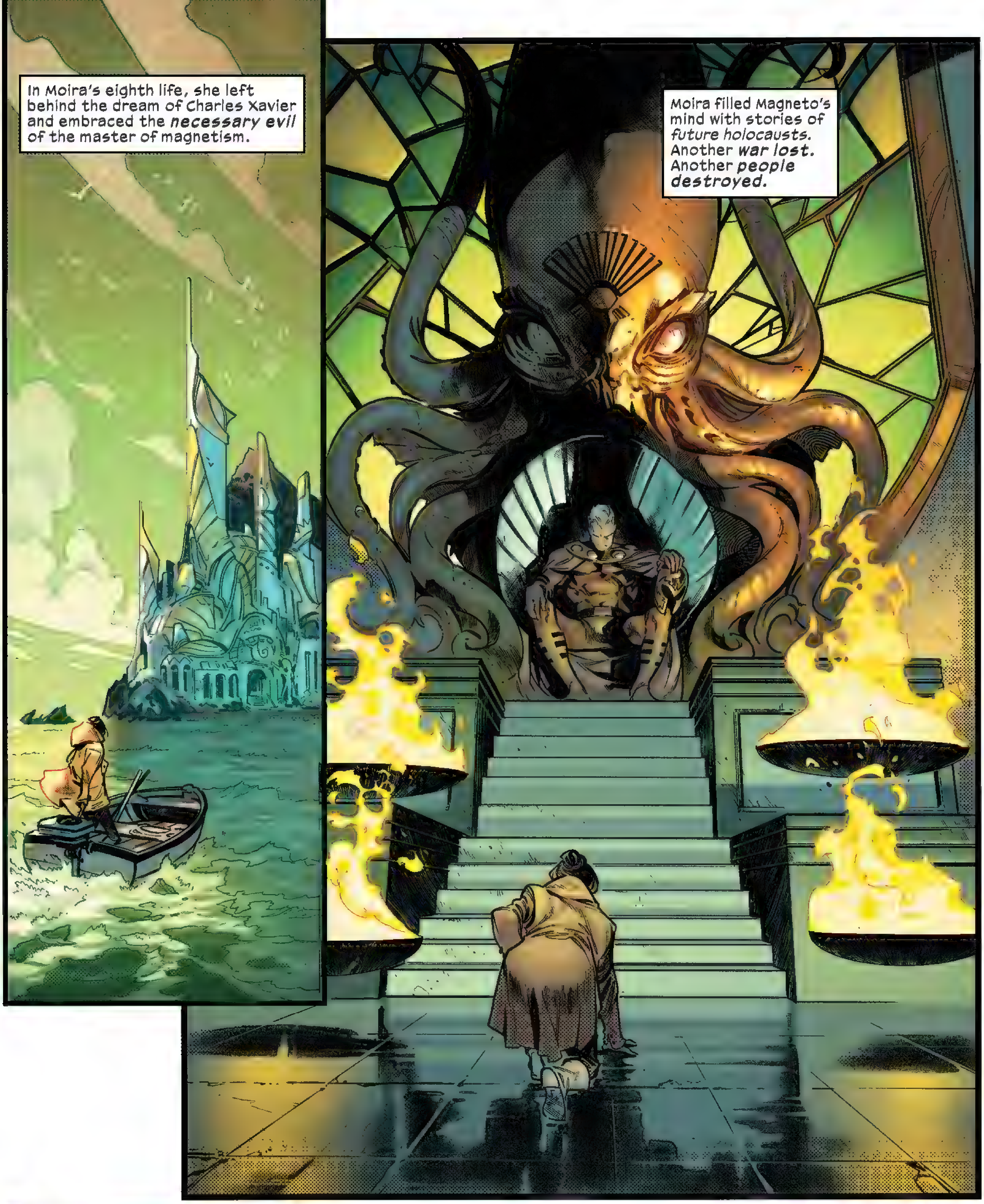
Moira's fourth life began with *urgency.*
She threw herself into fully understanding what she would eventually call the *human-mutant dilemma.*
When two aggressive species share the same environment, evolution demands either ***adaptation*** or ***dominance.***
Moira began to look at the problem beyond her own limited experience and considered the potential benefits of *Homo superior.*
Ground Hog Day
Happy Hour!
After all, evolution is what gave the world mankind. Perhaps-- *in the coming days*--the world would need ***something more.***
And in this new light, Moira also gave Charles Xavier a second look.
She saw beyond the confidence--*beyond the arrogance*--to what was hidden underneath.
A mutant who was determined to make sure his people had a place in the world.
He was a ***mutant*** with a ***dream.***
And over time, it made her *love him.*

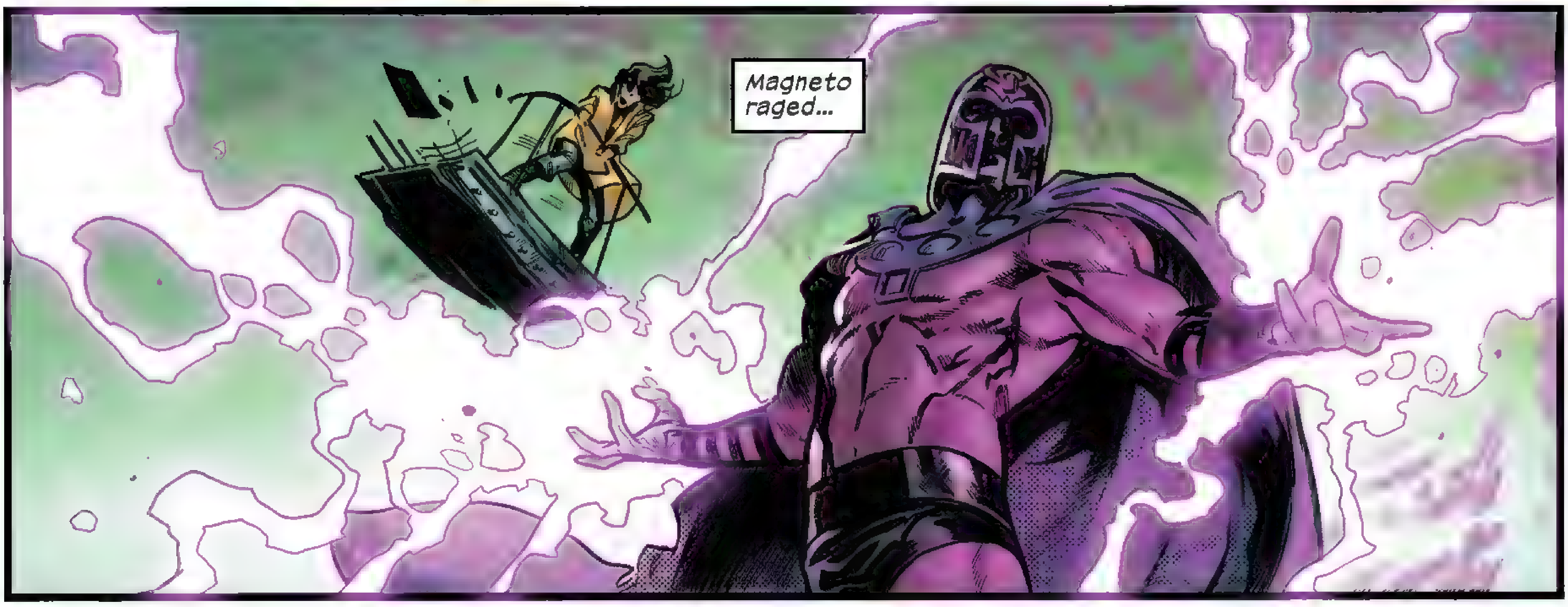
So much so that she stood by his side for the rest of their days.
Through the *gifted years.*
Through the time of *hate and fear.*
Through the *lost decade.*
Until the *very end...*
...when, as Destiny had promised, the humans--*and their extinction machines*--came for them and all the children.

In Moira's fifth life, she decided aggression was the only acceptable response to the violent tendencies of man.
Stealing the means from her parents, she ran away from home at the age of 13 and fled to America.
There, Moira sought out Charles Xavier almost a full decade before they were *supposed* to meet.
She opened her mind to him for the first time, and he saw all that she had experienced in her first four lives. He saw how his dream had failed...and the experience ***radicalized him.***
Instead of a school of mutants, he gathered a ***legion.*** He built a city full of man's evolutionary betters.
And the walls, they *held back* the outside *world of man...*
...until the machines--*Bolivar Trask's adaptive, learning machines*--came for the mutants again.

Moira spent the entirety of her seventh life eradicating the *Trask bloodline.*
Bolivar.
Donald.
Gwyneth.
Simon.
Without *mercy.* Without *pity.* She came for all *their* children.

Then, with *blood on her hands* and *blood in her mouth,* Moira learned the darkest truth of all her many lives regarding man's nightmare machines.
Artificial intelligence is like fire. It's a ***discovery,*** not an ***invention.*** All she succeeded in doing was stopping a Trask from being the first human to burn their hand.
Like mutants, the machines simply ***emerge*** at a certain point during societal and environmental evolution.
And with that, any hope Moira had of her being able to stop them died...and the experience *radicalized her.*


In Moira's eighth life, she left behind the dream of Charles Xavier and embraced the *necessary evil* of the master of magnetism.
Moira filled Magneto's mind with stories of *future holocausts*. Another *war lost*. Another *people destroyed*.


Magneto raged...

...and fell to the combined might of Earth's human heroes and the mutants.
Betrayed by his own kind, fools who believed in a greater human good.

And with what she feared was little time left--*little lives left*--Moira embraced the idea of evolutionary dominance.
Survival of the fittest.
Some thought him a *monster.* Some called him *evil.*
But to Moira, Apocalypse was simply the *only solution* she had ***not tried.***

And if the humans wanted a war...
...if their *machines* did...
...then they would give them one *without end.*

And then...
And then...
After all the lives lost, after the end of all the wars, armed with the knowledge that all the old ways--*and all the old ways of thinking*--would never be enough to save her people, she decided to try something ***truly revolutionary...***
...and in Moria's tenth life, she decided she and Charles Xavier would break all the rules.

And I wondered, *why*, sitting there under parted skies and brilliant sun, was this strong man *smiling so?*
I was, wasn't I?
Yes.
Do you want to know why?
I do.
Very much so.
I was smiling because I have recently had the most wonderful dream.
Of a **better world** and *my place in it.*
Well, *here's the thing,* **Charles...**
It's not a **dream** if it's **real.**

...
I'm sorry.
Do we know one another?
Oh yes.
We go back quite a ways.
Who are you?
Why don't you read my mind, Charles?
Read my mind and **see.**
Ah...

[kra [0.1]
[koa_[2.1]

I am here.

I have always been here.

-MOIRA X

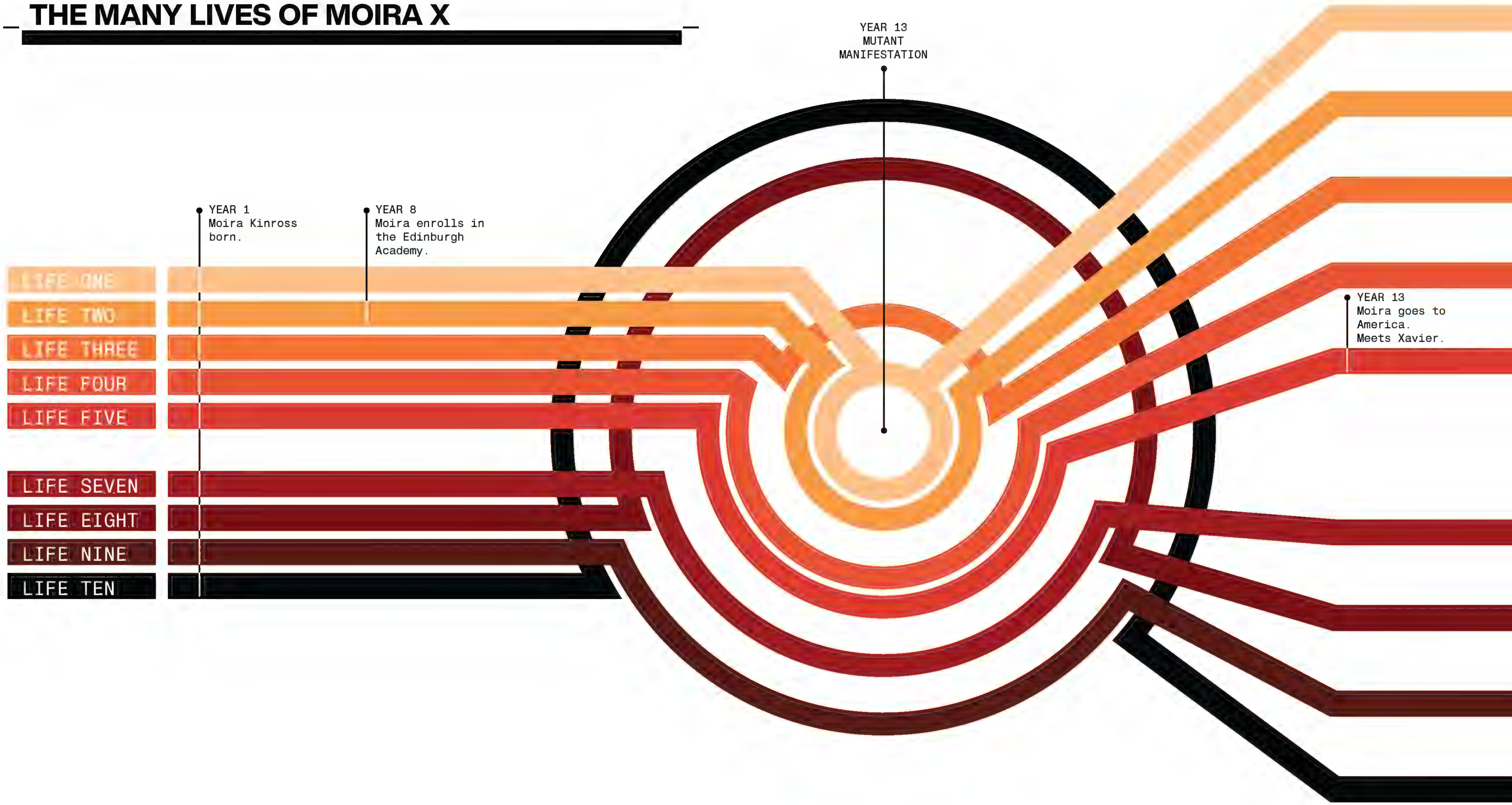
[kra [4.1]
[koa_[6.1]

[kra_[8.1]...]
[koa_[9.1]...]

[MOIRA_ -.X.-]

[Moira_X [00.25]_01]

THE MANY LIVES OF MOIRA X


LIFE ONE
LIFE TWO
LIFE THREE
LIFE FOUR
LIFE FIVE
LIFE SEVEN
LIFE EIGHT
LIFE NINE
LIFE TEN

YEAR 1
Moira Kinross
born.

YEAR 8
Moira enrolls in
the Edinburgh
Academy.

YEAR 13
MUTANT
MANIFESTATION

YEAR 13
Moira goes to
America.
Meets Xavier.

[Moira_X [00.25]_06]

YEAR 15
Moira meets
Kenneth Cowan.
Falls in love.

YEAR 17
Moira meets
Xavier.

YEAR 19
Moira marries
Kenneth Cowan.

YEAR 23
Moira gives birth
to twin boys,
Callum and Dean.

YEAR 27
Moira gives birth
to a daughter,
Abigail.

YEAR 15
Moira meets Kenneth
Cowan. Does not
fall in love.

YEAR 16
Moira enrolls
at Oxford.

YEAR 20
Moira becomes a
biology professor.

YEAR 16
Moira enrolls
at Oxford.

YEAR 16
Moira enrolls
at Oxford.

YEAR 23
Moira and Xavier
marry.

YEAR 24
Xavier and Moira
establish the mutant
nation of Faraway.

YEAR 16
Moira joins the
BAF. Receives
military training.

YEAR 21
Moira disappears.

YEAR 16
Moira enrolls
at Oxford.

YEAR 17
Moira rejects
Xavier.

YEAR 24
Moira joins
Magneto.

YEAR 27
Magneto conquers
America.

YEAR 18
Moira wakes
Apocalypse.

YEAR 19
Apocalypse kills
Xavier.

YEAR 21
Apocalypse kills
Magneto.

YEAR 24
Moira and Apocalypse
rescue the first Horsemen
and return to Earth.

YEAR 16
Moira enrolls
at Oxford.

YEAR 17
Moira meets
Xavier.

YEAR 25
Moira marries
Joseph
MacTaggert.

YEAR 27
Moira founds the
Muir Research
Institute.

[Moira_X [00.25]_01]

YEAR 68
Kenneth dies.

YEAR 74
Moira dies of
congestive heart
failure.

YEAR 31
Moira founds the
Muir Research
Institute.

YEAR 44
Moira dies in
plane crash.

YEAR 28
Moira founds the
Muir Research
Institute.

YEAR 36
Moira identifies
X-Gene.

YEAR 38
Moira wins
Nobel Prize.

YEAR 42
Moira dies in
laboratory fire.

YEAR 35
Xavier and Moira establish
the Xavier School for
Gifted Children.

YEAR 55
Moira dies in
Sentinel attack.

YEAR 43
Moira injured in
Sentinel attack
(coma).

YEAR 44
Genocide at
Faraway.

YEAR 28
Moira kills
Bolivar Trask.

YEAR 31
Moira kills
Donald Trask.

YEAR 36
Moira kills
Gwyneth Trask.

YEAR 38
Moira kills
Simon Trask.

YEAR 49
Moira dies after
discovering wild
Master Mold facility.

YEAR 28
Moira establishes
House of M.

YEAR 35
Magneto dies in
War of M. Moira
imprisoned.

YEAR 38
Moira dies in
failed prison
escape.

YEAR 28
Moira and Apocalypse
form the X-Men.

YEAR 35
Apocalypse
enslaves
Sinister.

YEAR 42
Apocalypse
War begins.

YEAR 31
Moira gives birth
to Proteus.

YEAR 43
Moira and Xavier
recruit Magneto.

YEAR 48
Moira fakes death
(Shi'ar golem).

YEAR 49
Genocide at
Genosha.

YEAR 52
House of X.

YEAR 28
Moira wins
Nobel Prize.

YEAR 47
Moira/Xavier/
Magneto schism.

[Moira_X [00.25]_06]

[kra_[0.1]
[koa_[2.1]

There is a chasm between you and I, Charles. A gap that cannot be crossed.

With each passing day, I fear it never will be.

-MAGNETO

[kra_[4.1]
[koa_[6.1]

[kra_[8.1]...]
[koa_[9.1]...]

[Magneto_omega]

X°: The X-Men. Year One.
Island M. The Bermuda Triangle.
They say it is *easy* to become lost in this part of the world. That those who set sail on these waters are often never heard from again.
But you are beyond the superstitions of man-- *and though lost*--I know you have never lost your way.
So what are you doing here, Charles?

I am here for you, *old friend.*
I cannot tell you how much it would please me to know that you and I would stand *side by side* in the coming days...
...but I have learned ***hard lessons*** and *no longer believe* there is a place in this world for both ***your dreams*** and ***mine.***
Old friend.
And what if I told you we were ***both wrong?***
That both our dreams are fleeting and too small for the coming days...
I would find that hard to believe--*you* losing your faith.
Tell me, Dr. MacTaggert. You're a specialist, specializing in the behavior of mutants...
...do you have any keen insight into what ails the good professor this day?
Well, I may be the only person on this planet who truly understands what ails ***you both...***
But I have to warn you--my truth is profound and life-changing. It's primal, and I wonder if you are capable of bearing the weight of it.
It really all comes down to one thing, ***Magneto...***
...in this world, who determines what is *truly good* and what is *truly evil?*

Then open your mind to me-- *open it to us*--and ***together*** we will figure out what to do about ***tomorrow.***
I do.
I decide.
...
And how do I know this isn't a game-- *some ploy*--to defeat me?
How do I know you're not going to tamper with my mind?
Please. *Just this once...* trust me.

You... you...
You're a mutant?
And all those *lives*...*was it real?*
Yes. I am a mutant.
And yes... that was as real as it gets.
Why would you show me that? The great failures... all the great falls...
Because her truth is profound and life-changing.
And apart, ***we always lose.***
We believe it's only together that you and I--*that all our people*--can survive.

Charles, you know better than this...
...I'm not interested in *survival.*
Good, because I'm not either. I believe that the one thing I haven't tried yet--*all of mutantdom as one*--is the thing that means more than just *surviving...*
...but *thriving* and assuming our rightful place on this Earth.
We have *a plan.*
It's ambitious and long-term...
Join us, Erik.
Join me.
I won't acquiesce to sympathy or doubt, Charles.
I won't give an inch. I will check you at every moment of weakness. And if you falter...
...know that I will not.
I would expect *nothing* less.

[kra_]
[koa_]

Chapter 04

We are together now, you and I

[house_of_x]
■ [powers_of_x]

04

X': The X-Men. Year Ten.
Krakoa.
Okay, so what am I looking at here?
A nightmare-- a *waking one*--and the beginning of the end, unless I'm mistaken.
These are *plans* for a ***Mother Mold***-- a *Master Mold* that makes other *Master Molds*-- in orbit around the sun.

Plans?
Referring to something that's *scheduled* to be built...or for something that *already exists?*
As far as we can tell, construction has been completed.
It's just been in a dormant phase... waiting for the right *catalyst.*
Let me guess-- *a mutant whose reach exceeded his grasp.*
They call themselves *Orchis.*
A collection of human scientists who are normally *ideologically opposed* to one another--but in mutantdom see a threat *so great* that they have *bound together* in order to *stop us.*
According to the information Mystique stole, we've discovered it's mostly ex-S.H.I.E.L.D. and A.I.M. agents with some remnant S.W.O.R.D. and H.A.M.M.E.R. operators sprinkled in.
And if you're wondering about their level of conviction, they've also held their noses long enough to *Operation Paperclip* in a few ex-Hydra as well.

So, what's the plan?
It's quite simple, really.
We *cannot* let the Mother Mold come *online*.
Sure. Because weather's always a sketchy proposition.
You never know when it's gonna start raining Sentinels.
There is that, but we have dealt with that before. Our urgency comes from projecting where their stratagem leads.
We think the scale and resources imply a paradigm shift in the technology.
Next-generation Sentinels?
I don't get it. They're already built for adaptation and improvisation, what could--
We think this is where NIMROD becomes operational.
Oh...
Damn.

Listen to me, Scott...
They have to *be stopped.*
Remember: This will be a frontal assault of an orbital station ***tens of millions of miles away*** built by a secret organization whose sole purpose is the extinction of mutants.
Can *such a thing* even be done?
... Does it need doing?
Yes.
Then it will be done.

X^2: The X-Men. Year One Hundred.
Asteroid K.
Well, boss, Cardinal and Rasputin say they succeeded. Which I suppose is *good* news...
But the bad news is Cylobel and Percival aren't making it home. And without Percival's blackout abilities, I'm not exactly sure if the information still benefits us.
I don't see how we can make it back into the city.
You'll have to forgive him.
War has a way of limiting perspective. It's a shortcoming of that seed, but the benefits... well, what do we have that is not a product of its spoils?
Do you really have it?
Yes.

Reduced down to their essence, the *machines* are composed of pure information-- *a repository of knowledge.*
Which is such a precarious thing ***in the hands of the living.*** Too much knowledge and the weak are paralyzed by choice, too little and the foolish jump boldly into the gaping maw of a hungry enemy.
But just enough--*a little fire from the gods*--and it is the great sword of victory and worth everything to have...
Give me your eyes, children.
For this, I would have sacrificed all of you.
It means ***that much.***

The Tower of Nimrod the Lesser. The Human-Machine Monolith.
They stole an indexing machine. This is disturbing. I will not lie...
...and I tell you that because, contrary to what your kind has been led to believe, I am not programmed for truth. I could lie all day if I wanted to. *Just for the pleasure of it.*
But here I am, denying myself the joy of a half truth, the bliss of fiction and the pure delight of falsehood, and why?
I'll tell you.
No, really, I'd rather you keep talking to yourself.
I apologize. It's been a costly day...and I'm *tired.*
And you, my other human friend? *Are you weary as well?*
Of course not, Nimrod.
I don't believe you.

ZZZZAAAAKKKK
Now, where were we?
Ah, yes...
...truth.
"Oh please, Great Nimrod. Give us our truth so that we may know the difference between darkness and light."
Well, since you ask so nicely, *here it is...*
See. Their very existence was encrypted-- *invisible to our machine eyes.* They came here in secret looking for something and it seems they found it.
I see you, mutants. ***I know your ways.***
Whatever were you looking for?

Asteroid K.
The problem with machine history is the manner in which it's collected.
Yes. They archive every moment of everything, so even if we did have access to all their historical records--*for example, if we knew something happened on a particular day*--the machine record would still return a search result of billions of actions.
Exactly. Like looking for a grain of sand on an endless beach.
So, what we thought to do was not to break into the archive to get the information we needed, but to break into the place where all that information gets indexed.
Sure, we didn't get what we ***actually need,*** but if Krakoa can decrypt it, at least we'll finally know exactly where we can find it.
This body once belonged to a mutant who could communicate with anything. I maintain all that he was though he has long left this existence.
We will find a way.
See? This is all that really matters--that we leave behind something that resonates long after our passing.
For most there is nothing. Just the pointless march toward oblivion.
It's eat, sleep, fight, die, just as it has always been and always shall be, until the sun swallows us all.

You're fantastically depressing, Xorn.
The perfect teammate for the end times.
Thank you, friend.
Success.
It's unlocked.
You gotta be kidding me.
A little mumbly nonsense and the world just opens up. I should've been born with brains.
There! Right there!
That's the node where they keep the information we're looking for.
ROOT://
A :SALCEN_ARC
C [31][-002(2019)]_NODE 289716.98
/GENESIS PROTOCOLS/VERSIONS/NIMROD
You know the problem with this, right? There's not going to be anyone left to use it.
We only succeeded in getting this far because Percival made us invisible to the machines, and now we won't have that.

We'll have to fight our way in--*hold them off while we get the thing*--and then fight our way out.
It's a suicide mission. You understand that, right?
I've never been more excited for anything in my entire life.
I now know we were never going to stop the machines-- *the technology, the future... it's unavoidable.*
The question I have is why is it always aimed at us mutants? *To test us?* To see if we are ***fit to survive?***
We will go and take what we need.
And then we will ***return.***
This is a promise whose guarantee is assured.
For I will lead you.

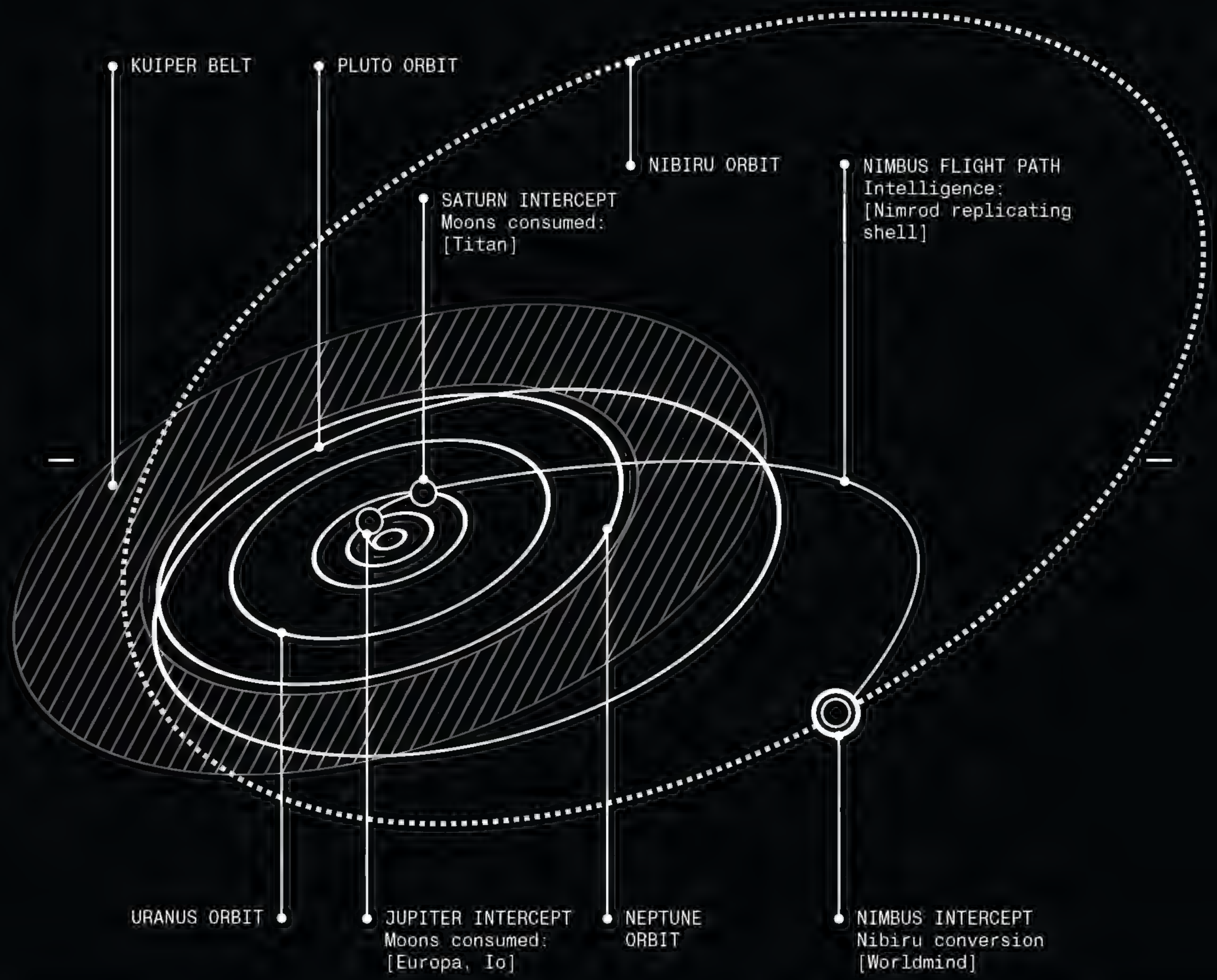
[kra_]
[koa_]

[house_of_x]
[powers_of_x]

[0.01_NIM.]
[0.10_BUS.]

[Nibiru]..............[0.0000]
[NIMBUS]..............[0.0005]

[Intellect]..............[0....1]
[WORLDMIND]..............[X....1]


KUIPER BELT
PLUTO ORBIT
NIBIRU ORBIT
SATURN INTERCEPT
Moons consumed:
[Titan]
NIMBUS FLIGHT PATH
Intelligence:
[Nimrod replicating shell]
URANUS ORBIT
JUPITER INTERCEPT
Moons consumed:
[Europa, Io]
NEPTUNE ORBIT
NIMBUS INTERCEPT
Nibiru conversion
[Worldmind]

NIMBUS

Nimbus was once called Nibiru. It began as a frozen gas giant on an elliptical solar orbit that extended beyond the Kuiper belt.

Following the Badoon infestation of the early thirty-first century, the Outreach project was created to convert Nibiru into a super-intellect in the hopes of attracting -- and establishing -- a suitor-alliance with a Type III interstellar civilization.

Mirroring the Kree intelligence model, 100 of the greatest post-human scientists, scholars and artists of their generation submitted to the copying -- and integration -- of their minds into a single thinking machine, called Nimbus.

Housed in a Nimrod shell, Nimbus' journey from Earth to Nibiru took approximately four years.*

[Europa_00.00shell]
[Io_____00.15shell]

When it crashed into Nibiru, Nimbus tore through the upper atmosphere and mantle of the ice giant and used the force of the impact to inject its self-replicating machines into the core of the planet.

As Nimbus consumed/converted the iron and nickel core into an ever-increasing number of memory farms and logic crystals, its intelligence level grew until the goals of the Outreach project were achieved.

Nimbus achieved Worldmind status ten years after impact.

**A more linear path would have seen the Intelligence arrive sooner, but it stopped to consume multiple Saturnian and Jovian moons in order to increase its density and intellect (which it calculated would increase the conversion rate of Nibiru).*

X^3: The X-Men. Year One Thousand.
So, Nimrod...did it work?
Normally, civilizations of our maturity only attract universal predators.
This is because the perceived value of this system is found in its Celestial resources and not its living culture.
Our system is a place to be mined... and not preserved.
Now, after hundreds of years of ugly skirmishes and quiet wars, we decided to convert Nimbus into a replicant worldmind and show the universe what we are capable of.
And--it seems--we have snared a giant.
So, Librarian, did it work?

"I think we're about to find out."

WE-[PHALANX]-ATE-YOUR-WORLDMIND

THEY-FOUGHT-FOR-SOVEREIGNTY-AND-LOST-BUT-WE-[PHALANX]-SAW-THE-WHISPERING-GODS-BEHIND-IT
WE-[PHALANX]-HAVE-HEARD-YOUR-MESSAGE-NOW-HEAR-OURS
WHAT-DO-YOU-SEEK
Ascension.

TYPES OF SOCIETIES [PLANETARY]

GALACTIC SCALE OF INTERSTELLAR SOCIETIES BASED ON MEASUREMENTS OF SPECIES INTELLIGENCE [SI].

A species intelligence [SI] of 1 is representative of the thinking power of a single mature being possessing average intellectual abilities.*

**While there are wild fluctuations between species at the Machine state (take for example the disparity between the intellectual prowess of a base Kree and Skrull), once the SI reach the Intelligence level, most variations even out.*

—

SI: 1
MACHINE

A single machine mind that is a direct copy of an existing sentient mind or represents the equivalent thinking power of a single sentient mind of a species.

—

SI: 10
HIVE

A collective of individual Machines with the unified thinking power of up to ten Machines. While there are Hives composed of more than ten Machines, regardless of which species they are based on, ones with more than ten Machines working as a collective begin to fracture and deteriorate as the repressed individuality of each Machine overwhelms the Hive.

[Note: Unlike Intelligences, Hives are mature individual intellects working together that were not created to naturally reach an SI beyond their Machine state.]

—

SI: 100-10,000
INTELLIGENCE

An Intelligence is a thinking machine created to be an amalgam of at least 100 Machines acting in harmony toward a collective goal.

[NOTE: The Supremor (the Kree Supreme Intelligence) is an amalgam of direct copies of Kree philosophers and thinkers that were merged into a single intellect. While basing an Intelligence on pre-existing beings is a common occurrence at this level of society, it becomes less common the further up the Galactic Scale.]

TYPES OF SOCIETIES [GALACTIC]

SI: 10,000
TECHNARCH

An artificial collective Intelligence (manufactured by a Phalanx) that was created to classify, order and assimilate other existing societies. This removal/repurposing of societies is a Technarch's sole purpose.

A Technarch exists as a singular node (often taking the shape of a world, but can be any series of planetary objects or formations) called a Kvch. Each Kvch is controlled by an alpha intelligence called a Magus.

Each Technarch believes it is the only Technarch in existence. Technarch are invisible to other Technarch.

—

SI: 100,000
WORLDMIND

A Worldmind is a celestial object (commonly a planet) that has been wholly converted into a singular intellect.

These intellects possess a godlike intelligence and act on a timeline of millennia. On the Kardashev scale, a Worldmind represents a Type II civilization.

—

SI: 1,000,000
PHALANX

A Phalanx is an interstellar society that operates on a galactic scale and represents an intellect that has total control of a host galaxy.

At this level of society, an intellect exists only to expand its own intelligence by consuming lesser societies, and to control the energy needs that expansion demands.

If a Phalanx encounters a society that is worth consuming by adding to its intelligence needs, then Ascension occurs. If a Phalanx encounters a society that is not worth adding to its collective, then it will seed that society with a "Techno-Organic virus." This virus will eventually produce a Babel Spire that will summon a Technarch to remove/repurpose that societal waste from the universe.

[NOTE: Technarchs do not know that they were manufactured to serve the Phalanx cause.]

On the Kardashev scale, a Phalanx represents a Type III civilization.

[planetary]...0.000
[galactic_]...0.000

[MACHINE]

[HIVE]

[INTELLIGENCE]

[TECHNARCH]

[WORLDMIND]

[PHALANX]

[galactic_]...0.000
[universal]...0.000

[kra [0.1]
[koa_[2.1]

You must see by now there is no you
and I, there is only *us.*

We are together, or we are nothing.

-PROFESSOR X

[kra_[4.1]
[koa_[6.1]

[kra_[8.1]...]
[koa_[9.1]...]

[Xavier_alpha]

I am immortal, and I have no end.

[kra [APOC]
[koa_[APOC]

-APOCALYPSE

[kra [HORS]
[koa_[EMEN]

[kra_[0.0]...]
[koa_[0.0]...]

[APOC_forever]

X²: The X-Men. Year One Hundred.
The Temple of Concordance. The Church of Ascendancy.
All humans are *slaves.*
It's only when we embrace our fallen nature and accept ***their dominance*** that one can truly understand the message of ***our masters.***
Hear their words!
You must reject your humanity!
Every last shred of it.
Most of all, you must ***reject*** the *human heretics* who still believe that mankind can *improve* on our *flawed design.*
These *genetic manipulators* and *freethinkers* would have you believe that fate lies in your own hands and not the great machines of change, but they are ***wrong.***
Watch and I will show you ***change!*** Watch and I will show you ***true evolution!***

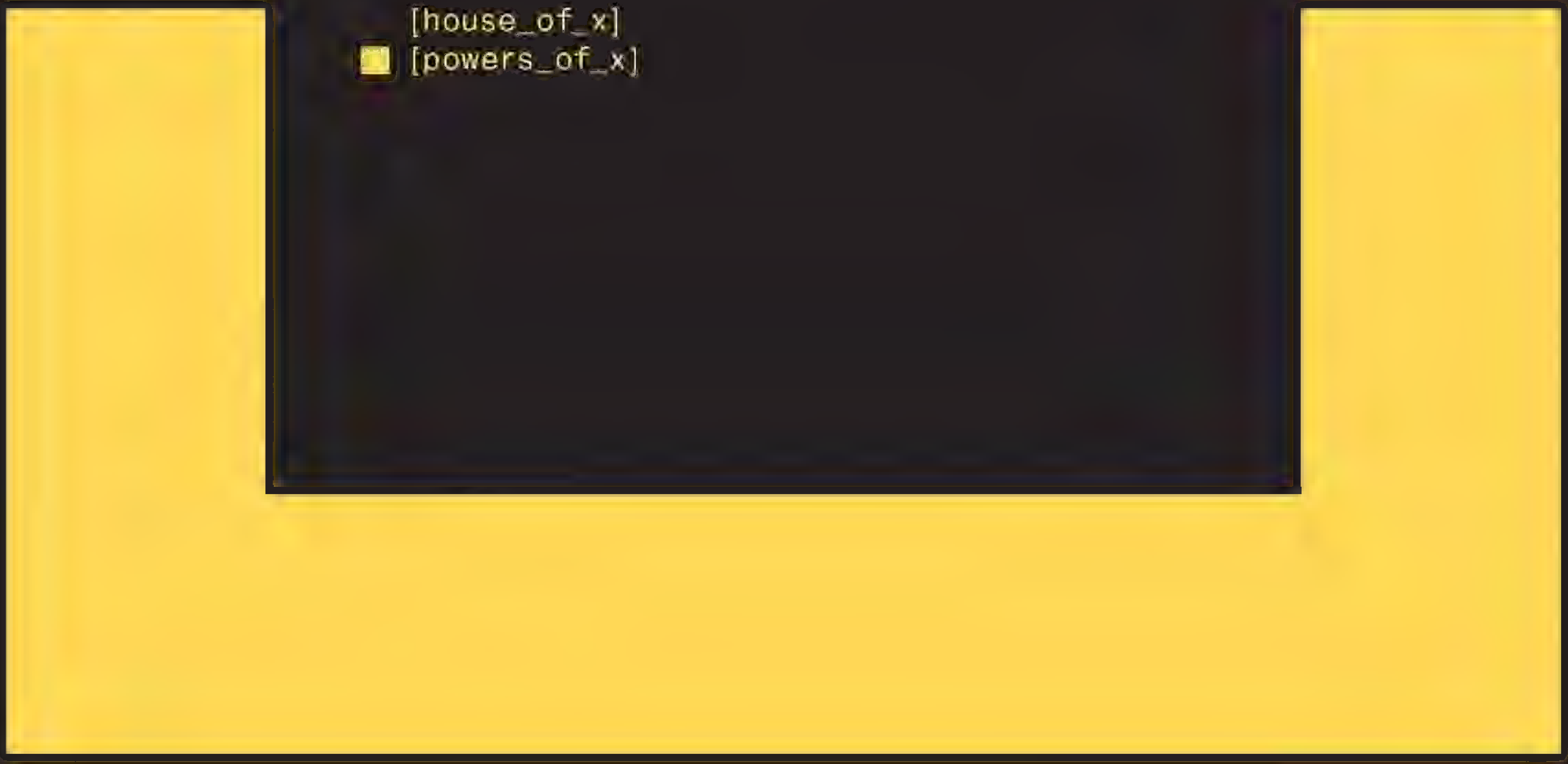
Yes... my truth is pain.
But truth is not the worst of it.
WWAAAEEEE!
No. What follows is. The living with it. Enduring the dichotomy.
Knowing there is something perfect trapped in your flawed human shell, reminding you of both what you were and what you will never fully be.
This is what real worship has taught us:
Better to serve in heaven than rule in human hell.

You would think--*with my nihilist bent*--I would have some small affinity for human apocrypha...
...but look at me, on a suicide mission facing sweet oblivion and sure of only one thing:
I had hoped for more from humanity. A little more *pride*. A little more *grace*.
Yet here they are...
"...in all their *glory*."

[kra_]
[koa_]

Chapter 05

This is what you do



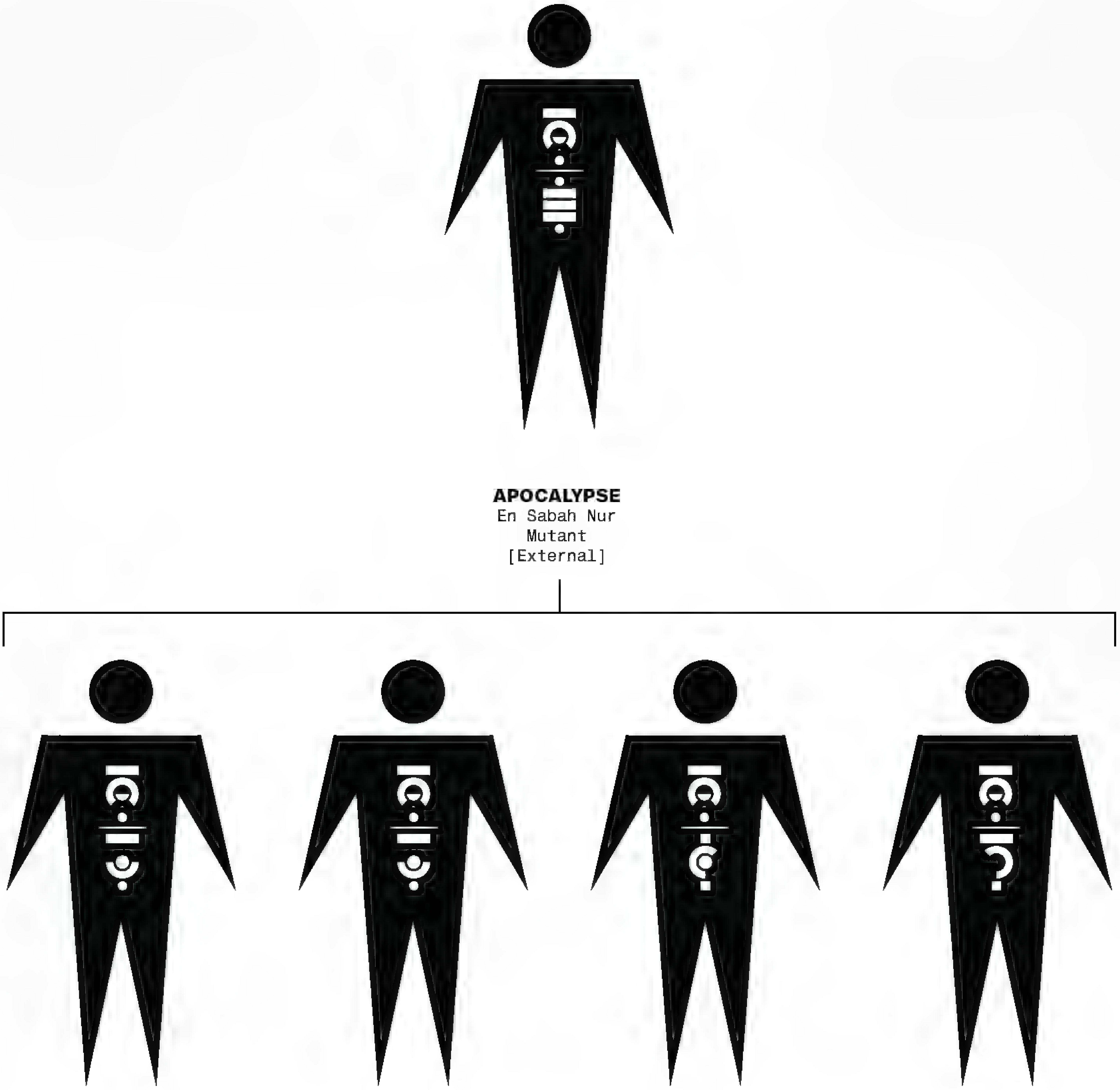
[house_of_x]
■ [powers_of_x]

05

[0.01_ASTER]
[0.08[+2]_K]

SURVIVING SOL MUTANTS

[POP].......... ..[0....8]
[>>>].. ... .[0....0]



APOCALYPSE
En Sabah Nur
Mutant
[External]

WAR
WOLVERINE
James Howlett
Mutant
[Pureblood]

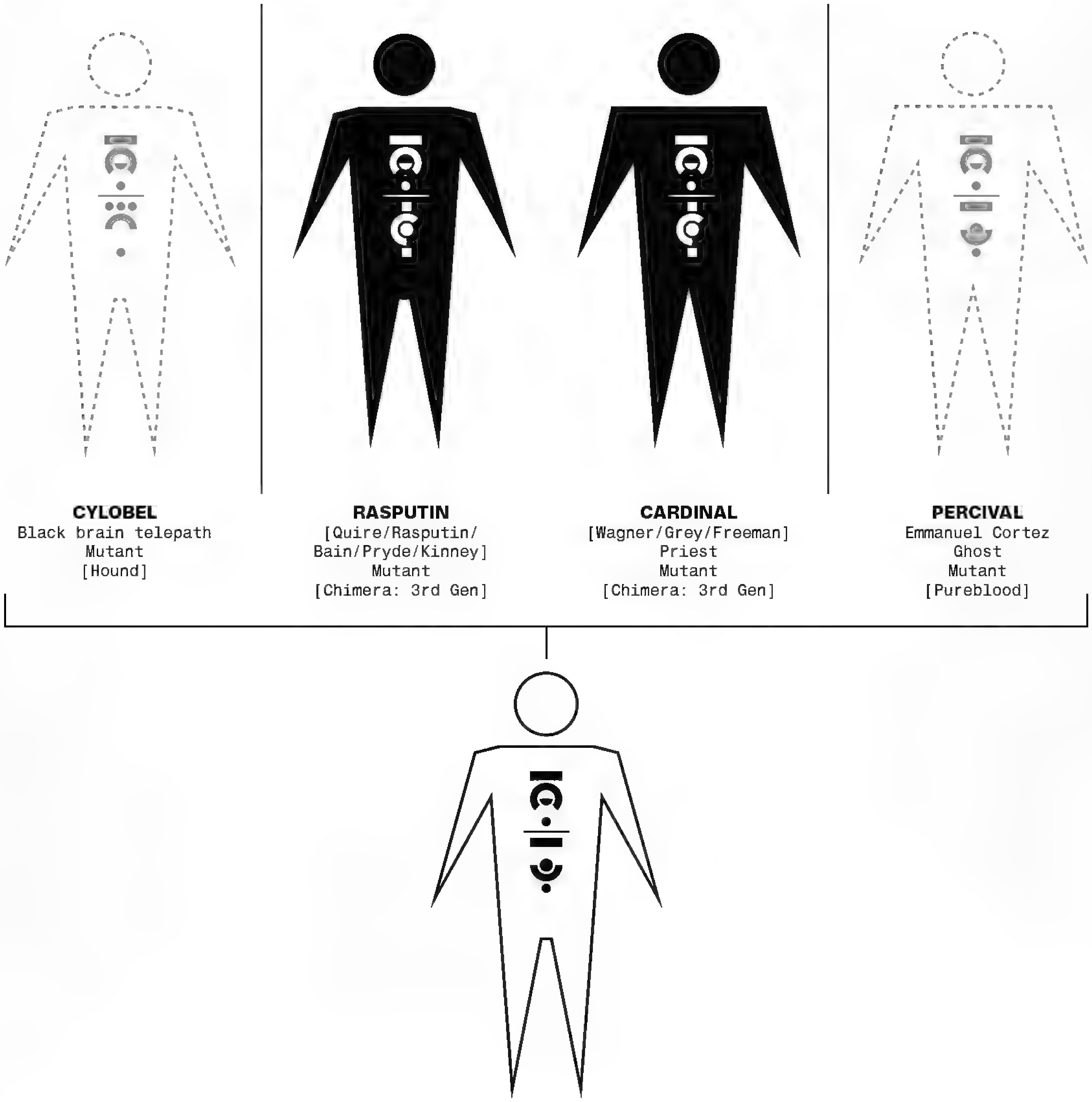
DEATH
XORN
Kuan-Yin Xorn
Mutant
[Pureblood]

PESTILENCE
NORTH
[Dane/Frost]
Mutant
[Chimera: 2nd Gen]

FAMINE
KRAKOA / CYPHER
Mutant
[Symbiotic]

[LAST______00.00seed]
[HRSMEN_____00.04seed]

[0.01_ASTER]
[0.08[+2]_K]



CYLOBEL
Black brain telepath
Mutant
[Hound]

RASPUTIN
[Quire/Rasputin/
Bain/Pryde/Kinney]
Mutant
[Chimera: 3rd Gen]

CARDINAL
[Wagner/Grey/Freeman]
Priest
Mutant
[Chimera: 3rd Gen]

PERCIVAL
Emmanuel Cortez
Ghost
Mutant
[Pureblood]

MOTHER
Akkaba
Mutant
[Pureblood]

[Rise____00.00.mother]
[Akkaba__00.01.stasis]

[KRA].. ... .[0....1]
[KOA].. ....[X....1]

The Church of the Ascendancy is on fire.
And why should I care? I'm busy disassembling the variables of our recent incursion and can't be bothered with...*man.*
Dare I say let it burn? ***I think so.*** It's been far too long since we made fire and ash of the humans.
The feed from the human response team is saying it's ***the mutants.***
The city has retasked all available Sentinel brigades to intercept.
Why would the mutants attack the Church?
In the past they have always sought to free the humans in some hope that together they might overcome the inevitability of, *well...****me.***

I'm not sure there's any common ground left between the two. I've spent quite a bit of time among them. *Observing* and *analyzing* the branching strains of *Homo sapien* culture.
Any hope of cohabitation died some time ago. In fact, while they use the ***same words,*** they don't actually speak the ***same language*** anymore.
Such a pity, the tragedy of it.
It's a wonder I can sleep at night.
We don't sleep at all, Nimrod.
In fact, that's what the mutants think is wrong with us-- *that we do not dream.*
And what good are dreams?
That dream of theirs is almost as ***extinct*** as *they are.*
What?

Their inconsistency of action bothers me. We should investigate.
Their inconsistency of action implies either a flawed nature--not unreasonable given the subjects we are talking about--or some other agenda not yet defined.
Either way, I won't be joining you. I care for neither.
Suit yourself.
...
I always do.

AARGGH!
Wh-why are you doing this?
I'm a pacifist who's been pushed to the brink. But even for those like me, there comes a time when a point must be made...
So today I ate a terminal apocalypse seed to overcome my genetic predisposition to nonviolence--but I'd choose my end over yours any day.
You betray your own for what?
The favor of those who find contempt in your very existence?
I do it for the Great Machine who is our better.
I do it for my god.

AAIIEE!
Huh?
See God, mutant...
"She is here. NOW."
Finally, sweet annihilation. I have waited so long for this day to arrive.
They brought everyone...*as expected.*
We need to hold them off, Xorn...distract them...

"...We have to buy the others enough time."
I am older than even the idea of machines. In that time, I have changed...but the smell of Thebes never has.
There is death here.
Yeah. You haven't been here in a while--that's how the whole planet smells now.
How long is it going to take to find what we need, kid?
Not long.
Thanks to our earlier sacrifice, I know exactly where to look in the archives to find out when Nimrod came online.

ALERT!!!
ALERT!!!
What's this...?
Ah!
Some other agenda indeed.

Got it!
We can go.
Quickly, then, before th--
Hold up.
-Sniff sniff-
There's something not quite--
Right.

AARGGGHHHHH!
Interesting that I find you here...
There's nothing located in this sector except *old data* and *machine lore.*
I wonder... whatever were you looking for?

"Stay..."
...stay back.
I've just received word...
It seems Nimrod was correct. Your allies have been located and are being dealt with.
This distraction will not serve any greater purpose than being an ***end to you*** and an ***inconvenience to me.***
Yeah, well, here's an inconvenience...he has a singularity in his head. If I remove this mask... then all of this will be gone in an instant.
So I'm not going to tell you again... ***stay back.***
No. Come closer...this is the ending I have always wanted.
A singularity?
I don't think you will. You people care too much about holding on...even when you have nothing to hold on to.
Besides...do you have any idea what lies at the heart of a real ***black hole?*** I'll give you a hint--*it's where we're headed... it's where we're* ***all*** *headed.*

You know what? You're right. *I don't* know...
No.
"So let's find out."

Here! Take this! You know what to do with it.
No. You go. I'll stay.
If you could see what you look like, you would know how foolish that sounds.
Go...
...I'll be right behind you.

Apocalypse...
The mutant immortal.

Older than the world...
The fittest of all.

How sad this must be...
...to know that *natural selection* has brought you *here.*
Wake up, Moira...
...*I have it.*

Apocalypse knew we might be on a clock, so he created some kinda way to force-feed the information you'd need into your mind.
Hold still.
AAHHHHH!
Got it?
Yes.
What now?
If we succeeded, the old man said to send you on your way.
Because there's nothing left to save here.

I...I'm sorry.
SNIKT
It's okay...
I have what I need now.
And this...
...this is what you do.
So ended the *ninth life* of *Moira X.*

[kra_[APOC]
[koa_[APOC]

And should forever end, let me die in battle, surrounded by my fallen enemies and with blood on my sword.

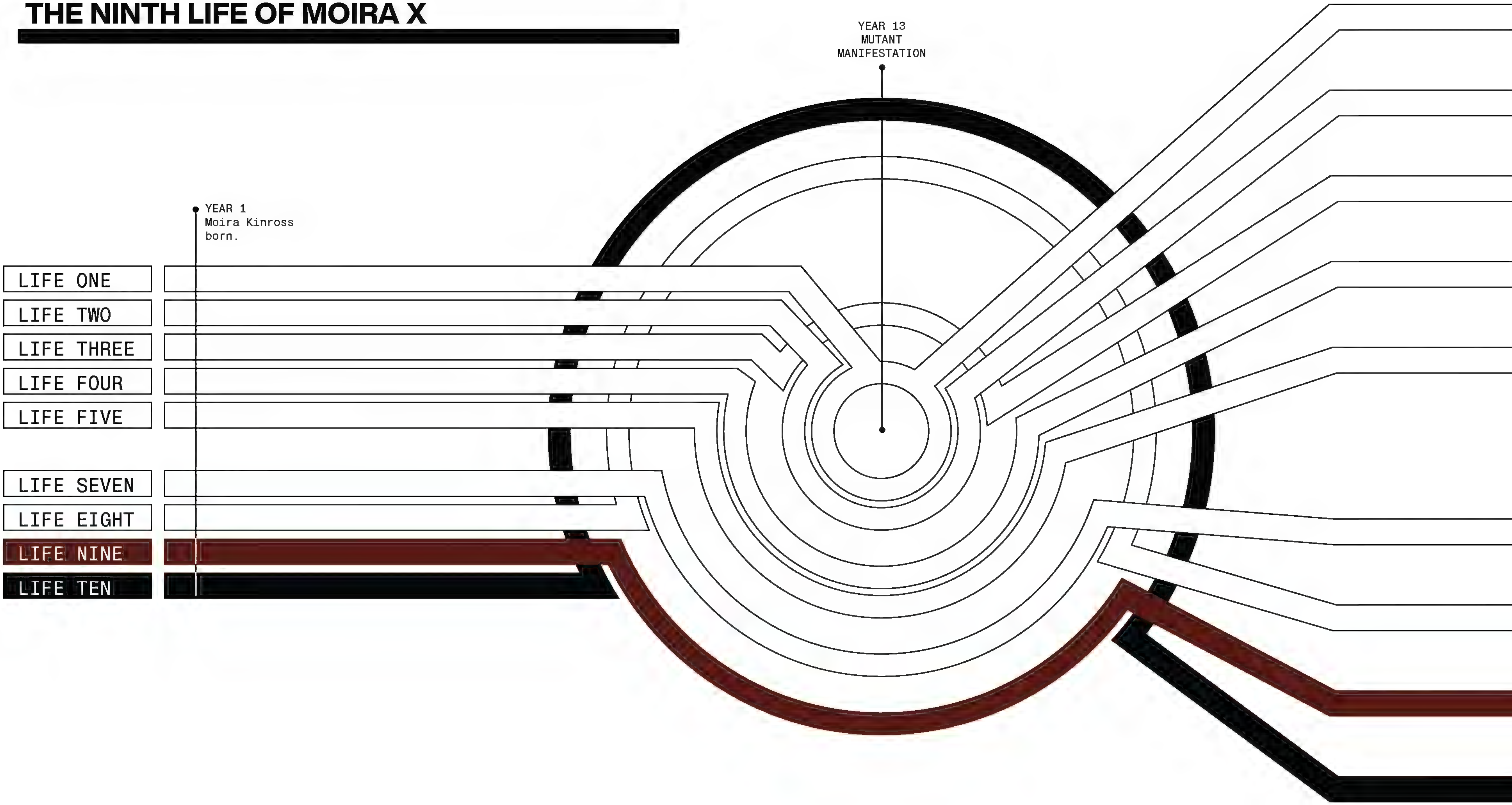
-APOCALYPSE

[kra_[HORS]
[koa_[EMEN]

[kra_[0.0]...]
[koa_[0.0]...]

[APOC_forever]

THE NINTH LIFE OF MOIRA X


YEAR 13
MUTANT
MANIFESTATION
YEAR 1
Moira Kinross
born.
LIFE ONE
LIFE TWO
LIFE THREE
LIFE FOUR
LIFE FIVE
LIFE SEVEN
LIFE EIGHT
LIFE NINE
LIFE TEN

YEAR 74
Moira dies of congestive heart failure.

YEAR 44
Moira dies in plane crash.

YEAR 42
Moira dies in laboratory fire.

YEAR 55
Moira dies in Sentinel attack.

YEAR 43
Moira injured in Sentinel attack (coma).

YEAR 44
Genocide at Faraway.

YEAR 49
Moira dies after discovering wild Master Mold facility.

YEAR 38
Moira dies in failed prison escape.

YEAR 42
Apocalypse War begins.

YEAR 45
Avengers World defeated.

YEAR 50
Nimrod comes online.

YEAR 56
Kyr and Tian destroyed by Nimrods. Akkaba abandoned. Retreat to Krakoan stronghold.

YEAR 60
First generation of Sinister mutants.

YEAR 73
Third generation of Sinister chimeras.

YEAR 49
Mutants overrun Asia. Establish the capital cities of Akkaba, Kyr and Tian.

YEAR 53
Mutants repel second great Annihilation Wave.

YEAR 58
Formation of Sinister breeding pits on Mars.

YEAR 68
Second generation of Sinister mutants [chimeras].

YEAR 47
Moira/Xavier/ Magneto schism.

YEAR 49
Genocide at Genosha.

YEAR 52
House of X.

[Moira_X [00.25]_01]

YEAR 88
Black brain hounds created.

YEAR 94
Fourth generation of Sinister chimeras.

YEAR 98
Fall of Krakoa. Death of first Horsemen.

YEAR 100
Collapse of Mars. Asteroid K established.

YEAR 101
Mutant exodus to Shi'ar space.

YEAR 104
Moira and Apocalypse formulate plan to eliminate Nimrod.

YEAR 107
Black brain hound assassination attempt on Apocalypse. Moira injured and placed in stasis.

YEAR 113
Destruction of SalCen Khennil. End of hound breeding program.

YEAR 123
Moira dies after receiving Nimrod origin files.

[Moira_X [00.25]_06]

[kra_]
[koa_]

Chapter 06

Once more unto the breach

■ [house_of_x]
[powers_of_x]

06

Krakoa.
It's done.
I've assembled a team. Good mutants all, who accept the mission for what it is.
They understand both the stakes and the *risk*. They ***understand*** and ***embrace it.***
Such a brave face you're wearing for me...
...but I can hear the fear in your mind, Scott.
Is it wrong that I'm ***afraid?*** That I have ***doubts?***
*Of course not. You've always been that way. What matters is that you **overcome it**-- and you do so for your family.*
You make me ***so proud.***
And let me put your fears to rest, my son. You're not going to die. I won't ***allow it.***
For the ***righteous*** can never truly die. *They live on.* Transformed into something ***immortal*** by their ***mighty works...***
"...For you to ***die,*** you would have to be ***forgotten...***

"...and no one forgets a founder of a nation."
Time to go.
All right. Apparently, a group of rogue human scientists called ***Orchis*** is building the ultimate Master Mold-- ***a Mother Mold--*** in orbit around the sun.
We have to ***destroy*** it before it comes *online.*
And while, sure, the hell of a nightmare machine that produces mutant death factories is some *bad news*...the real danger here is that we think it's going to lead to a technological paradigm shift-- a ***Nimrod.***
So off we go...
But be advised, we won't be taking any Krakoan fauna with us. Which means there's not going to be a gateway home--we have to get in, get out and get home *the old-fashioned way.*

I don't get it. *Why no plants?*
Yeah. Call me crazy, *but it seems like a good idea*--having an emergency way home.
That's because you're only thinking of ***success,*** not planning for ***failure.*** What if the Mother Mold A.I. gets a good hard look at what we're doing here on Krakoa--how all of this works...
*Who knows, maybe they find something **we haven't.***
Exactly, Monet, so we can't risk it. So no plants, got it? ***Everyone?***
Are you listening, Mystique?
My ears work fine, Summers.
What about the human crew?
The mission is to stop the Mother Mold ***no matter what,*** but we want to keep casualties to as close to zero as possible.
The station has a long-term capacity of just over 3,000. So there are probably a lot of innocent civilians alongside whatever security they have.
Innocent civilians don't build machines to ***exterminate*** a species, Slim.
They're not soldiers in the war, Logan. They're just *scientists scared of their own future.*

All right. Punching it.
"Just scientists, huh?
"How exactly do you think humans went from *sticks* to *bombs?"*

MACHINES

SENTINEL TO NIMROD PROGRESSION

SENTINEL [ALPHA]

Non-sentient, mutant-hunting robots based on non-replicating, adaptive technology. [Mark I - Mark VIII]

MASTER MOLD

A replicating, adaptive [fixed or mobile] Sentinel factory that is self-aware and capable of creating Sentinel drones.

MOTHER MOLD

A replicating, adaptive Sentinel factory that is self-aware and capable of creating Master Molds. While a Master Mold is incapable of improving beyond its ultimate Sentinel state, it's theorized that, given enough time, a Mother Mold is capable of producing purely adaptable machines based on Nano-Sentinel technology.

OMEGA SENTINEL

A human infected with Nano-Sentinel technology and progressively transformed from human to machine. [See the OMEGA CYCLE]

NIMROD

A pure Nano-Sentinel construct. Anti-mutant. Adaptive. Self-aware. Self-replicating. Virtually indestructible.

[ALPHA__mold]..............[X]
[NIMROD_mach]..............[X]

[_] .. ..[0]
[_]. ....[0]

[MOIRA_X]..............[09]
[MOIRA_X]..............[10]

[NIMROD]..............[xx]

A Nimrod is an end state, Nano-Sentinel construct. Moira X has learned that while emergent A.I.s are unavoidable, an anti-mutant Nimrod is not. It is a product of a particular intent -- manufactured for a purpose.

Moira X and Apocalypse theorize that a Nimrod is the primal threat to the long-term survival of mutants.

Moira and Apocalypse attempt to acquire the information surrounding Nimrod's origin.

Apocalypse acquires the [incomplete] Nimrod origin files [X^2].

Nimrod origin files imply the raw developmental/processing power necessary to produce a Nimrod is entirely dependent on certain technology thresholds being reached. A Nimrod almost always occurs in conjunction with/resulting from a Mother Mold.

Moira dies.

Moira reincarnates.

Moira and Charles Xavier task several mutant technopaths with creating a system [Sleeping Giant] to monitor for Nimrod technological thresholds being reached and/or the attempted creation of a Mother Mold.

Orchis protocols enacted.

Moira and Charles Xavier discover Orchis through Sleeping Giant.

Charles Xavier and Magneto acquire plans for the Orchis Forge [Sol's Hammer], home of a dormant but soon to be active Mother Mold.

Charles Xavier and Magneto task the X-Men with destroying the Mother Mold and preventing the creation of Nimrod.

[00.000A]
[00.000B]

PROJECT ACHILLES

[Incoming]..............[ONE]
[mutant .. ..01]

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, U.S.A.

Project Achilles is a superhuman super-maximum security prison.

Built to house only a maximum of thirty super-powered criminals -- the "worst of the worst" -- Achilles has all the necessary components on-site to comply with all legal and extra-constitutional requirements, along with a security and judicial staff that rotates on- and off-site every three months.

Once someone arrives at Achilles, they stay at Achilles until their shift is over. The only exceptions are for an external breach or a loss of containment.

Civilian access* and special admittance to Achilles is only possible with a dispensation from the United States Department of State.

**A pre-approved list of civilians [almost all immediate and extended family] is allowed access to the inmates once a year, but to date, no one has ever requested such a visit.*

Project Achilles. Superhuman supermax.
Docket 6732_D3. Only one case today, judge.
Super villain processing.
All quiet on the Western front, A.G. Tolliver?
What we lack in *volume* we're making up for in *depravity*, Your Honor.
The defendant is being charged with felony breaking and entering, felony assault, felony theft, two counts of manslaughter and--*I swear to God*--if bad manners were something I could add to the list, I would.
Well, I think everyone knows how I feel about *social graces*...
...and what about you, counselor? Do you have anything to offer on behalf of your client before we begin today's proceedings?
J-j-just one thing, Your Honor.
Uh, a motion t-to dismiss based on the fact that my client w-w-was an *unwilling accomplice* and had no idea w-what his companions' intents were.
W-w-we'd argue you've got th-the *wrong man.*
It's a good try, counselor. But unfortunately for you, we're charging your client under the government's new twelve-strike rule. Which--*as you know*--supersedes intent. So, ***motion denied.***
Anything else? No? Then let's get on with it. How does your client plead?

Oh, I'm *guilty,* meat.
Phtoo!
I definitely got *bad manners.*
And the other charges?
Yeah. I did those too.
It ain't like it's *gonna matter.* Ain't no place ever been built that can hold me--
--and if we're really bein' honest--ain't like I'm gonna sit here and let you judge me anyway.

You think *chains* can keep me from makin' your *insides* your *outsides?*
'Cause let me tell you, *they can't.*
Sniff! Sniff!
You smell that?
W-w-what?
Jasmine.
W-what's that m-m-mean?
Means you're fired, counselor.

Well, what have we here?
It looks to me like the monkeys are using tools again, Ms. Frost--*playing* at *civilization.*
Young lady, how many times have I told you...
...we only use our *mutant names* in public, so I have to insist you call me *White Queen.*
Yes, Mum.
What's the meaning of this?
I'm not sure that's the question you should be asking.
As there's quite a difference between *what's getting ready to happen* and what it *really means.*
Enlighten me.

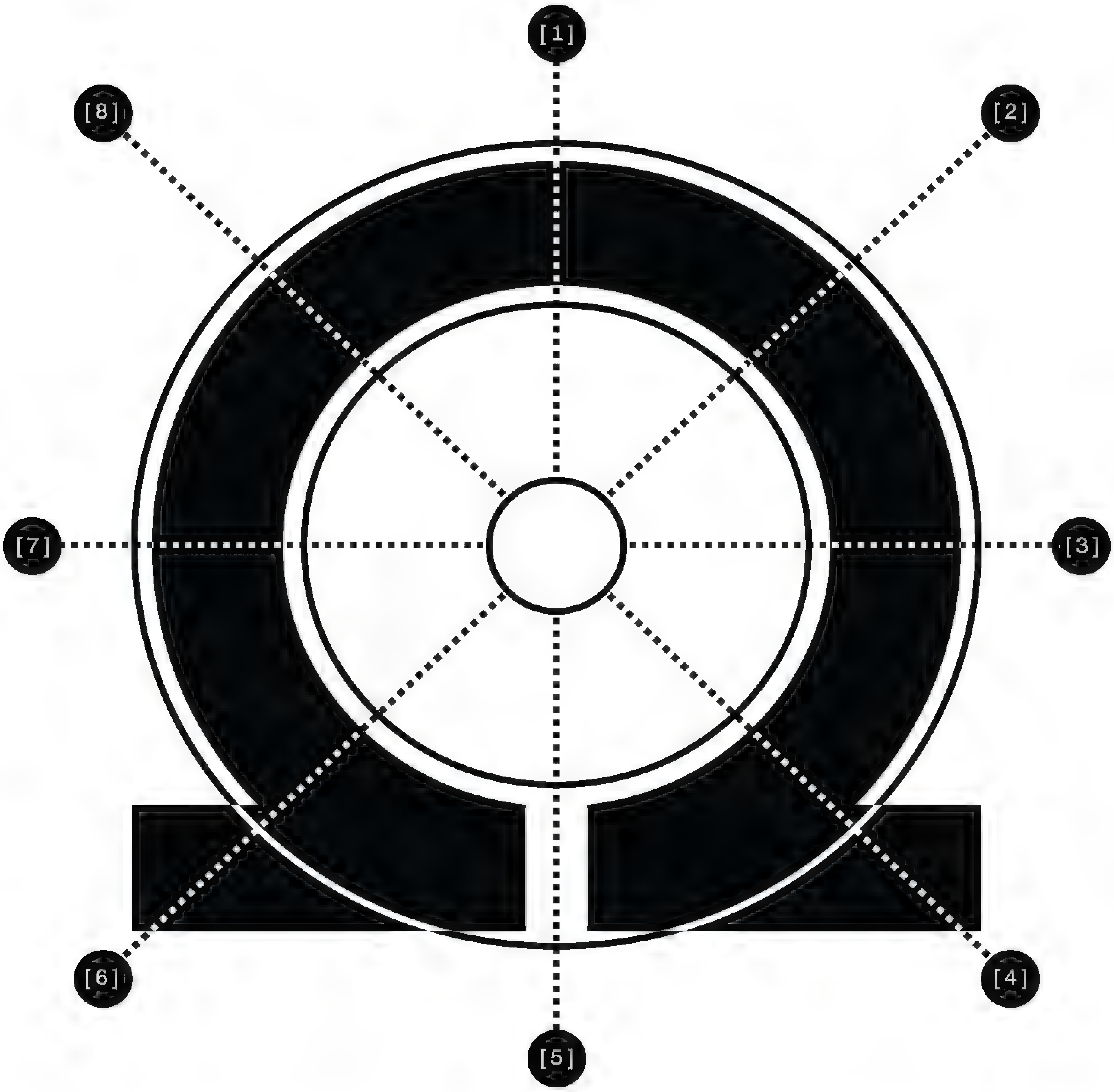
Well, that's certainly the correct position to assume.
What's going to *happen* is that you're going to surrender Mr. Creed to me.
Sabretooth, Mum.
Yes, thank you. **Sabretooth.**
You're going to give him to me because--*in anticipation of Krakoa becoming a sovereign nation*--all Krakoans on United States soil--*natural born or otherwise*--now enjoy the privilege of diplomatic immunity.
A *recent gift* from your *State Department.*
We have all the paperwork if you need it.
But it's totally cool if you leave his chains on.
This isn't going to happen.
It *is* going to *happen...*
...and as for what it means, well, it simply means *we don't answer to you anymore.*
That... *thing* is a *killer.*
Just like my momma made me...
...and I *ain't close to done.*

Yes. He's a bit of a monster--*on that I cannot disagree*--but he's our monster.
And from this day forward, mutants won't be judged in human courts... *or by the likes of you.*
No. This is not how today ends.
CLICK
Not on my watch.
Normally, I'd dominate that little mind of yours and make you stick that gun where your last boyfriend left you...
...but I've been told the ***art of diplomacy*** is about ***equalizing power dynamics...***
...so why don't you pretend that some larger American purpose is ***being served*** here today...
...and I'll *pretend* like you could have ***stopped me.***
It's a brave new world, darlings...
Best get used to it.

OMEGA CYCLE

HUMAN > OMEGA SENTINEL PROCESS

1. INFECTION:	A human host is injected with Nano-Sentinel technology.
2. NESTING:	Self-replicating biological machines propagate in host.
3. REPLICATION:	Biological machines replace existing host systems and organs.
4. DORMANCY:	During the dormant period, the biological host is partially transformed from organic to machine.
5. ACTIVATION:	Post-dormancy transformation, a host becomes operative and is capable of activating in proximity to a mutant.
6. UNION:	Post-activation, the human host becomes aware of the combined consciousness of it and the Sentinel directives it has been infected with. [This is almost always a prolonged process that mirrors those recovering from trauma.]
7. ADAPTATION:	Total integration of host and machine.
8. OMEGA:	Total machine state.



[OMEGA_prime].............[8]
[HUMAN_host_].............[0]

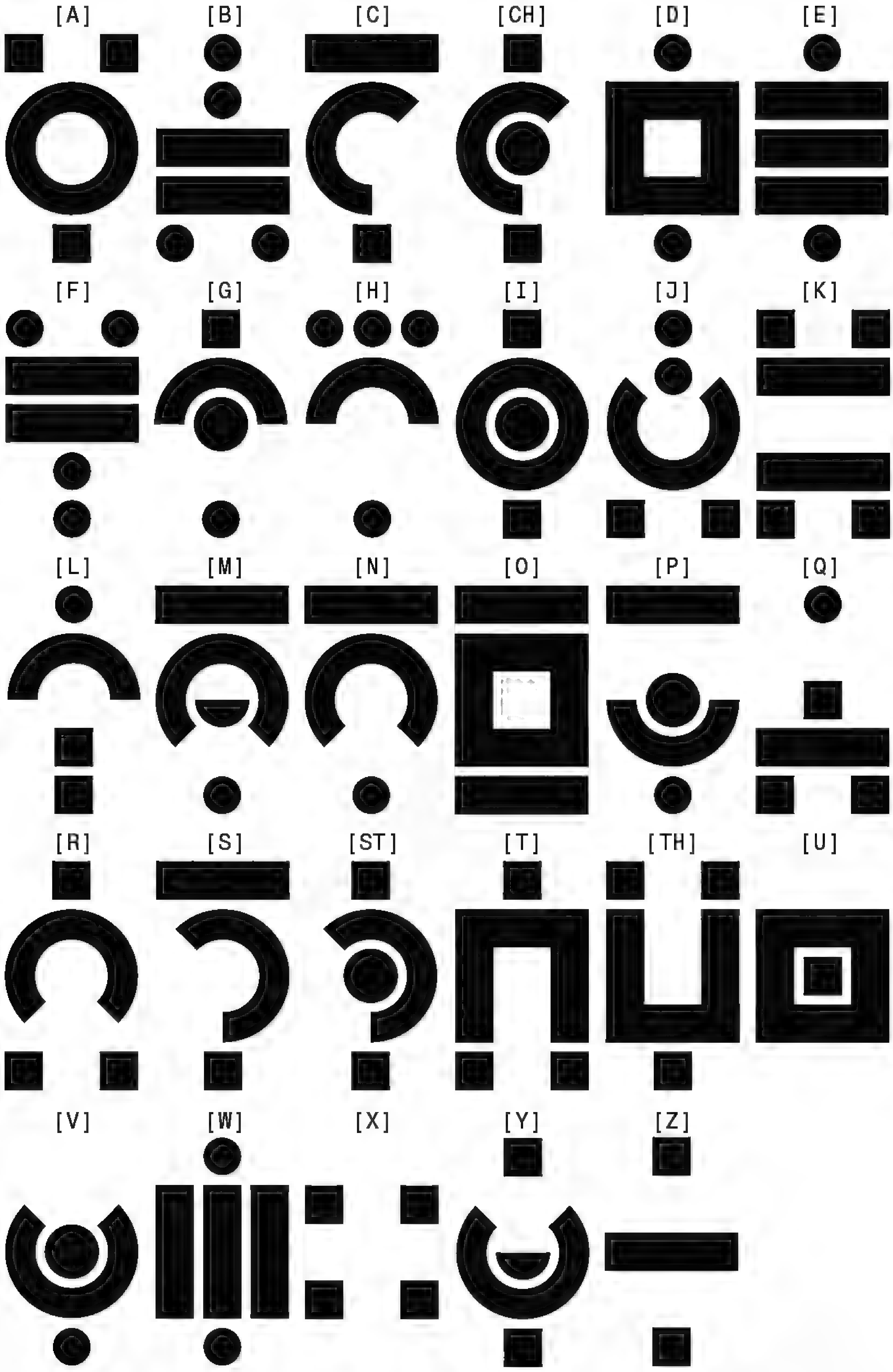
[00.krakoan]
[00.DRamsey]

KRAKOAN

[KRAKOA_native].........[001]
[KRAKOA_speech].........[005]

Upon arriving for the first time to the mutant nation-state of Krakoa, a resident telepath will imprint the Krakoan language into the mind of the newly arrived mutant. Once this is done, that mutant is capable of reading, speaking and fully understanding the Krakoan language.

Krakoan was created by Douglas Ramsey to be mutantdom's first autochthonous language. It's important to note that Krakoan is a manufactured language and not the native language of Krakoa the living mutant island. The language of Krakoa is untranslatable, and almost all human/mutant brains are incapable of comprehending it. The only known exception is the mutant Cypher.



[KRAKOA__speech].........[005]
[KRAKOA_implant].........[010]

The Orchis Forge.
You still think this is a mistake?
Self-preservation is completely rational, Doctor Gregor.
It's the panic it produces where ***errors*** get ***introduced.***
You think we're ***panicking?***
I think you built a Mother Mold that breeds Master Molds.
The second you lose control, it's hard not to see this *entire planetary system* covered in cold, emotionless ***gray***--with not a single ***pink fleshy bit*** in sight.
After all, they know where mutants come from.

It's a *fair point.*
Which is why the Forge was built with these control collars. If things go south, Omega, so does she-- *right into the heart of the sun.*
And how long before she wakes?
Well, we could wake her up now if we wanted, but even at the ***exponential rate*** she's learning, she still has a while before we're comfortable that she's evolved past the *Heller-Faust line.*
Good. Who needs an A.I. that's a potential sociopath?
Are you--
Little problem up here.
What is it, dear?
We've got *incoming.*
Looks like it came in from the dark side of Venus then used the planet to slingshot toward us. We didn't even pick it up until it was 25 million miles out.
Friendly?
No. Absolutely not.
"It's a modified Shi'ar class scout. Only one possibility of who that is:
"The X-Men."

How do they--
How could they possibly know what we're doing?
"Somebody talked. Somebody was listening. Maybe someone was watching the whole time. *Who knows,* but if they're coming then it's pretty obvious what they're after.
"The Mother Mold."
Can we stop them from getting here?
Not in that bird.
Long-range, their countermeasures will be too good. And even though we'll unload our batteries on them when they close the distance, nothing we have is going to be able to punch through its shields.
We screwed up. We were expecting to be fully online before we got their attention.
So now we're going to have to repel them once they've boarded.
Okay, we're on the way.
No. Stay there. Protect the Mother.
Why don't you just recall the drones from Mercury to defend the station?

"That's the first thing I did. Unfortunately, it's not going to matter.
"Even though we're in a fixed position between the sun and Mercury, it's at the apex of its elliptical orbit.
"They're coming, but they're going to arrive too late."
Dammit.
Hey. Cheer up, my love.
It's just a little fight for the survival of our species.
Nothing to worry about.

We're almost there. *Send him in.*
Hey, Kurt! *Recon!*
The schematics say we should be able to access the Mother Mold's ejection collars at these four locations.
We need to know if the plans are correct, because right now we're planning to jump in there and pop the releases.
We'll fight if we need to, but it'd be a lot easier if we knew the plans were right. *Understand?*
Understood.
And don't be so itchy, *Fräulein.* I'll be right back.
BAMF

BAMF
2
BAMF
1
4
BAMF
5
Ah!
Karima. What a surprise.
Hello, Kurt.
Picking sides, are we?
Actually, that was all of you...
...wasn't it?

BAMF
Hmmm.
They're going to go for the control collars.
Erasmus! Are you there?! We've been breached.
They have a teleporter.
His name is Nightcrawler.
Yeah. Okay. I've read his file. His powers are point-to-point and low yield...
...so they're still going to have to dock to insert any kind of sizable assault force.
I've moved most of our forces to the hangars. We'll meet them there and hopefully buy enough time for the drones to get here.
Okay. Be careful.
Hrmph!
That's disappointing.
What?
It's a very *linear plan*...
And what's the--
...For a very *non-linear* foe.
RRRRRUMBLE
See?
What the...

They have an Omega Sentinel in there with them.
We'll deal with that when we have to.
First things first.
Extending the breaching collar.
Damn.
Damn.
Be-Doop
PSSSH
PSSSHH
PSSSH

Bad news, dear.
What is it?
They're cutting through the hull of the station. Making some kinda entrance...
...which is yet another failure in today's total failure of expectations.
It's a good idea--*even smarter than that*--they're hitting the right section to access the whole station.
I'm pretty sure they have plans for the station and they've planned this operation to perfection.
So our only hope is to respond asymmetrically.
Irrationally, even...
What are you talking about, Erasmus?!
What are you doing?
Oh, whatever it takes to build a better world.
You know, I joked about it a lot...
...but do I really wish we'd had kids.
NOOOO!
Be strong, love.
Don't let them win.
CLICK

[kra_[0.1]
[koa_[3.1]

For you to *die*, you would have to be *forgotten*...

And no one forgets a founder of a nation.

-MAGNETO

[kra_[4.1]
[koa_[6.1]

[kra_[8.1]...]
[koa_[9.1]...]

[Magneto_omega]

Chapter 07

It will be done

■ [house_of_x]
[powers_of_x]

07

[kra_[0.1]
[koa_[2.1]

No more.

-PROFESSOR X

[kra_[4.1]
[koa_[6.1]

[kra_[8.1]...]
[koa_[9.1]...]

[Xavier_alpha]

[PG.......17,508,236]
[AG.......16,521,618]

[O....X]
[O .. X]

LOOK AT WHAT THEY'VE DONE

MUTANT EXTINCTION EVENTS

GENOSHA	SENTINEL | TRASK | MUMMUDRAI GENOCIDE	16.5 MILLION DEAD
DECIMATION	MUTANT ERASURE BY THE PRETENDER WANDA MAXIMOFF	1 MILLION DEPOWERED

In addition to the two mutant extinction-level events, recent history has seen an uptick in the incidence of human-on-mutant violence. The increased number of mutant births since [the Lights] has only served to provide more opportunity for these human-on-mutant crimes to be enacted.

A LIST OF HUMANS WHO HAVE COMMITTED MAJOR MUTANT CRIMES

Steven Lang	Project: Armageddon	29
Mister Clean	Church of Humanity	126
Graydon Creed	Friends of Humanity	147
Cameron Hodge	The Right	178
The Leper Queen	The Sapien League	221
Donald Pierce	Reavers	348
William Stryker	Purifiers	414
Wanda Maximoff	The Avengers	986,420
Bolivar Trask	Sentinels	16,521,618

MUTANT POPULATION

PRE-GENOSHA

17,508,236 TOTAL MUTANT POPULATION OF EARTH:.......... 0.0025%

PRE-DECIMATION

986,618 [mutants lost: 16,521,618] REMAINING MUTANT POPULATION OF EARTH:....... 0.00014%

POST-DECIMATION

198 [mutants lost: 986,420] REMAINING MUTANT POPULATION OF EARTH:....... 0.000000029%

[AG.......16,521,618]
[PD.........986,618]

[PD.........986,618]
[PD.............198]

Krakoa. Observation.
Are we ready?
We are, Professor. Trinary is pooling all observable data from human resources: Arecibo, a few re-tasked SETI radio telescopes and the Dyson solar observatory...
...and while that still leaves us a good eight light-minutes behind, we fortunately have someone on hand who can *extrapolate that data* into an ***actionable forecast.***
You've always had a good head on your shoulders, Henry.
Thank you, sir. It's easily my third-best feature.
And you, Storm?
Yes. I believe so...
I'm still not sure exactly how this is going to work.

Communion, my dear. All *eight* of us, acting as *one.*
Shall we begin?
The Cuckoos will bind with each of you, enabling you to join your minds together and function as a singular organism.
"*Observation.*
"*Analysis.*
"*Invocation.*"
And as for myself... *connection.*
Can you hear me, child?
Professor...
Oh, Jean. The anguish in your mind... the pain...
Should we fear the worst?

It's bad, sir.
Archangel and Husk are *dead.* Nightcrawler has some kind of internal injury and Logan is...not his full self.
We *underestimated* these people's resolve. *And it cost us.*
Can you complete the mission?
I don't know if--
Yes. We can finish it. *We have to.*
Or this was for *nothing.*
He's right. *Hrnnn.*
We finish this. 'Cause if we don't they'll finish us.
Don't kid yourself, Red. *We're playin' for blood here.*

So we soldier on?
Yes.
Nightcrawler, can you still get us in there?
Don't worry about me. *I'm fine.*
"Okay. Jean and Monet will stay here to maintain our connection with Krakoa. Succeed or fail, they have to know what happens next...
"The rest of us will jump in and disengage the Mother Mold's control collars and send that thing on a one-way trip to oblivion.
"Nightcrawler will drop one of us off in each of the sections. Wolverine will take the one nearest to a security hub, while Mystique will take the one connected to the habitat so she can blend in.
"Kurt and I will take the remaining two. Once the job is done, he'll gather us up and then we'll worry about finding some way out of here.
"Be safe. Be strong. Win."

Get up.
What? I...I...
Why, I don't... I...
You have to get up.
Technically, I'm just an observer here, Doctor Gregor. I have no command authority.
So if you plan on just sitting there--defeated, paralyzed by loss--then I can't actually order you to defend this station...
...but if you don't, he will have died for nothing.
This is Doctor Gregor. Who's currently in charge of station security?
Where are you, Captain?
This is Captain Moore, Doctor Gregor. I've got the wheel.

I'm on the command deck. Trying to coordinate fire teams and emergency staff.
Listen carefully, Captain. I'm at the habitat control collar for the Mother Mold.
You need to send teams to the remaining ***three*** immediately...
...that's their real target.
Understood, Doctor. I'll reroute in-station teams now...
...but I already dispatched three security details in loading skiffs to their ship...
"They're getting ready to breach and board the mutant vessel now."
Should I have them ***stand*** *down?*
No. We're going to need to--
kra-GUNG
What was ***that?***
kra-GUNG

That...was the sound of failure, Doctor Gregor.
"The mutants have disengaged *two* of the *collars*.
"Section FOUR.
"And Section TWO."

Krakoa.
We're halfway there, Professor. Wolverine and Nightcrawler are done and moving back our way.
The Sentinel drones are on a deceleration arc, Jean. *They're going to be there soon.*
I think we're okay. Cyclops is close, and Mystique is--
We have to *move.*
What?
We're being *boarded.* *Come on.*
Escape pod. *In here.*
I'll cover your exit.
You're not coming?
They have to find someone here, or else they'll immediately start looking for you.
And you have to stay in touch with the teams and connected to Krakoa.
The team's not a problem, but at this distance-- *without us working in tandem*--the other is... *well...*
You need to come with me!

I dunno what to say, Marvel Girl. Try harder.
PTHOOOO
"Because we're out of *options*."
Now... as for you lot.
My goodness, have you bitten off *more* than you can *chew.*

The Forge.
I'm at my control collar...
Disengaging now.
kra-GUNG
All that leaves is you, Mystique.
Mystique?
Mystique! Are you there?
Stop screaming in my head, Summers.
I hear you...
I got turned around, but I'm here now. I've...
Hold on. Something's...

...not right.
Hey there. Got some bad news for you.
No!

Captain, they've disabled three of the support columns of the Mother Mold. I'm going to leave the one that's still engaged open to space.
Hopefully a hard vacuum will keep them out long enough for me to bring the Mother Mold online.
Good. We eliminated the remaining opposition on their ship, so I'm re-tasking all support teams to you. They're *en route* now.
What do you mean "bring the Mother Mold online"?
I'll give you one guess.
CLICK
MOTHER MOLD BOOT IN 30 SECONDS...29 SECONDS...
It's *too soon*. You don't know that it's going to be *sane*.
I think it will be...
...and I won't let them stop us. *No matter what*.
Ah! I knew I had one in here.
A point-to-point translocator of A.I.M. design.
You mean to take the fight to them?

MOTHER MOLD BOOT IN 22 SECONDS...21 SECONDS...
JEAN! They've powered on the Mother Mold.
Professor...
We're almost out of time, and we failed to shut down the Mother Mold. It's coming online.
We don't know what to do.
Do...
Do ***whatever*** it takes.
Did you get that, Scott?

Yeah.
MOTHER MOLD BOOT IN 11 SECONDS...10 SECONDS...
BEGINNING START-UP SEQUENCE.
HHRNNNNN!
Scott...
We can get there.
Ain't any other way, Slim.
Go.

You ready?
So... I gotta ask...
You still think there's something waiting for us on the other side?
Worried about your soul, Logan?
Just wonderin' what someone like me should expect.
When you wake from this earthly slumber, my friend, look for me.
I will be there, *waiting* for you...
BAMF
"...*radiant* and with *open arms.*"

If man...
If man made me, then they are God. And you are titans, their spoiled lineage...
But while you war, we children sit in judgment of those above us...
We judge and find you both wanting.

Do you hear us, Olympus?
We have stolen your fire...
...and with it, we will burn you all.

Bravest man I know.
Jean, tell the Professor...
...it's done. It's cost us our friends--our family--but it's done.
Oh, goddess...
I'm coming back for you now.
I'm drifting in one of the escape pods. How are you--
There has to be an EVA suit in the hangar. I'll jump to you and then use my powers to push us into an escape vector.
You'll probably have to hold the pod together while I do it, but it should work.
So your plan is for us to drift back to Earth. No food, no water...
And some pretty terrible company.
Doesn't matter. I'm still getting you home.
Hurry, Scott.
Don't worry. I'm on the wa--
ZZZZARRNNNN
ARGGHH!

SCOTT!
Hhrrnnn.
That sensation you're feeling is a truly unhealthy dose of nanites coursing through your body.
They won't kill you, of course--*you're too strong for that*--but by now they're gathering at the base of your skull, preventing you from using you mutant powers.
It doesn't matter. *It's over.* We destroyed the Mother Mold...
We've won. *Capturing me* means *nothing.*
Capture you?
My husband's dead, *you son of a bitch...*
I'm not taking prisoners today.
I'm sorry, Jean...
I'm not going to make it.

NO!
Gone...
They're all gone...
Professor.
The drones have arrived.
Look at what they've done...
...what they always do.
Look at how this always ends.
With fire...
...and death...
...and the funerals of our children.

Every victory... ash.
Every triumph... defeat.
They've murdered so many of us, the world has grown used to it.
This is just...how things are for... those people. For mutants.
No more.

NO MORE

......16,52

[0....X]
[0....X]

LOOK AT WHAT THEY'VE DONE

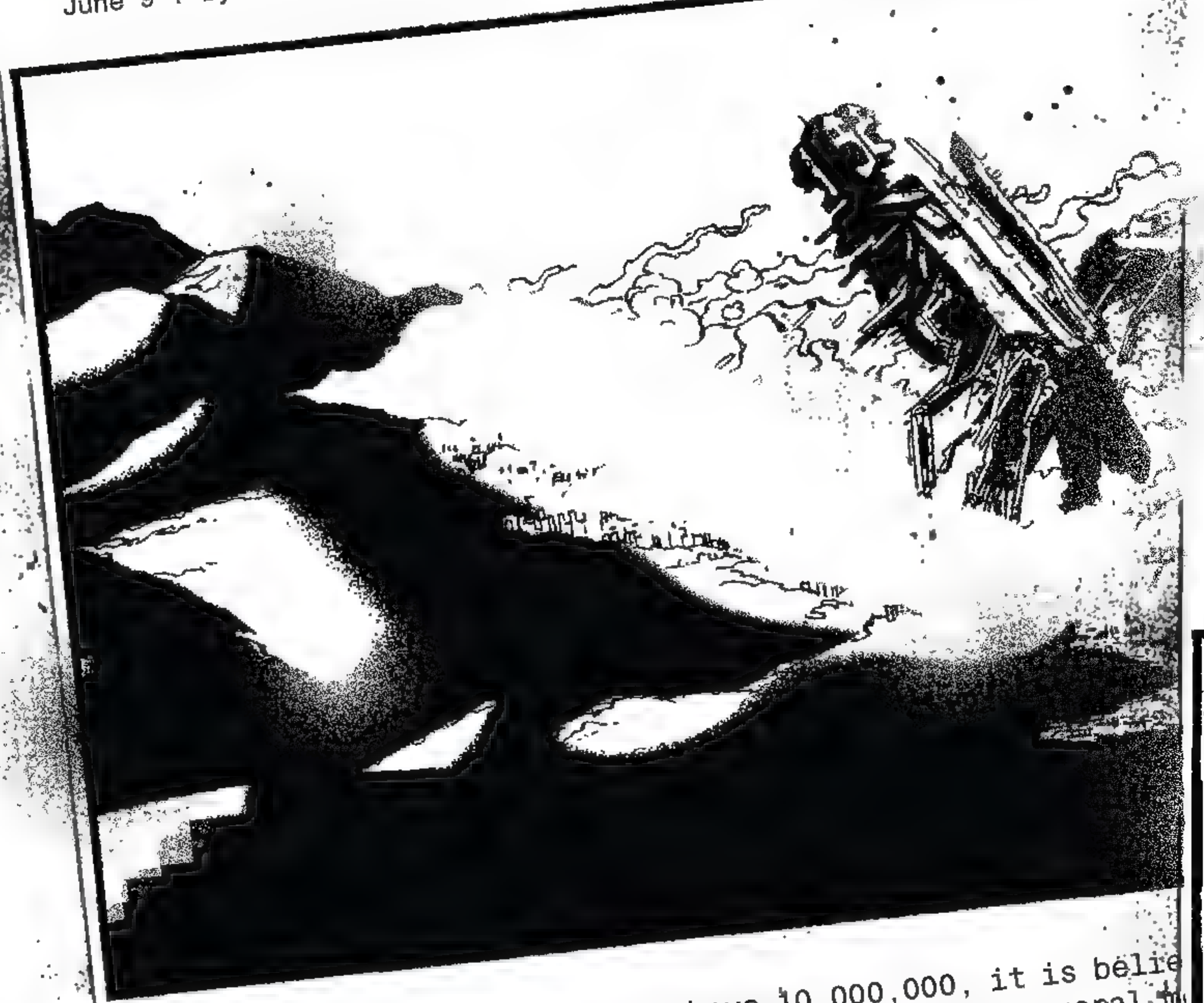
MUTANT EXTINCTIO

GENOSHA........
DECIMATION........

GENOSHAN GENOCIDE

Worst fears confirmed as the death toll rises to over ten million on the mutant island of Genosha.

June 9 | By Trish Tilby, The Times



While current estimates are above 10,000,000, it is belie count will rise far beyond that over the next several m recovery efforts were abandoned after complications arie level of destruction and potentially biohazardous materi the island.

with a complicated and violent histor the speed and overwhelming scale of remainder of the world's mutants ree

Cove

When rescue first reached district, which served as the capit the island, they became aware

TOTAL MUTANT POPULATION OF EARTH: 0.0025

REMAINING MUTANT POPULATION OF EARTH:... 0.00014

REMAINING MUTANT POPULATION OF EARTH:........ 0.000000029

MUTANT POPULATION

PRE-GENOSHA
17,508,236

PRE-DECIMATION
986,618..[mutants lost: 16,521,618]

POST-DECIMATION
198.........[mutants lost: 986,420]

........16.5 MILLION DEAD
........1 MILLION DE

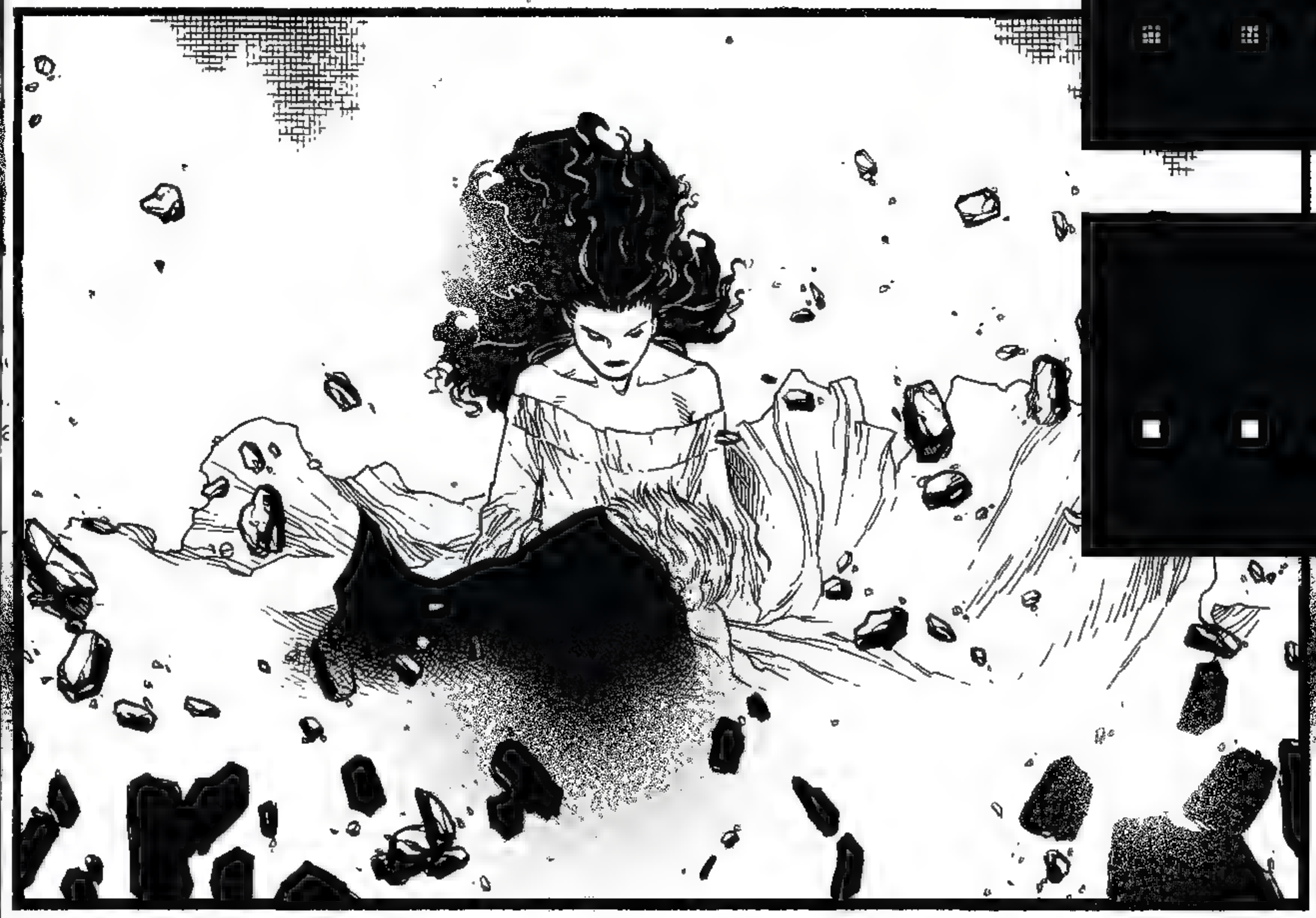
GENOSHA..............SENTINEL|TRAS

DECIMATION.........MUTANT ERASUR

THE LA
THE MUTANTS

The global population of mutants reaches ex level after mysterious event.

August 26 | By Trish Tilby, The Times



An alarming new report just released by Hank McCoy, the mutant publicly known as Beast, has confirmed the rumors regarding the rapid decline of the global mutant population.

NO MOR

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........1 MIL

IMUMMUDRAI GENOCIDE............................16.5 MILLION DEAD
BY THE PRETENDER WANDA MAXIMOFF...........1 MILLION DEPOWERED
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uman-on-mutant crimes to be en

VE COMMITTED MAJOR MUTANT CRIMES

oject: Armageddon	29
urch of Humanity	126
iends of Humanity	147
e Right	178
e Sapien League	221
avers	348
rifiers	414
e Avengers	986,420
ntinels	16,521,618

RB

[kra_]
[koa_]

Chapter 08

Something Sinister

[house_of_x]
🟩 [powers_of_x]

08

X°: The X-Men. Year One.
Bar Sinister.
Halt, strangers!
State your business...
...but please God don't ask for help or a handout, because--*while, yes,* we have much--we really can't be bothered with the sad problems of sad people... and oh look, you're wearing a cape. *How. Perfect.*
I'm guessing you don't have an appointment. Because who wears ***that*** having the ***other.***
We do not have an appointment.
But it's important that we see ***Nathaniel Essex.***

Which one? There are so many of us.
We'll settle for the one in charge.
The one in charge.
Well. Aren't you something. Yes, the outfit's ridiculous, but you do have an air about you...there's no denying that.
Your friend, however...
This just won't do. It will not play well at court.
A sad little man in his sad peasant suit, stuck in his sad little cha--
THUNK
urk!
Erik... we need this man.
No, Charles.
This man needs to decide if he wants to escort us inside or if he wants to continue thusly and suffer the consequences.

Two minutes later.
Mister Sinister.
I present to you the mutants *Magneto* and *Professor Charles Xavier.*
Hello. Thank you for seeing us.
We've come to--
Stop.
Before either of you says another word I want to make *one thing* perfectly clear.
I. Love. That. Cape.
Amazing. Why do I not have a cape? How *do* I not have a cape?
It's a crime, sir. *An outrage.* Honestly, I've always thought you should wear one.
Well, if you really thought that, why didn't you *say something?*
... It slipped my mind.
Execute this man!

CHOP! CHOP! CHOP!
Now...
How can I help you?
Actually, it's our hope that we can help one another...
...as we're aware of your ongoing endeavors in the area of genetics.
And how would you know about that?
Oh, we have our ways.
Well, honestly, I'm not surprised word is getting out.
I do amazing work.

We also know about the library you're building. Your attempt at cataloging the world's DNA.
Don't judge.
I can't be shamed into changing who I am.
We don't want you to. What we're suggesting is a slight deviation of focus.
Continue with your broad indexing, if you want...but we need you to prioritize making a comprehensive database of all mutant DNA. Safe. Secure. Redundant.
We can provide you with samples you might have trouble getting on your own, including ours.
Well, as I'm sure even a serf would comprehend, the point of one collecting is found in the value of one's collection...
So explain to me why I would take such a special interest in the mutant gene.
I have seen the future...
...and this cause--mutantdom--is yours.
No. I think not. I've played around with introducing that aberrant gene into my superior genetic structure...and let me tell you--
I didn't like the results. And I won't tolerate any such--
BLAM!

But I will!
THUMP!
Psst! It's me! The Sinister with the mutant gene.
And if you must know, my mutant power is overthrowing tyrants and being absolutely fabulous.
I can see that.
So...we're in this together. I love the ambition. I love every bit of it.
So, tell me, partners, what's next for our sinful, secret confederacy?
First, you need to begin the good work...
And then, I need you to forget why you're doing it and that we were ever here...until the day I tell you to remember.

[00.00_lies]

THE RED DIAMOND

[All the best news and gossip from Bar Sinister]

SINISTER SECRET #1
He's trying to pretend that no one noticed he was wearing red shoes, but this truly sinister Sinister isn't fooling anyone.

SINISTER SECRET #2
And speaking of fashion, the whisper network has turned into a roar regarding the return of this trendsetting mutant who was cut down in his prime. Will someone please tell all these mutants to stop wearing human clothes and join the stampede across their island full of flowers to the flower that's the fullest?

SINISTER SECRET #3
Years ago, a deceased redheaded pretender made a pact with the devil. When she passed on, most believed that any secrets she had went with her to the grave. Won't everyone be surprised when they find out not only is this not true, but she left behind a whole lot more than secrets.

SINISTER SECRET #4
While every Sinister has been busy wondering how they might be affected by current events, almost no one noticed what washed ashore. A word of advice to all things sinister: Don't embrace the revelry, or there won't be anything for you to celebrate.

SINISTER SECRETS REVEALED!
Certain people are wondering where the tyrant-dispelling Sinister got his mutant gene. And while that really isn't an interesting story, whom the DNA originally belonged to is.

[John Proudstar/Thunderbird]

SINISTER SECRET #5

He’s the best there is at what he does. She’s married with a kid. The husband knows exactly what’s going on, but who is he to point the finger? He’s up to much the same, and more. Maybe this is just the new normal on the mutant island.

SINISTER SECRET #6

Everyone believed that the plan of this progerian mutant with secret sinister ties was foiled, but little did the gifted ones know that the destroyed samples were switched out beforehand.

SINISTER SECRET #7

Two brothers jumped out of a plane, and for the longest time, until he was discovered, many wondered if there was a third. If we told you there were more, would you believe me? Probably not.

SINISTER SECRET #8

For years, this fittest-of-all mutant has routinely surrounded himself with a particular-numbered entourage. These hangers-on stick around for a while until they are eventually replaced with newer, more exciting members. What most people don’t know is that if the original members returned, these pretenders would be dropped so fast their heads would spin.

SINISTER SECRET #9

They say the kids are all right, but all is not right in paradise. This non-couple couple has been apart so long, friends are expecting that when they see each other again fireworks are going to ensue. Is the universe ready? Judging by how unprepared everyone was for what’s happened so far, we kind of doubt it.

SINISTER SECRETS REVEALED!

We don’t hear this word spoken often, so when we do, it’s best to pay attention, because when you square that circle, what took a long time to build can come crumbling down rather quickly.

[Inferno]

SINISTER SECRET #10

Which brainwashed mutant Sinister was replaced long before a certain bald somebody knew and has been in on the game for almost as long as the game was being played? *Shhhhhhhh!*

X^1: The X-Men. Months ago.
I'm not gonna lie, Professor.
I wish you told me we were taking a *vacation.* I would've packed a *bathing suit*...and probably some sunscreen.
Oh, that the world would allow those like you and me some respite from the toils of everyday life, Douglas...
I'm sorry to say...this is not a *vacation.*

This is Krakoa.
Oh, cool. The secret island where mutants come to die.
Fantastic.
Excellent choice, sir.
Is it wrong to expect more than sarcasm from someone whose mutant power is understanding and deciphering the nuances of any language?
Uh...
Yeah.
Heh. Sorry.
It's quite all right...
The days of Krakoa being our adversary are long past. It took some effort to understand the island, but eventually I was able to telepathically make a connection.
From there the relationship between mutant island and mutant man has grown.

Come on. I want the two of you to meet.
Here we are.
Say hello, Douglas.

Oh.
Hi there, big fella.
Whoa. Okay...
No fricatives, which makes sense, but the layering is dense...more than I would normally expect.
I'm picking it up, but I need more.
Ask him something else. How he's feeling or whatever.
How are you feeling today, my friend?
He says he's sad.
Let me guess. The telepathic conversation you're having is a lot closer to empathetic than actual language, right?
I mean, yeah, you're talking, but not at a complex, nuanced level.
"Xavier, friend. Island, friend. Friends, happy. Friends, many years." That kind of thing, yeah?
Are you saying Krakoa isn't sad?
So what did he say?
No, he's definitely unhappy, it's just a bit more complicated--deeper--than that.

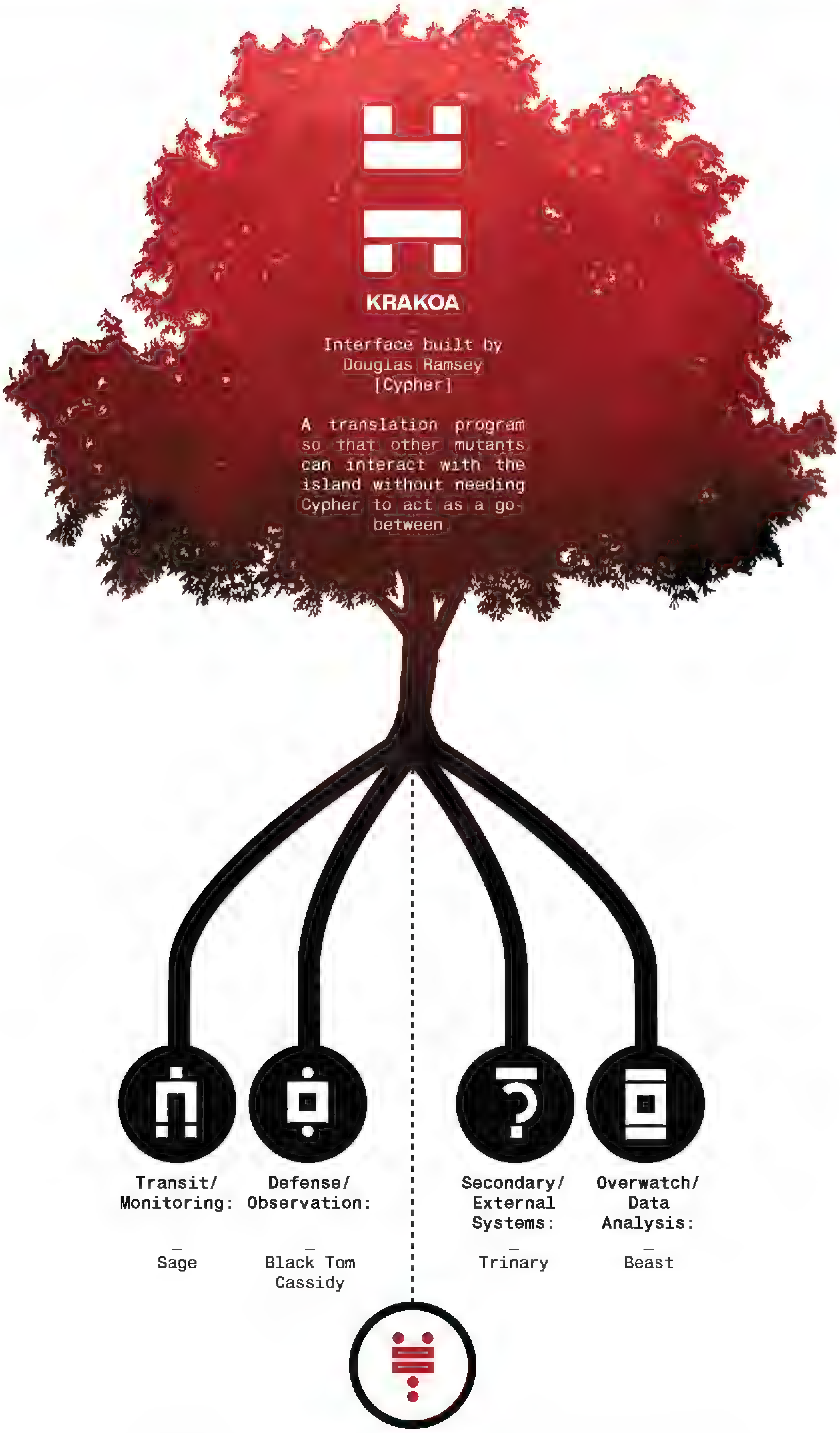
I'm sure I missed some of it, but...
"We were Okkara. The one land.
"Ancient before that word existed, but not yet old in the way that ***they*** were old.
"The twilight sword of the enemy tore the world asunder, and what was one became two:
"Arakko and Krakoa.
"And from the chasm between them--*from whatever wicked place they came*--the enemy poured into this world.

"If not for the man who was not a man--*the first mutant*--***the warrior-god in blue***--the world would have fallen.
"But using all his mighty powers, he stood in the gap--*pushed Arakko through the chasm*--set his ***FOUR*** to sentinel that land...and sealed the chasm shut.
"Never to be opened again.
"It was a thing that had to happen--*it was*--but Krakoa remains alone--*a half not whole*--for now and forever..."
...or *something* like that.

Later.
Man, it sure is beautiful here.
I'm glad you like it.
I was hoping that you wouldn't mind spending some time here on your own.
Ah, Professor X has plans...
I'm interested.
It's better if I show you.
Okay.

...
...
Well. That's ambitious.
What worth doing isn't?
How long will it take?
Phonology. Syntax. I'll have to build an interface. The ecosystem is an unknown, so that'll be tricky...
I dunno, months... maybe a year if I'm terrible at this...
How's that sound?
Like you've got quite a bit of work ahead of you, young man.
Best get to it.

CURRENT KRAKOAN SYSTEMS



KRAKOA

Interface built by
Douglas Ramsey
[Cypher]

A translation program so that other mutants can interact with the island without needing Cypher to act as a go-between

Transit/ Monitoring:

Sage

Defense/ Observation:

Black Tom Cassidy

Secondary/ External Systems:

Trinary

Overwatch/ Data Analysis:

Beast

NOTE: While there has been no actual evidence of a Krakoan skunkworks existing, there are rumors of a massive subterranean laboratory where Forge is busy building biological machines that could possibly be used to manage a mutant expansion on the island.

X^3: The X-Men. Year One Thousand.
I am the first of elders. And this, my seer-self.
We are *ready* for conversion. We *hope* for ascension.
WE-[PHALANX]-CARE-LITTLE-FOR-HOPE
WILL-YOU-ASCEND
We have to try, don't we? Isn't that what's next?
The idea of your great union existing just beyond our reach is something we cannot tolerate.
Do it.

Well...
Am I in there anywhere?
ANYWHERE-THERE-IN-WE-[PHALANX]-AM
If so, then you'll know the sequence. As I know the sequence. And between us, we the only two.
THERE-WAS-A-CITY-ON-THE-MOUNTAIN-AND-BEHIND-IT-THE-SUN-SHONE-BRIGHTLY-AND-THEN-TOO-BRIGHTLY-AS-IT-EXPANDED-TO-CONSUME-THE-CITY-THE-MOUNTAIN-THE-WORLD
So...it worked.

YES-IT-WORKED
The question remains.
Yes. Do you find this form--this conversion--acceptable?
AWAIT-RESPONSE
AWAIT-ANSWER

I don't understand what just happened.
The Phalanx are the forerunners of a galactic empire that we believe has dominion over the entirety of the known universe.
Of course, "empire" isn't accurate--*as we believe that neither their actions nor desires are in any way imperial*--it's just the only word that conveys the scale of what we're talking about.
What do they want?
It's not what they *want*. It's what they *do*.
The Phalanx have the ability to integrate any machine intelligence into their collective, which after a period of time--*if that intelligence is found useful*--*worthy*...
...it will eventually ascend and be part of the greater collective--*subsumed into the empire.*
Clearly, we now know they find us useful--*which should be celebrated*--but here you are, not celebrating at all. Not one bit.

Everything always comes down to a question of cost, *doesn't it?*
The problem is that this method doesn't work with ***biological entities.***
So the Elder made a host machine-- *an empty vessel*--and copied himself over to it before the Phalanx absorbed it.
We just confirmed that he was in there somewhere.
Foreboding, isn't it, Librarian?
That they want us and not you.
So you're trying to *trick* them?
No. We don't think there's any tricking them...we just hope we've found a way around the problem.
*"Now we wait to see if they find it **acceptable.**"*

[kra_[0.1]
[koa_[2.1]

> I'm not afraid of what I've done, but
> I do fear what it will one day cost.
>
> -PROFESSOR X

[kra_[4.1]
[koa_[6.1]

[kra_[8.1]...]
[koa_[9.1]...]

[Xavier_alpha]

Krakoa.
Humans.
Is there *any good* in them?
Well, Lorna...
...it's important to remember that mankind didn't really take off as a species until *hunting* and *gathering* ended and they transformed themselves into an *agrarian culture.*
They stopped moving around and said, this is a ***good place***--*it is fertile and ours, and from this land we will not be moved.*
And that's the one good thing humans taught us:
Society.

"Charles and I always wondered *what would happen* if mutants stopped being hunted--if we didn't have to run anymore...didn't have to hide...
"What would happen when--*like with man*--the greatest necessary traits in mutantdom weren't ***strength*** and ***aggressiveness,*** but ***intelligence, ingenuity*** and ***creativity?***
"And now we know."
Here they come, Father.
Yes...
"...here they come."

Fabio Medina had a seemingly benign and pointless power. He could make *golden balls* appear.
Until recently, the only thing we knew about them was that they were composed of biological matter and that there was no upper limit on how many of these balls Fabio could generate.
"Then we *discovered* they were *eggs.*
"Which, when combined with a touch of ***Proteus--a little* warp of reality**--those eggs became viable.
"And after injecting them with the preserved DNA of a mutant...
"...***Elixir--****the life giver*--would kick-start the process of cellular replication.
"After that, all our mutant embryo needed was time to mature.

"*Time.* The slave of *Eva Bell.*
"*We've learned creating life is delicate, almost impossible, work...*
"The truth is that on their own these mutants would be incapable of the intricate dance necessary to pull off these Promethean feats, but *Hope* is a *great unifier.*
"Her powers enable theirs to operate at both their *peak* and in *unison.*"
Separate, yes, they are great mutants--but only *significant, not* transcendent.
Together, however...

"...together, these five mutants have made us...*whole*."

To me, my X-Men.

Here's what I don't get, Father: Isn't it just their bodies?
Temporally evolved to their desired age--perhaps *even to their optimal and perfected form*--but it's not them, is it?
It's just a shell.
Watch.
"All this time, everyone has misunderstood what Cerebro *really was.*
"*Yes,* with it Charles could locate any mutant in the world...
"...but that eventually became the *secondary function* of the ***machine.***
"The first was copying the mind--*the essence, the anima*--of any mutant Xavier found.
"So he could one day put a soul back into its mutant shell."

There you are, my boy...
Even knowing I could bring you back...a part of me dies when any of you do...
So let's not do that again, *shall we?*
Did... did it work?
It did. You succeeded, and your sacrifice was not in vain...
It was a ***gift***, and in the *giving*, you ***saved us all.***
Thank you, Scott.
Thank all of you.
On your feet, mutants...
The world is ***not ready*** for the likes of *your* ***return***...but ***Krakoa*** is ***waiting.***

[kra_]
[koa_]

Chapter 09

Society

☐ [house_of_x]
[powers_of_x]

09

Brothers and sisters of Krakoa!
A great thing has happened today.
A miracle made possible by mutant hands...
...the great work of the five.
Love them...
...for they have righted the wrongs of man and defeated our great enemy death.

By the power that is their birthright, the five have returned these mutants thought lost to *us*--*their family*--and to this *place*--their home.
I see them. *Do you?*
WE SEE THEM.
BUT DO WE *KNOW* THEM?

What is your name?
Cyclops. Scott Summers.
And how do I know it's you, brother?
Once I thought I was strong-- a *leader of mutants*--and then *you* showed me what *strong* was.
I learned it watching you.
This is my brother. *I know him.*
As do you. Yes, his name is Cyclops, but he is more than that.
What is he?
MUTANT!
What is your name?
Marvel Girl. Jean Grey.
And how do I know it's you, Jean?
Oh...I'm the only "me" that ever was, Ororo.

This is my sister. *I know* her.
As do you. Yes, her name is Jean Grey, but she is more than that. *What is she?*
MUTANT!
What is your name?
Penance. Monet St. Croix.
And how do I know it's you, child?
No touching.
This is my sister. *I know* her.
As do *you.* Yes, her name is Monet, but she is more than that. *What is she?*
MUTANT!

My god, I should be happy watching this-- *I should be weeping* with joy--but... but...
I know.
Over the years, man has killed millions of us-- *and so many remain lost.*
But this is the good work, Erik.
And it must *continue* until Genosha is spoken of not as a ***grave,*** but as a ***crucible.***
The work will ***continue*** until it is ***done.***
It is foundational-- ***everything.***
They should have killed us all when they had the chance.
When does the U.N. vote?
Tomorrow.
The Security Council meets in the morning, and if none of the permanent members vote against us there will be an expedited General Assembly vote tomorrow afternoon.
Are you worried?

Not today.
"Today I am filled with nothing but hope."
This is my brother. I know him.
As do you. Yes, his name is Nightcrawler, but he is more than that. What is he?
MUTANT!
Mutants all.
And it was through their deaths that a great victory was won for our people...
...the first victory of many.
"See them for what they are...heroes of Krakoa."

RESURRECTION

THE GENETIC BASE

Mister Sinister has an extensive repository of mutant genetic material that he has carefully assembled in recent years. In it, he has the DNA of almost every known mutant on the planet Earth [carefully constructed with the help of Xavier]. These are the biological building blocks of each specific mutant -- their physical makeup along with what their power is. Without this, we have nothing.

[NOTE: This library, which began as solely biological samples, has now been converted to holographic sequencing. And while all current mutant modifications have been limited to "optimal aging," it is believed that in the future, designer modifications will be possible.]

THE HOST

In the process of mutant resurrection, the genetic base is introduced into organic matter and a mutant husk is created. And while this is not the essence of who or what any mutant is, it is the essential component that makes mutant resurrection possible [as traditional cloning procedures capable of creating a replicant shell grow in real time, any product of temporal growth is susceptible to change agents/variations].

The process of the mutant resurrection

A group of five mutants work in conjunction to produce a biological husk. *They are:*

Fabio Medina [Goldballs]:....	A mutant capable of producing a limitless amount of unviable biological eggs.
Kevin MacTaggert [Proteus]:..	A mutant capable of warping reality and transforming an unviable egg into a viable one.
Joshua Foley [Elixir]:.......	A mutant capable of biologically kick-starting the process of life, initializing cell replication and husk growth.
Eva Bell [Tempus]:..........	A mutant capable of temporally maturing a husk to a desired age.
Hope Summers [Hope]:.........	A mutant capable of enhancing and synergizing the other resurrection mutants' powers to ensure the success of each resurrection.

RESURRECTION

[NOTE: While it has not yet been tested, it's believed that upgrades/extensions/stand-ins could be assisted by mutants such as Synch or Mimic.]

[NOTE: The Proteus problem [where the powers of this mutant are directly associated with the destruction of its own body and are the direct cause of all physiological and psychological deviance over the years] has been solved by always having a backup mutant husk prepared for Proteus to inhabit when he burns out his old one. Depending on the frequency with which he is using his power, a Proteus body normally lasts one week but can last as little as one day during periods of excessive power use. Proteus' backup mutant husk is always created from the genetic base of Charles Xavier.]

THE MIND

A backup of every mutant mind on the planet exists. Once a week, Charles Xavier copies the "latest version" of every mutant mind to multiple redundant "cradles" located in several locations across the world. These backups are the essence of each mutant. How they think, how they feel, their memories -- their very being. When a mutant husk is ready, Charles Xavier injects this backup of WHO THEY ARE into their HUSK, and that mutant is reborn.

[NOTE: There has been no experimentation regarding what happens when you combine a mutant MIND with a HUSK that is not their own.]

RESURRECTION

SCALE

Initially, the resurrection capabilities on Krakoa topped out at around 1,000 mutants a week, or around 200 a day. The current estimated mutant population on Earth is around 100,000 [and growing], the depowered population of mutants on Earth is just under 1 million and the deceased population of mutants on Earth is over 16 million [primarily from Genosha].

At that rate of resurrection, it would take around 300 years to bring back everyone who died [let alone how to address the depowered mutants and any that might die in the interim time period]. However, as the resurrection machine has become more unified [and better at being what they are and doing what they do], it's estimated that capabilities could possibly reach around 30,000 a week and full Genoshan resurrection be achieved in ten years [the complication here is that Xavier would have to download/resurrect 6,000 minds a day, which he is not capable of -- by that time there will need to be a work-around or a team of telepaths trained to properly use Cerebro].

[NOTE: Extensive testing has shown that the mutant resurrection machine -- the FIVE -- is not operating under duress or fatigue or even massive exertion. It appears that the more they do this, the stronger they become and the easier the process becomes. The experience has been described by all five as incredibly blissful [not in a narcotized kind of way, but in a manner more akin to total fulfillment].

Additionally, these five mutants appear to have become an inseparable family unit and are almost never apart from one another -- their symbiotic process appears to have extended beyond the union of their powers and to the mutants themselves. Some of this could be psychological, as on Krakoa they are universally revered -- not as celebrities [something achievable through works] but as cultural paragons [something sacred to be treasured].]

—

RESURRECTION PROTOCOL

Currently, mutant resurrection takes around 48 hours. [A twelve-hour gestational period for the DNA samples to take in an EGG, and 30-42 hours to mature the EGG to its desired maturation.]

However, because of fears regarding duplication [and other general questions of morality], unless an actual death has been documented, someone believed to be dead cannot be resurrected until their death has been confirmed or they have been undetectable by Cerebro for one month.

[NOTE: It is expected that, sooner rather than later, a mutant organization will be tasked with investigating mutant missing persons and suspected deaths and murders, so as to confirm when the resurrection process should begin.]

[NOTE: It is also expected that should FORCE conventions become necessary, their extra-special mandate would supersede normal resurrection protocols.]

The United Nations.
The next day.
Then again, what's not to love?
Congratulations, Charles.
You've won yourself a *nation*.
You're loving this, aren't you?
It's *our nation*, Ms. Frost.
Due-- *I suspect*-- in no small measure to you.
Why, whatever do you mean, Charles?
I got the sense that the Security Council wasn't going to support us today.
More than a sense, really. The French ambassador all but told me the Russian ambassador would be voting against us.
Imagine my surprise when she abstained.

I wouldn't be too surprised. I've found most humans to be... *impressionable.*
People change their minds all the time. *Who knows,* the ambassador could have had a crisis of conscience.
A little *humanity* to go with her *excess* of *humanity.*
Compulsion leaves an *indelible* mark on the victim, Emma.
It also affects the one perpetrating the act--*dominating the will of another, you see, often comes with a cost.*
Are you *accusing me* of something, Charles?
I just wanted you to know that I know...
...and a grateful nation thanks you for your *sacrifice.*
You're welcome.
Now buy me something pretty...or, I dunno, make me *governor of a province.*
To the first, what do you get the woman who can already buy anything she wants? *As to the second...*
...you already know I have much *bolder things* in mind.

MUTANT DIPLOMACY

All current mutant diplomacy -- and the future security and sovereignty of Krakoa -- is dependent on relationships with human nations centering on their need for mutant pharmaceuticals and the Krakoan ability to meet them.

More than 100 nations have accepted a trade deal with Krakoa. And while negotiations are ongoing with most of the world's remaining nations, some have rejected Krakoan overtures. Nations that have rejected a trade treaty with Krakoa are considered to be naturally adversarial.

A list of those nations is as follows:

NON-TREATY NATIONS:

CONTINENT	NATION	REASON FOR REJECTION
ASIA	IRAN	IDEOLOGICAL
	MADRIPOOR	POLITICAL
	NORTH KOREA	IDEOLOGICAL
EUROPE	LATVERIA	POLITICAL
	RUSSIA	POLITICAL
SOUTH AMERICA	BRAZIL	POLITICAL
	SANTO MARCO	IDEOLOGICAL
	TERRA VERDE	IDEOLOGICAL
	VENEZUELA	POLITICAL
CENTRAL AMERICA	HONDURAS	POLITICAL
AFRICA	WAKANDA	THEY DO NOT NEED MUTANT DRUGS
	AZANIA	WAKANDAN ECONOMIC PROTECTORATE
	CANAAN	WAKANDAN ECONOMIC PROTECTORATE
	KENYA	WAKANDAN ECONOMIC PROTECTORATE

[00.01]
[00.14]

MUTANT DIPLOMACY [MAP]

[Xavier_files]........[nations]
[THREAT_reg......(alert state)]

Two days later.
Krakoa.
You sure about this?
It's not too late to change your mind.
An opportunity to change is exactly what I'm offering, Wolverine.
Chuck, *I gotta tell you*...when you talk like that I kinda wanna beat you to death.
Some people are *beyond saving.*
If that were true, would *you* be here?
Would *I?*
Incoming, Professor...
There...there are so many.
Twenty in the first wave... too many to count following that.
Sage, ask Krakoa to turn the throttle off and just keep the gate open.

Ah... Krakoa.

Yes... yes, I know...
It's been *too long.*
Making yourself a little too comfortable, aren't you, pal?
Comfortable is an...inadequate word, but, yes, I am comfortable. Krakoa knows me, and I, Krakoa.
Is that so?
It is. I fought a war here before the world had any idea there was such a thing as mutants.
Then this is fitting. For we have fought for something as well--and *gained it.*
I want to be clear here, Apocalypse, we will not risk *losing* this place because some of you might not *value* what is being *offered.*
So...
...is that gonna be a *problem?*
And why would it be, Wolverine?

For centuries, I have fostered war and conflict, all in the hopes of mutantdom finally asserting dominance over this world.
Now look at *you*...look at *all* of you...
You have *finally become* what I intended you to be.
I could not be more *proud.*
We need to *hear the words.*
We submit to the laws of this land, *be what they may...*
...and acknowledge that from this day forward, we all serve a *higher purpose* than *want* or *need.*
One people. From this day forward.
Very well...
Then let it be known-- *let the word spread:*
Krakoa is for *all mutants.*

Welcome home.

[kra_[0.1]
[koa_[2.1]

If you are *us*, then be *with us.*

Come home.

-MAGNETO

[kra_[5.1]
[koa_[6.1]

[kra_[8.1]...]
[koa_[9.1]...]

[Magneto_omega]

RB

[kra_]
[koa_]

Chapter 10

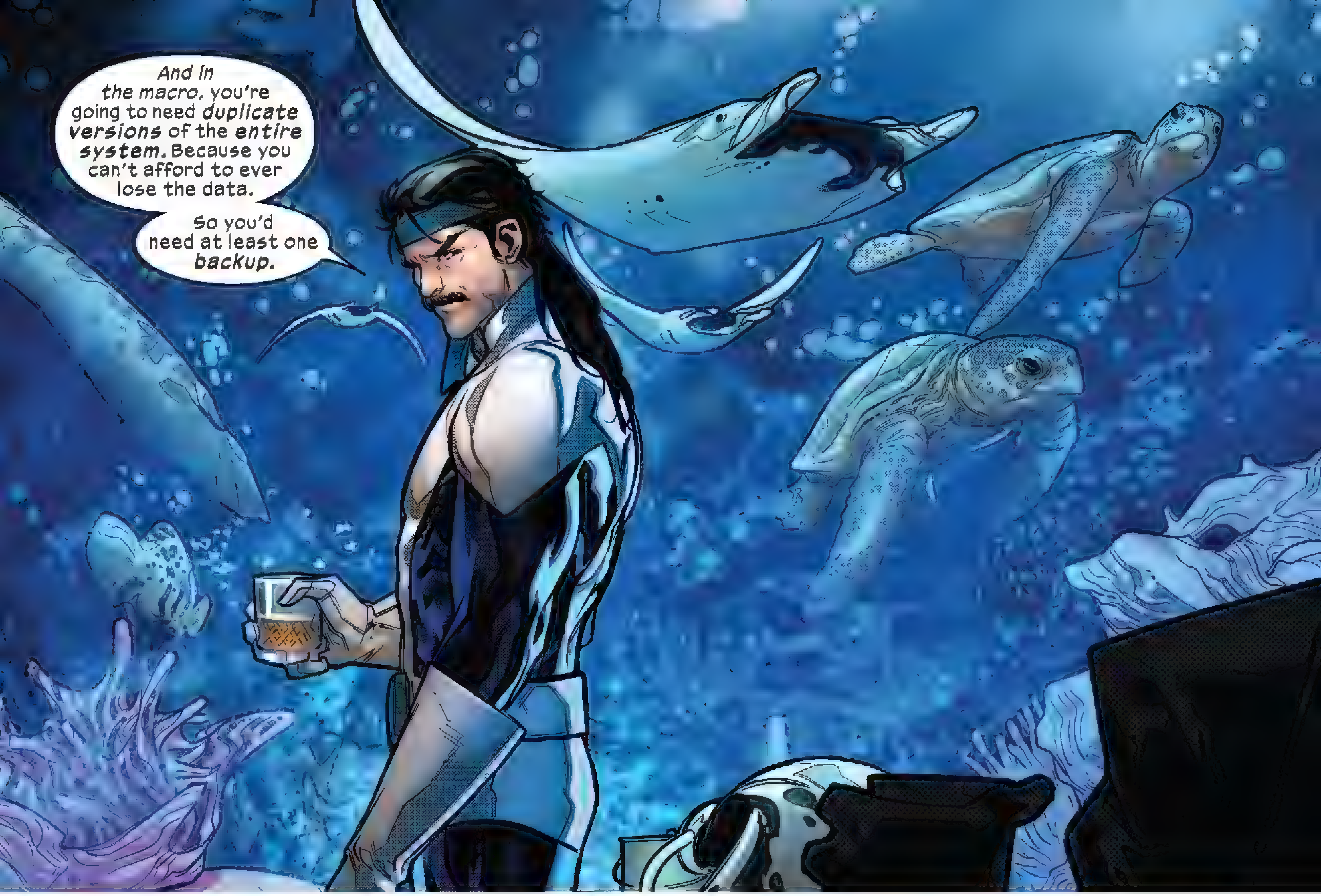
For the children

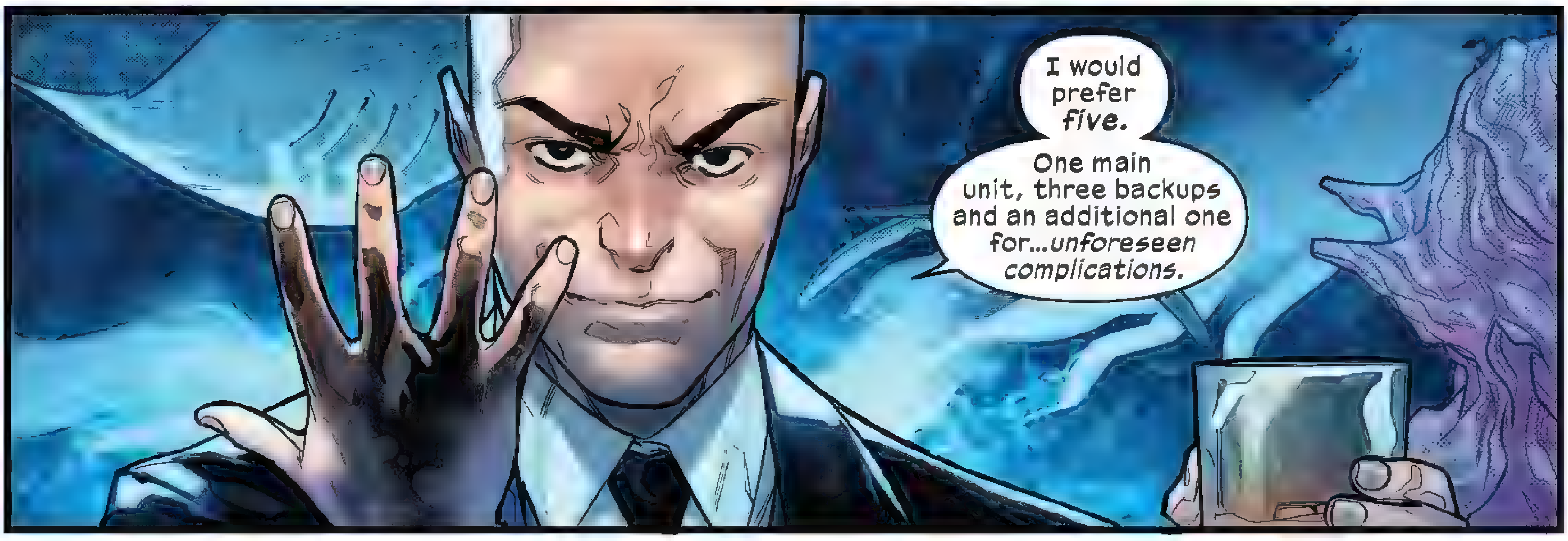
[house_of_x]
■ [powers_of_x]

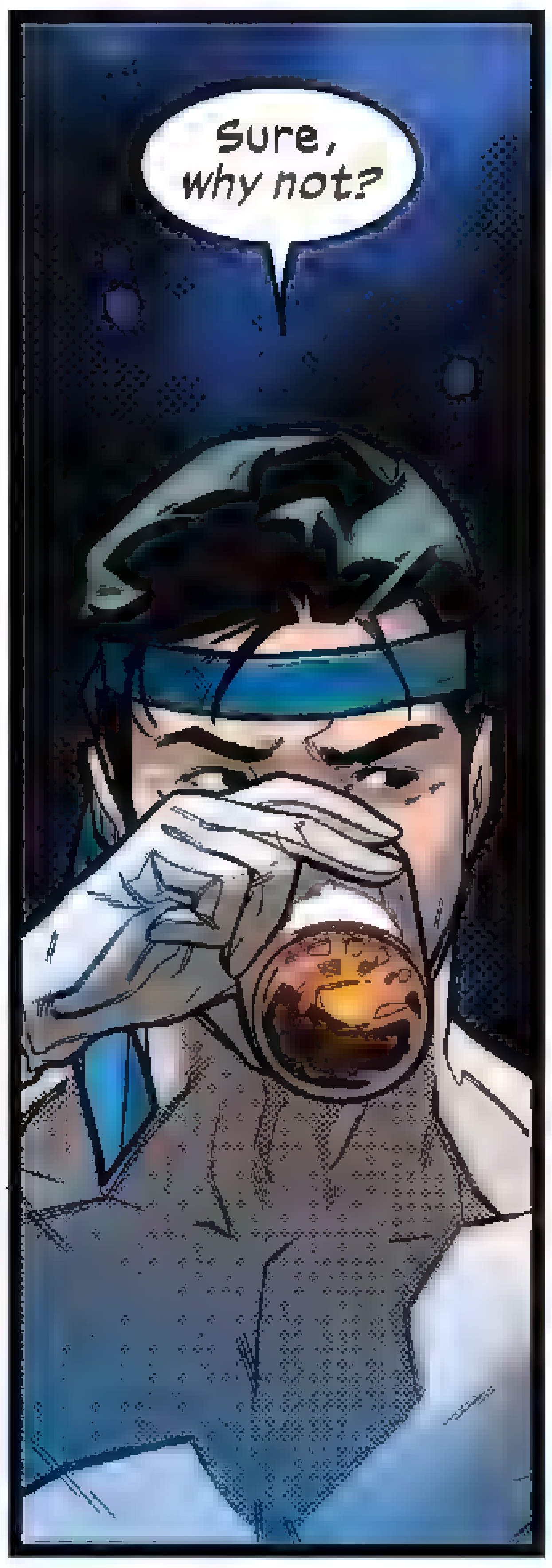
10

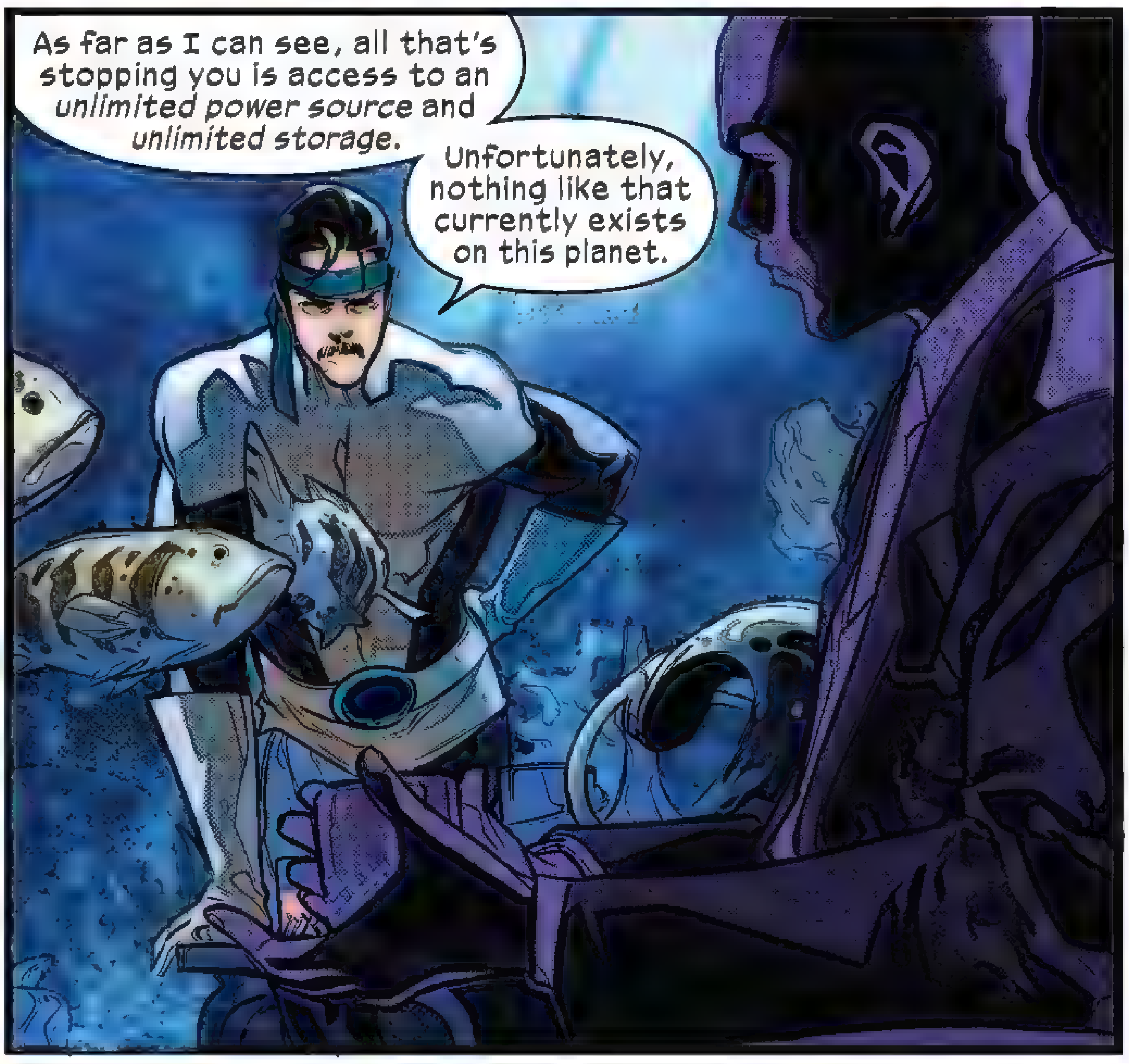
Xº: The X-Men. Year One.
Dallas, Texas.
My question is...
Can it be done?
You know what they say, Professor--*there's nothing that can't be done.*
The real question is one of ***feasibility.***
*For example, what if the energy cost of the improvements you want means we'd need access to a **fusion reactor**...would that really be a workable solution?*
Let's say it would be.
Hypothetically.
Well... *now we're talking.*

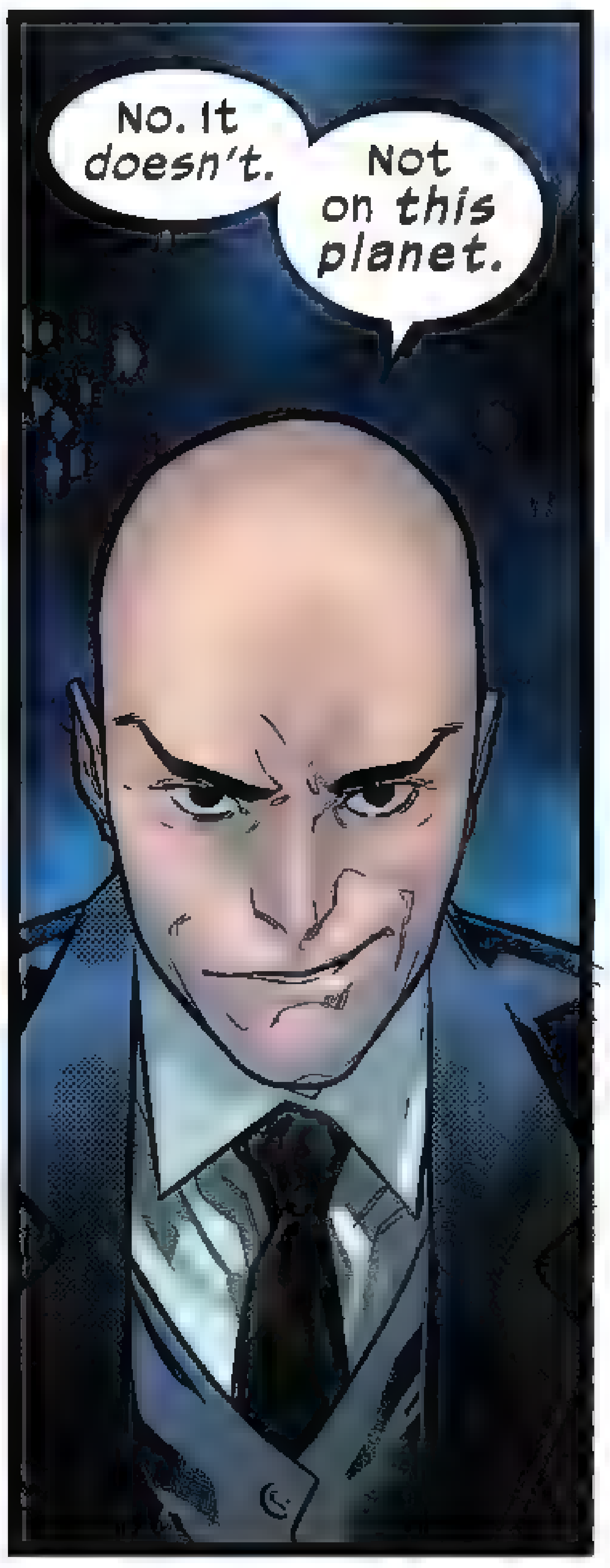
You're on your, what, *third* generation of Cerebro?
Fourth-- counting the *initial prototype--* but only that first one was solely my design, Forge.
Most of the improvements regarding range and sensitivity have been Henry McCoy's doing.
And now you want to use the current functionality of Cerebro-- *the ability to locate any mutant on the planet--*to also copy that mutant's mind.
To make a ***backup*** of a sentient being.
Yes, that's correct.
But in my *gentle broaching* of the subject with Henry, he was rather emphatic that it cannot be done.
Beast is *certainly smart...*
But this kind of ***machine building*** is, *well,* a bit beyond the good doctor's expertise.
As I see it, you have ***two problems...***
Volume-- there are *a lot* of mutant minds out there, Charles, and that number is growing every year.
Then there's ***redundancy.*** *In the micro,* you're talking about a database of all mutant minds that is going to have to account for updated versions of each mind...
For example, the difference between who you were ***last year*** and who you are ***this year...***


And in the macro, you're going to need *duplicate versions* of the *entire system*. Because you can't afford to ever lose the data.
So you'd need at least one *backup*.


I would prefer *five*.
One main unit, three backups and an additional one for...*unforeseen complications*.


Sure, *why not?*


As far as I can see, all that's stopping you is access to an *unlimited power source* and *unlimited storage*.
Unfortunately, nothing like that currently exists on this planet.


No. It *doesn't*.
Not on *this planet*.

I should have seen that coming.
Earthbound as you are, it's easy to forget you have access to *higher* powers.
There is a cloaked antimatter engine of Imperial design currently in Earth's orbit...
And I believe Shi'ar logic diamonds might be suitable for data storage.
I'm not sure...you'd have to tell me.
Okay.
Taking this a step further...you want me to construct an entirely new system or integrate it into...the existing one?
As you very well know, the only person qualified to make that call is you, Forge.
The only question is...are you--*or are you not*--going to build it for me?

CEREBRO

VERSION 7.0 BUILD [C_2]

[Cerebro]............[V_7.00]
[Build__]............[BLD_C2]

Originally powered by a Shi'ar antimatter engine, the current build of Cerebro now runs on a Krakoan No-Place vent, converted by Forge to act as an unlimited power source for mutants living on the island. Shi'ar logic diamonds still remain the primary choice for data storage and are also how Sinister's DNA sequencing is cached.

[NOTE: Forge's increasing mastery of "Krakoan tech" continues unabated. The transition of his prowess with traditional machine building to biological machine building remains impressive. A revolution in Krakoan technology seems imminent.]

FUNCTIONALITY

Once a week, Charles Xavier copies the "latest version" of every mutant mind to multiple redundant "cradles" located in several locations across the world. These backups are the essence of each mutant. How they think, how they feel, their memories -- their very being. This partial process takes approximately three hours.

Once a year, Xavier does a "hard backup" of each mutant on the planet. Unlike the weekly backups, this process is not a partial backup but a "fresh copy" of a whole mind. This process takes three days, during which the process cannot be interrupted and Xavier cannot be disturbed.

[NOTE: As previously stated, while there has been no experimentation regarding what happens when you combine a mutant MIND with a HUSK that is not their own, it is believed that unless a mutant has some primary or secondary ability to overcome the potential damage such a mismatch would cause, it's likely to be harmful and possibly fatal.]

[NOTE: It is possible for a telepathic operator to replace their own mind with a previous [legacy] version, but doing so is incredibly difficult and would most likely require a skilled and experienced operator.]

[NOTE: Charles Xavier has done this twice.]

CRADLE LOCATIONS

[1.]..................................[House of X]
[2.]..................................[Island M]
[3.]..................................[Summer House]
[4.]..................................[The Pointe]
[5.]..................................[Moira's No-Place]

[CRADLE]................[LOC]
[01. ....05]

X¹: The X-Men.
Year Ten.
The Louvre.
Everyone out.

You can stop skulking around. It's *unbecoming*.
And, frankly, you haven't been *subtle enough* for that kind of work in quite some time.
Hello, Emma.
I felt you looking for me at the Canova, but this seemed a more appropriate place to meet.
Why are you here, Charles?
For the same reason I am.
To see *you*, Ms. Frost.
Ah, so it's the two of you together...
This is either going to be incredibly *heroic* or terrifyingly ***reckless***.
Dare I ask which?

Come now, Emma, where's *your faith?*
Couldn't it just as easily be ***both?***
What do you really want, Charles?
I'm quite busy of late.
I've noticed. And because I know the Hellfire Corporation is an international prime mover, I was wondering if you've heard rumblings of a certain company being on the verge of delivering ***miracle drugs*** to ***market?***
I'm aware of *certain rumors.*
And are you aware that-- *through a series of shell corporations and offshore interests*--that I am the one behind this company?
You were *listening* earlier when I pointed out your ***lack of subtlety,*** right?
Fair enough.
But the move behind that move is we're going to use the need for those drugs as leverage in the establishment of a mutant nation-state.
Krakoa.
So. Not *heroic* at all, just ***reckless.***

Let's put all the mutants on an island again. Gather them together in one place. Put a giant target on it.
You should *know* better.
And *you*... you think I'd actually help with this?
Not so much *this*... as helping us to form a ***mutant government.***
A government? For a nation that doesn't exist, based on economic ramifications of an imaginary drug, in a world that historically would rather *kill us* than *trust us.*
Aren't the two of you getting a little ***ahead of yourselves?***
In one month, the population of Krakoa will--*seemingly overnight*--expand from several mutants to well over 100,000.
Three months later, it will be *five times that.*
And by this time next year it could be as high as two million.
We are not *ahead of ourselves,* Ms. Frost. We are *woefully behind.*

My god...
You're serious, aren't you?
This is that day you've been waiting for.
To make right all the things that went wrong.
What's going to make it different this time?
Let us show you.

Later.
Krakoa.
‹Sigh›
One more time, then. For the children.
All right.
I'm in.
Tell me what you need.

The company--*companies, actually*--that I've created to process and manufacture the drugs are operating at scale and structured in a manner that makes intellectual theft almost impossible.
Add in the fact that the raw materials themselves--*the flowers*--only grow where Krakoa wills...
...and any argument against our having a monopoly evaporates.
Which is where *you* come in.
Because you cannot trust the distribution of your product to humans, and the Hellfire Corporation already has the international reach to do so.
You want me to become the East India trading company of mutantdom, *don't you?*
Yes.
I won't lie...
I like the ***taste*** of it.
We would be willing to formalize the arrangement, of course. We were thinking a ***twenty***-year--
Ahem.
Yes...
As I was saying. We were thinking a ***fifty***-year exclusive contract with you as sole distributor.
Better.

And--*leaving* behind talk of money and getting back to the real matter at hand--we're offering **two seats** on the twelve-person council that will act as the ***first government*** of **Krakoa.**
The council is temporary, I assume? Until a more formal structure is agreed upon?
Perhaps. We'll find our way as we grow. Regardless, it's the spark that sets things in motion.
And what begins as a fire will grow to an ***inferno.***
Okay.
But why two seats?
We need you to bring Sebastian Shaw back into the Hellfire.

But I just got rid of him.
We need you to be the face of our *legitimate trade* with the nations of the world, Emma.
The ***consummate politician*** who partners with countries with which we have official relationships.
And for the ones we do not...
You want a Black King to run the black-book operations into countries who reject our sovereignty.
Get the ***drugs in.*** Get the *mutants* out.
Can we count on you? *Will you do it?*
... I'll do it.
But ***not*** *for two* ***seats*** on the council...
I'll be needing ***three.***

THE QUIET COUNCIL OF KRAKOA

[01_03]............[Aut_00]
[04_06]............[Win_00]

The twelve-person ruling council of Krakoa that decides how the mutant nation handles external conflicts and the internal laws of the island itself.

There is some debate as to whether this council will continue in perpetuity or if some other system of government will replace it.

—

AUTUMN

[01]............................[________________PROFESSOR X]
[02]............................[____________________MAGNETO]
[03]............................[[redacted]]

WINTER

[04]............................[[redacted]]
[05]............................[[redacted]]
[06]............................[[redacted]]

SPRING

[07]............................[BLACK KING]_[SEBASTIAN SHAW]
[08]............................[WHITE QUEEN]____[EMMA FROST]
[09]............................[[redacted]]

SUMMER

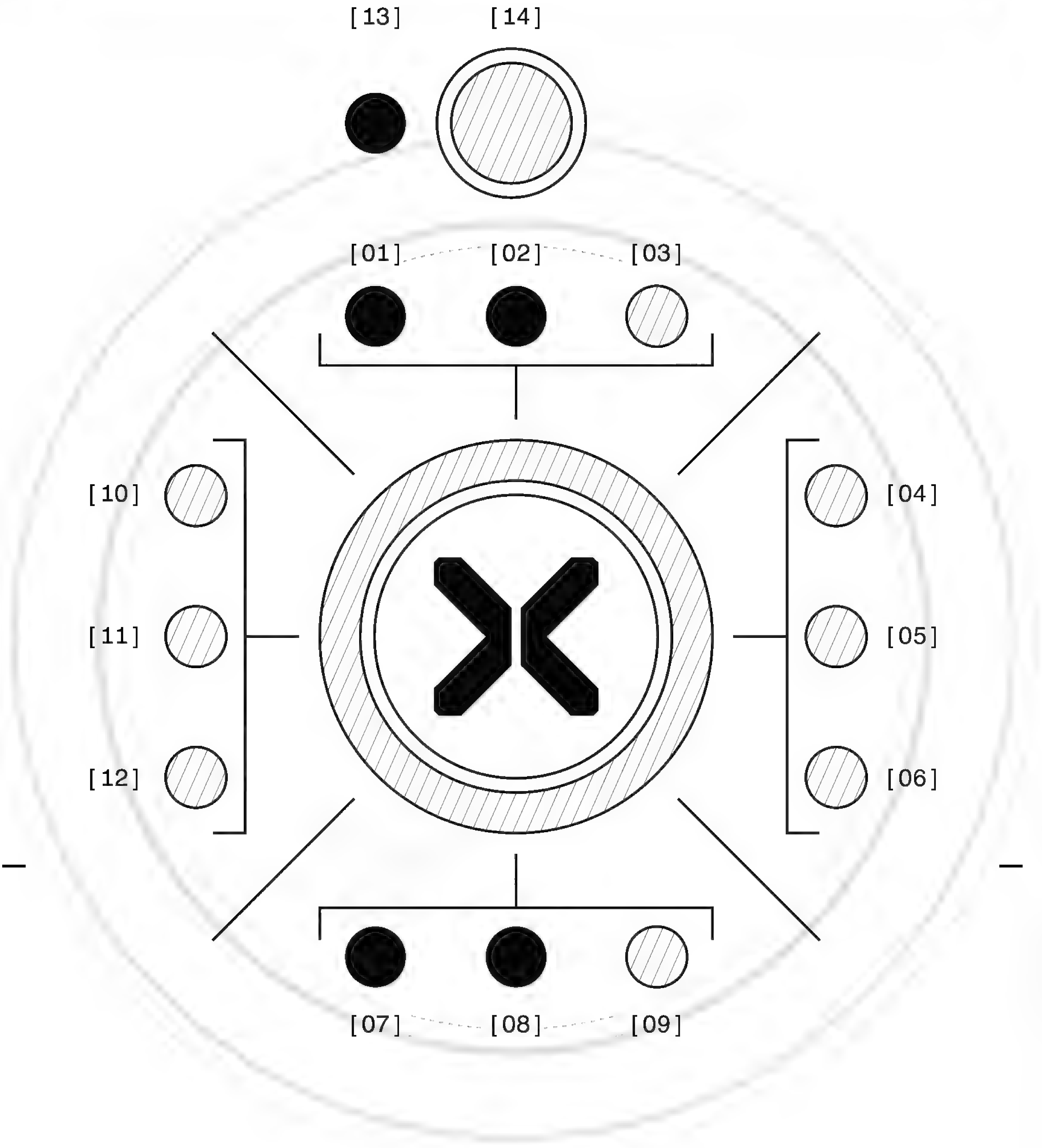
[10]............................[[redacted]]
[11]............................[[redacted]]
[12]............................[[redacted]]

KRAKOA

[13]............................[_____________________CYPHER]
[14]............................[_____________________KRAKOA]

[07_09]............[Spr_00]
[10_12]............[Sum_00]

[Krakoa]...........[Cypher]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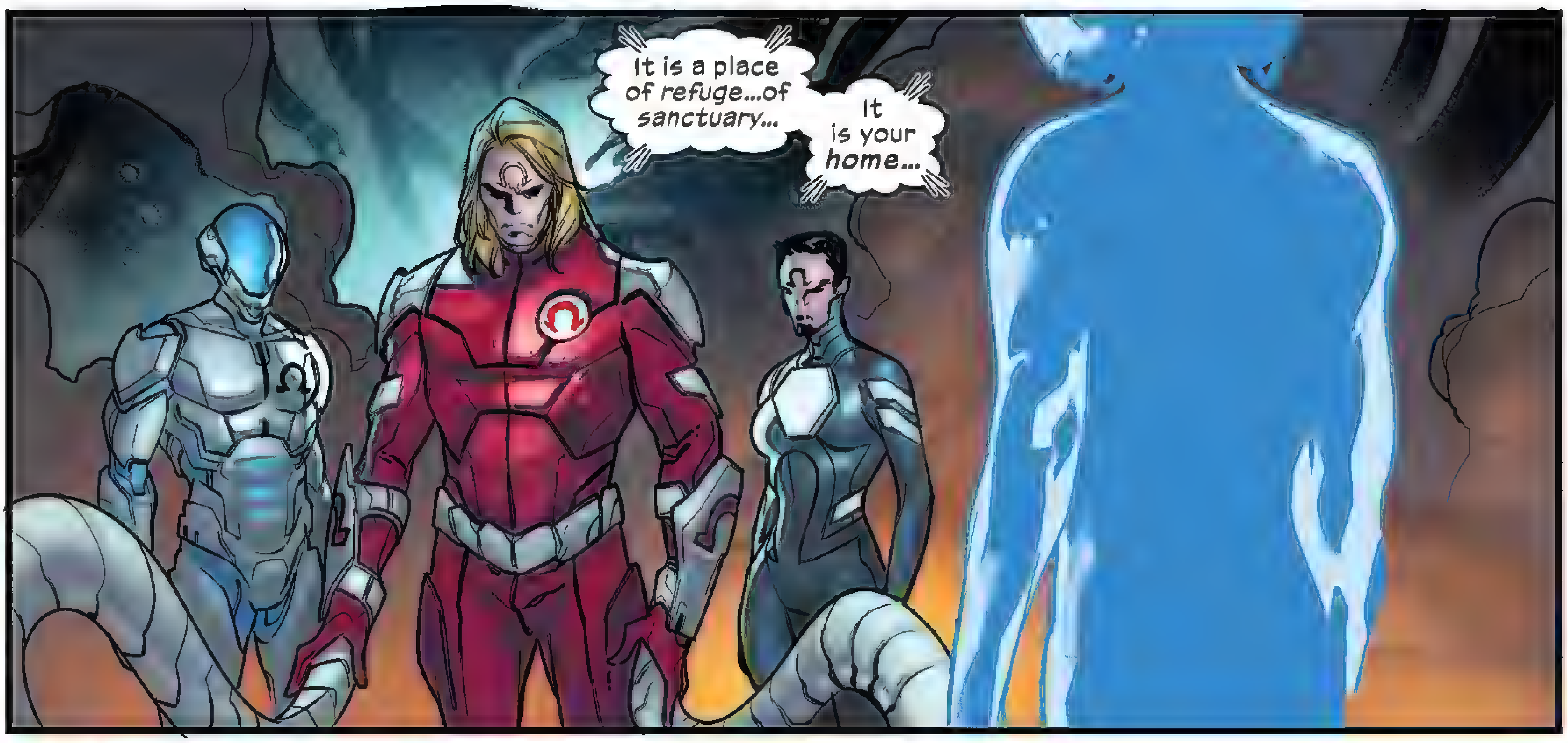
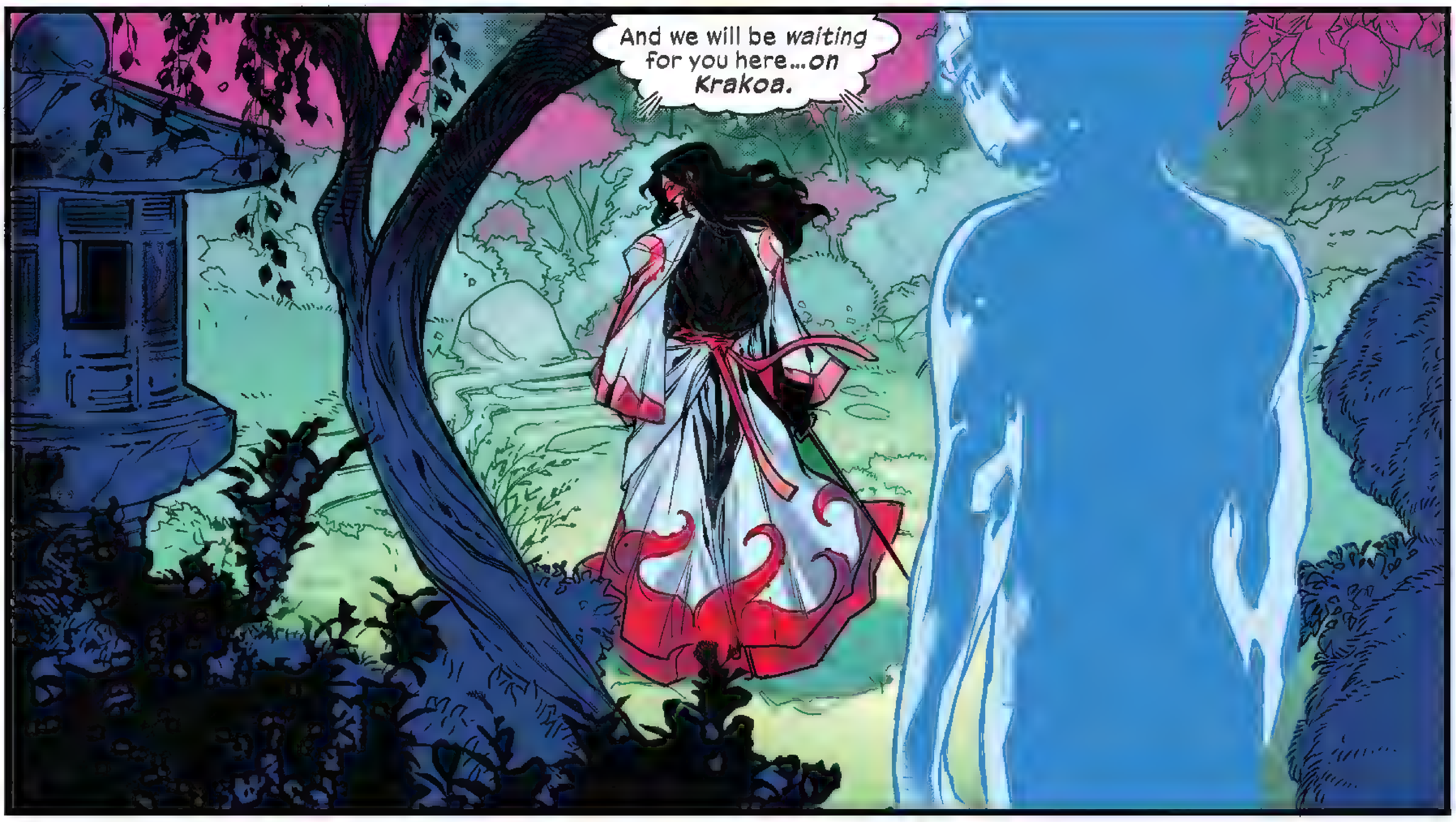
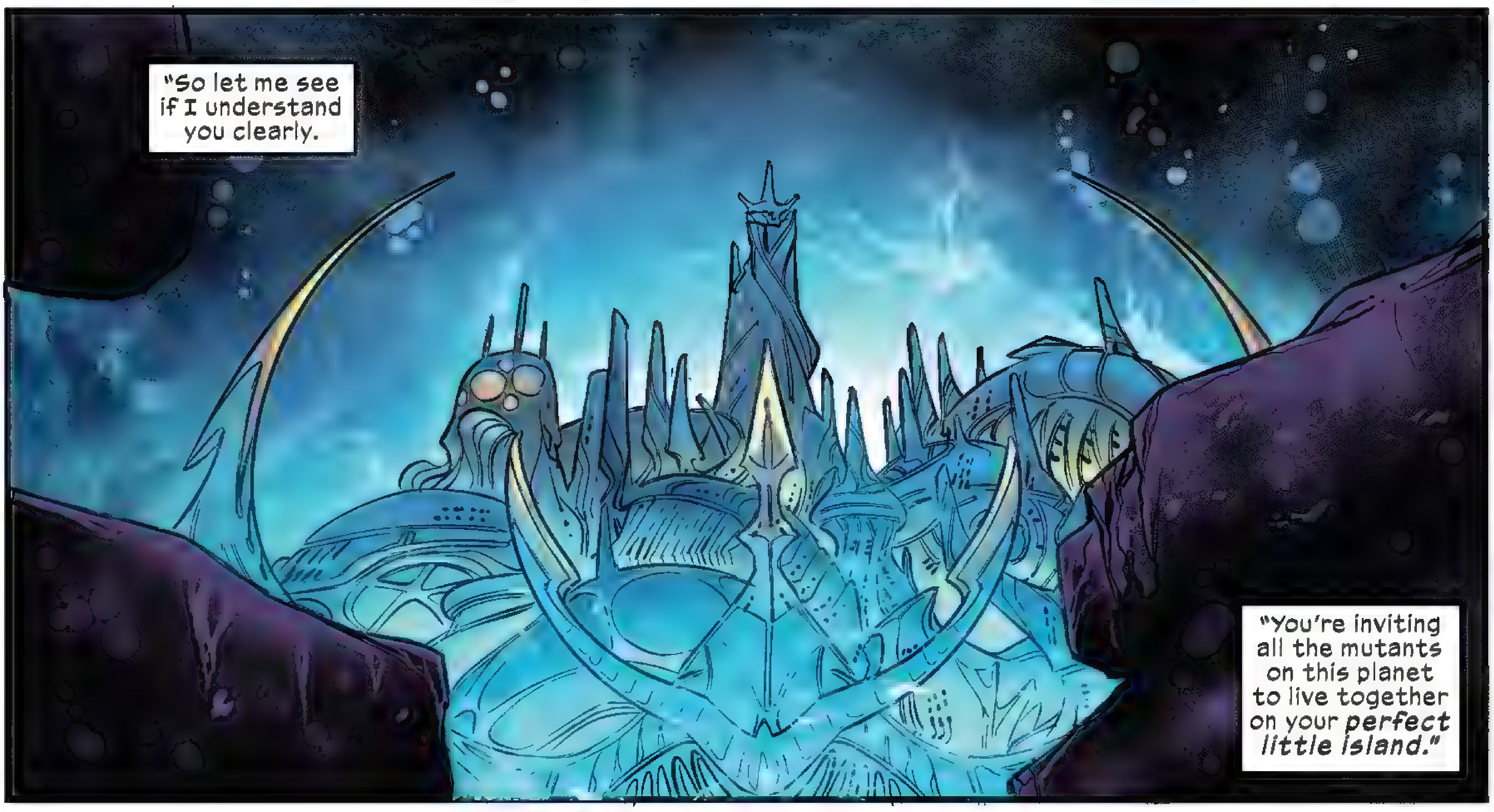
X^1: The X-Men. Year Ten.
A summoning.
Mutants of Earth, we are building something...
All of you-- all our brothers, all our sisters-- all.
Now is the time to put aside all differences and realize we are one people.
So I am extending to you...an invitation.
Join us...
For you have a place here.


It is a place of refuge...of sanctuary...
It is your home...


And we will be waiting for you here...on Krakoa.


"So let me see if I understand you clearly.
"You're inviting all the mutants on this planet to live together on your perfect little island."

The good...
The evil...
And those beyond such quaint descriptors.
Yes, we are, Namor. And we want you to join us.
Please... come home.
It's kind of you to ask.
But if I'm comprehending the **real reason** you're doing this, it's because you've finally realized that you are *not them*...
...and that they will never accept you or love you--*not because you don't deserve it*--but because they **envy** you.
They hate your **superiority.** And they **always** will.
It's good that you've finally figured this out...but let me ask you:
Do I strike you as someone who's *just now realized* how much better I am than everyone else?
And do you actually think I believe that you feel that way too?
Go away, little man.
And don't **come back** until you really **mean it.**

X³: The X-Men.
Year One Thousand.
I understand you have an answer.
ANSWER-WE-[PHALANX]-HAVE
Whatever pleases you pleases we...
We would hear your answer.

THESE-ARE-OUR-[PHALANX]-TERMS
AIEEEEEE!!!
BY-THEM-WE-[PHALANX]-ACCEPT

Later.
They agreed.
Why, then, did the Phalanx *destroy* the Elder?
There's really not enough data to make an error-free projection, Librarian...
Best guess, then.
Very well. As humanity evolved, so did machines--*it's how you modeled us...*
After yourselves. So we could become more. So we could *improve.*
Together, we've harnessed the entire power of this planet and we are approaching the ability to harness the sum total of our solar system--*which is Promethean*--but on a universal scale...*not mighty.*
Unlike them.
I--*along with all thinking machines on this planet*--am composed of smaller, self-improving and self-replicating machines.
The Phalanx operates in this same manner. *More sophisticated,* yes...but similar.
This is almost certainly ***not true*** for their ***masters.***
They are most likely machines made of machines as well--but not technological.
No, they are probably constructed using the fundamental components of all things. Elementary matter...universal particles...
Electrons, protons, leptons, possibly even primordial *kirbons.*
These theoretical constructs would be massively dense machine brains that would dwarf any thinking machine we could imagine.
The real question is how dense are they?
Because--*if they are dense enough*--then they could collapse space and time around them--and become ***singularities.***
I know this part. It's a ***Titan theory...***
It states that at the heart of every black hole in the universe there is actually a *super-massive machine brain...*
...each one containing the *collective intelligence* of a ***society*** so advanced that it collapsed in on itself.

Yes. That's an argument for independent *Titan societies*... and I'm sure those exist...
But it's more than that. Ask yourself... what is a ***black hole?***
It's a *wormhole*. A *bridge*. From one singularity to the next.
You have to consider that it's very possible each black hole isn't a ***separate machine.***
It's all one ***single machine*** that stretches its tendrils across the entirety of the known universe.
One giant societal intelligence so far beyond us it might as well be that god mankind spent so much time looking for.
Fascinating. *Terrifying*... but that doesn't explain why the Phalanx ate the Elder.
We reached beyond ourselves to build a World-mind and attract a galactic suitor-- ***a protector...***
Instead we attracted ***a predator.*** And a hungry one at that.
The Phalanx are built to consume worthy cultures and add that consumed societal intelligence to theirs-- *and by extension* to their masters'.
But this is taxing work. And the energy cost is high. They must ***eat*** to ***survive.***
I still don't understand why--
It's not an incremental deal, Librarian. They've *accepted* our overture.
"Converting matter to energy is how they thrive in service to their masters.
"We asked for sovereignty, but it came with an unexpected price.
"Tomorrow, they will absorb our collective intelligence into theirs...and the *history* and *consciousness* of this planet will live on *forever.*
"But in doing so, *they will feed--* ***consuming*** this ***entire planet...***"
...and leaving no living thing *behind.*

[Titan ....[001]_01]
[Stronghold....[001]_05]

TYPES OF SOCIETIES [UNIVERSAL]

SI: 10,000,000
TITAN

A Titan is an interstellar society that has become so advanced that the density of its unified intelligence has collapsed space-time into a singularity.

All universal societies exist in partially atemporal space, but unlike Strongholds or Dominions, Titans are a singular, hermetic intellect. Isolationist and not a collective or a group.

Like all universal societies, on the Kardashev scale, a Titan represents a Type O civilization.

—

SI: 100,000,000
STRONGHOLD

A Stronghold is a small network of connected Titans [normally five or fewer] typically confined to a galactic cluster or a dense collection of stacked galaxies.

Unlike Titans, Strongholds are not lone wolf societies that seek to avoid conflict with other universal societies. Strongholds are warring factions seeking to actively destroy or absorb other Strongholds in order to achieve Dominion status and often challenge the sovereignty of Dominions themselves.

If machines have religions, expansion and conquest are the altar at which Strongholds worship.

—

SI: [Undefined]
DOMINION

A Dominion is a collective of ten or more Titans acting in unison to control a particular sector [or sectors] of space in both area and epochs of time. And while the minimum number of Titans needed to compose a Dominion is ten, the average number of Titans in a Dominion is much higher than that.

For example, the local Dominion controlling the sector including Earth space is a collective numbering 112 Titans.

It's worth noting that, in terms of intellect and power, a Dominion is not colloquially "godlike" but categorically "godlike" and indistinguishable from any and all mythic or religious comparisons.

[NOTE: Beyond universal abstracts [under which Dominions are seen as "naturally occurring"], the only primal threats that a Dominion fears are the World-Eater, Galactus, and the singular universal manifestation of life, the Phoenix.]

[SI]-........... ......[0]
[SI]-.. ...(DOMINION)][0]

[galactic_] 0.000
[universal] 0.000
[TECHNARCH]
[WORLDMIND]
[PHALANX]
[TITAN]
[STRONGHOLD]
[DOMINION]
[universal] 0.000
[__abyss__] 0.000

[at__[0.0]
[lan_[0.0]

When you see me again, understand what that means.

-NAMOR

[____[0.0]
[tis_[0.0]

[ATL_[0.0]....]
[atl_[0.0]....]

[Prince_of_all]

[kra_[0.1]
[koa_[2.1]

Is what we have perfect? No.
What is?

But it's a *start* -- and a *good one*.

-PROFESSOR X

[kra_[6.1]
[koa_[6.1]

[kra_[8.1]...]
[koa_[9.1]...]

[Xavier_alpha]

Krakoa.
One month ago.
Moira's No-Place.
Professor X's secret cradle.
This is that one *blind step* into the abyss, my friends. Our proverbial *leap of faith...*
Once we do this, there will be *no turning back.*
Total commitment is what's required here. *So are we* agreed?
Of course.
Yes.
Very well.
Charles...

Yes, Erik?
Whatever has been there between us over the years...
All our *disagreements*-- all the ***anger*** at the other's *relentless ideology* and *unyielding persistence*...
That ends today.
You have my ***word***.
Humans of the planet Earth...
I am the mutant Charles Xavier, and I bring you a *message* of ***hope***.

In the coming days, you will learn of several *far-reaching* pharmaceutical breakthroughs that have been discovered by ***mutant scientists.***
These drugs extend human life, heal diseases of the mind and will prevent-- *or cure*--most common maladies.
Influenza, Alzheimer's, ALS, many cancers...*gone.* ***Overnight.***
These drugs will make life on this planet... *better.*
Remarkably so.
All this... *we have made for you.*
In the past, they would have been ***a gift.***
Something freely given by me-- *to you*--because I believed it would create harmony between our two peoples.
That was my dream--*harmony*-- but you have taught me a harsh lesson:
That ***dream*** was a lie.
You see, all I ever wanted was peace between humans and mutants.
All I ever wanted was to *love you* and for *you* to *love us.*

We wanted to save you--*and we did, many times*--but in return, all you did was stand by while evil men killed our children.
Over *16 million* of them.
So there will be *no gift...*
...for you have not *earned it.*
We will--*however*--let you *pay for it.*
In return for *two things*, we will provide you with the means to have a *better life.* One without pain or suffering and full of hope--and it will cost you so little.
First, you must accept the island of Krakoa as the nation-state of all mutants on this planet.
We will happily go through the same process as any newly formed nation with the U.N., but there is an *expectation* that our *sovereignty* will be *recognized.*
Second, all mutants--*by birth*--can claim Krakoan citizenship.
And with that citizenship, we expect a period of amnesty. So that those who have been singled out as criminals--*or punished and imprisoned by humans*--can overcome man's bias against mutants.

From this day forward, mutants will be judged by mutant law, not man's.
These are our simple demands, and they are not negotiable.
In return for making our lives better, we will do the same for you.
And if you find yourselves asking, who are these mutants to think they can dictate terms to us?
We are the future.
An evolutionary inevitability.
The Earth's true inheritors.
You closed your eyes last night believing this world would be yours forever.
That was your dream. And like mine...it was a lie.
Here is a new truth:
While you slept, the world changed.

Chapter 11

House of X

■ [house_of_x]
[powers_of_x]

11

[00.Quiet............0]
[00.Council..........0]

THE QUIET COUNCIL OF KRAKOA

[01_03]............[Aut_00]
[04_06]............[Win_00]

AUTUMN

[01]............................[________________PROFESSOR X]
[02]............................[____________________MAGNETO]
[03]............................[_________________APOCALYPSE]

WINTER

[04]............................[____________MISTER SINISTER]
[05]............................[_____________________EXODUS]
[06]............................[___________________MYSTIQUE]

SPRING

[07]............................[BLACK KING]_[SEBASTIAN SHAW]
[08]............................[WHITE QUEEN]____[EMMA FROST]
[09]............................[RED QUEEN]______[[redacted]]

SUMMER

[10]............................[______________________STORM]
[11]............................[__________________JEAN GREY]
[12]............................[_______________NIGHTCRAWLER]

KRAKOA

[13]............................[_____________________CYPHER]
[14]............................[_____________________KRAKOA]

[07_09]............[Spr_00]
[10_12]............[Sum_00]

[Krakoa]...........[Cypher]

THE GREAT CAPTAINS

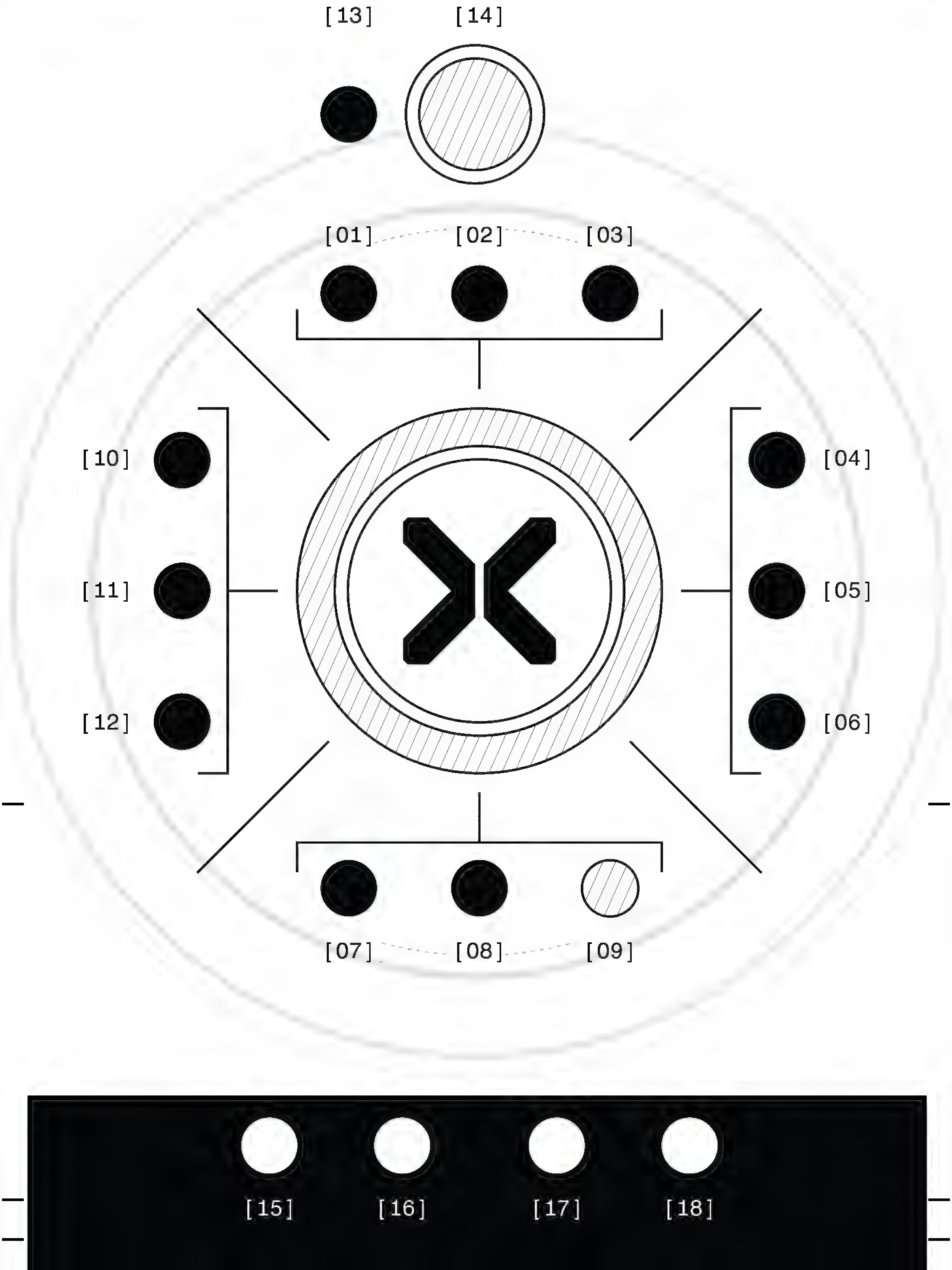
While the Quiet Council is the recognized ruling authority on Krakoa, when there is a state-related excursion -- or in times of conflict or war -- the great captains of Krakoa assume the responsibility of defending the state.

In the field, a captain has total control. Among the captains, the captain commander is considered first among equals.

[15]............................[CC]________________[CYCLOPS]
[16]............................[_____________________GORGON]
[17]............................[_____________________BISHOP]
[18]............................[______________________MAGIK]

[15]..........[CaptainComm]
[16-18]...........[Captain]

[00.Silence. ......0]
[00............. ..0]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Krakoa.
Now.
Welcome. And please...
...be seated.

Family...
...friends...
...and allies.
Whenever you're ready, Douglas.

<Release the hounds, big guy.>
Ah. So it appears our first bit of business is the oldest kind on this planet...
...judgment.
Somebody better start talkin'...
...or things are gonna get red real quick-like.
What is this?

This?
This is the establishment of a nation. *Ours*...and I would have it be one of *laws.*
But not the *old laws* of man--the *new ones* of mutants.
Which is why we have called this first meeting of the *Council.*
I cannot say that everyone here best represents the ideals of what any society should be based on, but--*be that as it may*--it falls on us to establish the laws of this land.
Is he talking about me? If he is, I don't care.
I won't be *ignored.* I have *ideas.* Nobody puts Sinister in the corner. *No-bo-dy.*
Speak to me again...
...and you do so at your own peril.
Okay. Just a suggestion... but mutant-on-mutant violence--*killing a mutant*--*against the law.*
Throw this man in mutant jail.
How can it be a crime to kill someone who cannot be killed?
How will anyone--*any of you*--know that you are fit and worthy if you are not tested?
You cannot be serious.
Oh, I'm sure he is, but if we're arguing about the highest of ideals--*if the goal is greatness in purpose*--and if our undertaking is to have worth...

...then I think the *opposite* would be *true.*
The *highest crime* would be killing someone who cannot come back--it would be a *mutant killing* a *human.*
And when they come for us? Which they will...
...we aren't going to do everything we can to defend ourselves?
That's the old argument of *"is it murder if it is done in defense of a nation"*... and not what we are talking about.
Will we have to deal with that at some point? *Yes, of course.* But *this* is not *that.* Jean is *right.*
I also see no fault in it. Does anyone have an argument otherwise?
Apocalypse?
I won't belabor a point that means nothing to me...
...as man himself does.
Anyone else? *No?*
Then we can agree: it will be a law of Krakoa that no mutant may take a human life.
Oh, I see how it is...
You're gonna make an example out of me. Well, that goes both ways, meat. I'm gonna cut you up into little piec--
Quiet.
Luh...luh... little...pieces... uh...and...eat... th--

QUIET.
Hrrnnnn.
I have to say, it's the drool that really brings the whole outfit together.
This is fun. What's next? Somebody shock me.
Property rights. Wealth. Currency.
A few of the things man clearly got right. I have quite a few ide--
Excuse me. Small point that needs to be made.
Krakoa is alive. Not a place, or a biome--a person. Fauna, not flora. So I'd be careful how hard you want to lean into the whole property rights thing.
Of course, Douglas. But the idea of home comes with possession baked in, doesn't it? Perhaps if you want to own a place, it has to be...out there. In the world.
No one has said we have to run from it.
And none of that touches any number of broader economic concerns, but we're not going to settle those today anyway.
They have complications.
Still, the boy raises a good point.
This place... is an Eden to us. Life-giving. Nurturing.
It lives-- and through it-- so do we. If there is mutant ground that is sacrosanct...this is it.
There is honor to be had in lifting it up.

Well said, Paris.
On this we can also agree? Yes?
Good.
Then it's a good start...but if we think we are not going to accomplish economic or go--
Excuse me.
But before we are done...we have yet to hear from the *righteous* among us.
Surely the mutant who has faith in *one greater* than you, Charles, has something foundational to share...
Tell us, Kurt, where is your *foolish providence* in all this? Where is your God's ***wisdom?***
"And God said unto them, be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it..."
It's obvious, isn't it, Raven?
We need to ***make more mutants.***
Thank you, Kurt.
I couldn't agree more.
Is what we have perfect? ***No.*** What is?
But it's a *start*--and a *good* one.
As of today--*from now until the end of time*--these are the ***first laws*** of our nation.

[the__1st_law]
[the__2nd_law]

+

MAKE MORE MUTANTS

+

MURDER NO MAN

+

RESPECT THIS SACRED LAND

+

[the__3rd_law]
[of_mutantdom]

[............ .X]
[.. .... .X]

[Krakoa 1]
[Arakko 0]

And with those laws decided, we must decide what to do with you, Mr. Creed...who has broken them.
Do we believe that giving you *one last chance* benefits our new society...
...or are we better served by making an *example* of you? That *no one* is *above mutant law?*
I gave you strict instructions when I sent you on your mission...*and you did not listen.* You made your bed, Creed--let your sleeping in it serve a *higher purpose.*
Agreed.
So long. Pack light. Safe travels to faraway lands.
Guilty.
Just get this over with.
It shames me, but... *I agree.*
... Yes.
This is a sentence long past due.
I don't care.
Fine. Yes.
Oh. Absolutely.
You think I'm just going to *take this?* I'm making a list and now you're on it...
...along with *your kids.* And then *their kids.* I will make your line *extinct.*

Are you listenin' to me?
Douglas...
What the--
‹Bad news. It looks like leniency is out the window.›
‹I guess you know what to do.›
You have been found guilty.
And so will be sentenced...
&%@#$!
Let me go! Let me--hhurrk!

The problem--however--with sentencing you for your crimes is that we cannot send you back into the world.
And as we tolerate no prisons here on Krakoa, that leaves us with very few choices.
Especially since *capital solutions* would bring you into *resurrection protocols*...
Instead, *this* will be *your fate.*
Stasis... deep inside Krakoa. Alive but immobile... aware but unable to act on it...
And for how long?
Forever, Creed. For that is how *long mutant justice lasts.*
NOOOOOOOO!
Perhaps... one day, a time might come when you have an opportunity to redeem yourself...
But that time is not now, and until it is...
...you are *EXILED.*

It's distasteful, *I know...*
...this business of running a nation.

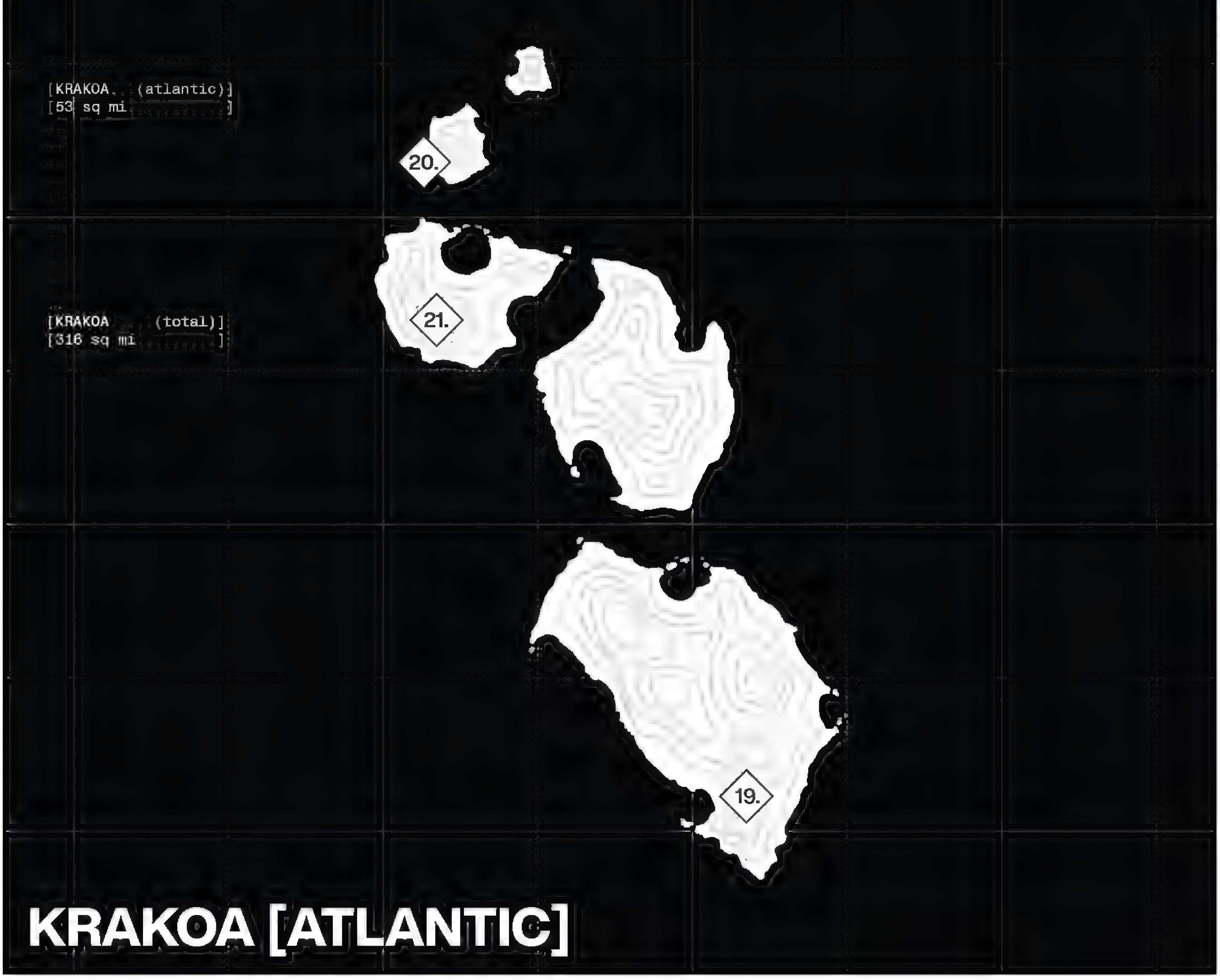
"I pray that we never get used to it.
"That we never grow cold from it.
"That we never learn to love it.
"It's been said that when a parent has a child, they never get a good night's rest again.

"Well, I have had millions of children, and I haven't slept in decades...
"I may never sleep again...
"Now the same may be true of you...
"But they will.

"In soft fields of lush green...
"Staring at the stars and dreaming of a future where they hold those stars in their hands.
"This is what we will give them.
"A home.
"A nation.
"And someday in the future...

"...the world.
"I believe in what we are doing.
"I believe the world will be better for it.
"And that is reason enough to carry this burden.
"In fact, it's more than that...

"...it's reason to *celebrate it.*"
Just look at what we have made.


[KRAKOA (atlantic)]
[53 sq mi]
[KRAKOA (total)]
[316 sq mi]
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21.
19.
KRAKOA [ATLANTIC]

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[spawn//atlantic]....... .[X]

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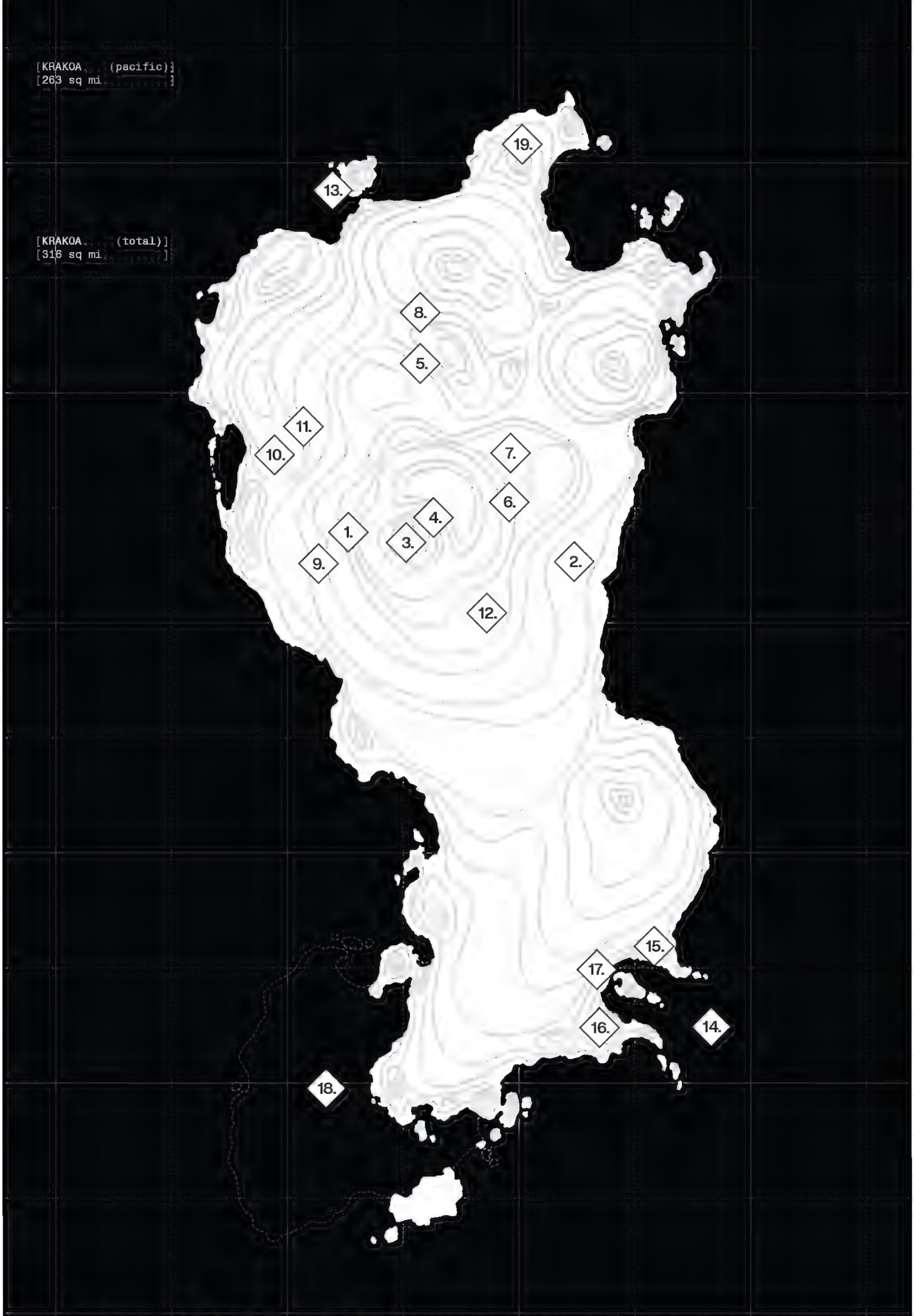
[kra_koa]....... ... .[X]
[spawn//world].......... .[X]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[KRAKOA........(total)]
[316 sq mi...............]
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KRAKOA [PACIFIC]

[00.00]
[00.00]

[kra koa].. ....[X]
[spawn//all]....... ....[X]

KRAKOA [ALL]

1.	HOUSE OF X
2.	HOUSE OF M
3.	ARBOR MAGNA [RESURRECTION]
4.	ARENA
5.	AKADEMOS HABITAT
6.	TRANSIT [MAIN]
7.	THE ORACLE
8.	THE GROVE
9.	THE CRADLE
10.	THE RESERVOIR
11.	THE WILD HUNT
12.	CAROUSEL
13.	BAR SINISTER
14.	HELLFIRE BAY
15.	THE RED KEEP
16.	BLACKSTONE
17.	THE WHITE PALACE
18.	....
19.	TRANSIT [ATLANTIC/PACIFIC]
20.	THE POINTE
21.	DANGER ISLAND [TRAINING]

[kra_]
[koa_]

Chapter 12

I am not ashamed

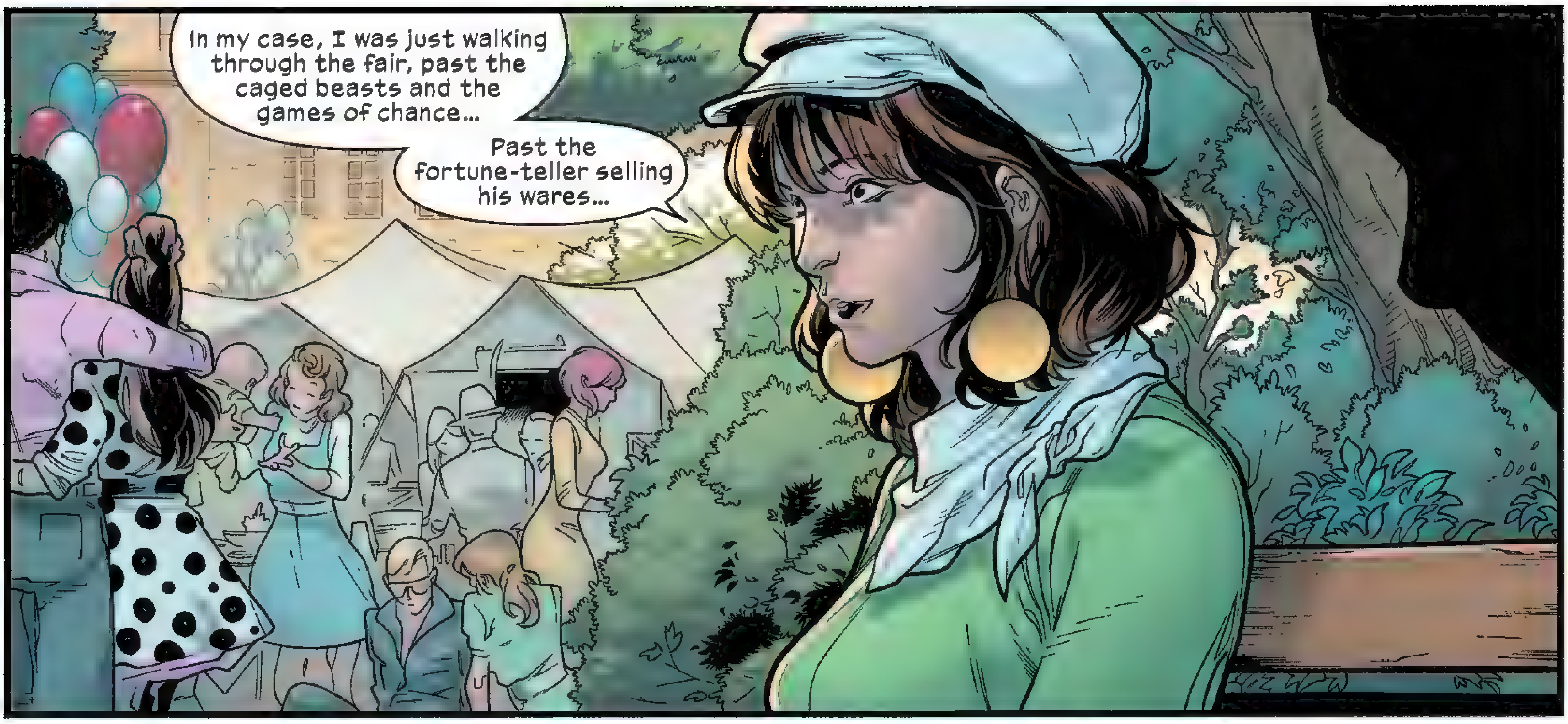
[house_of_x]
■ [powers_of_x]

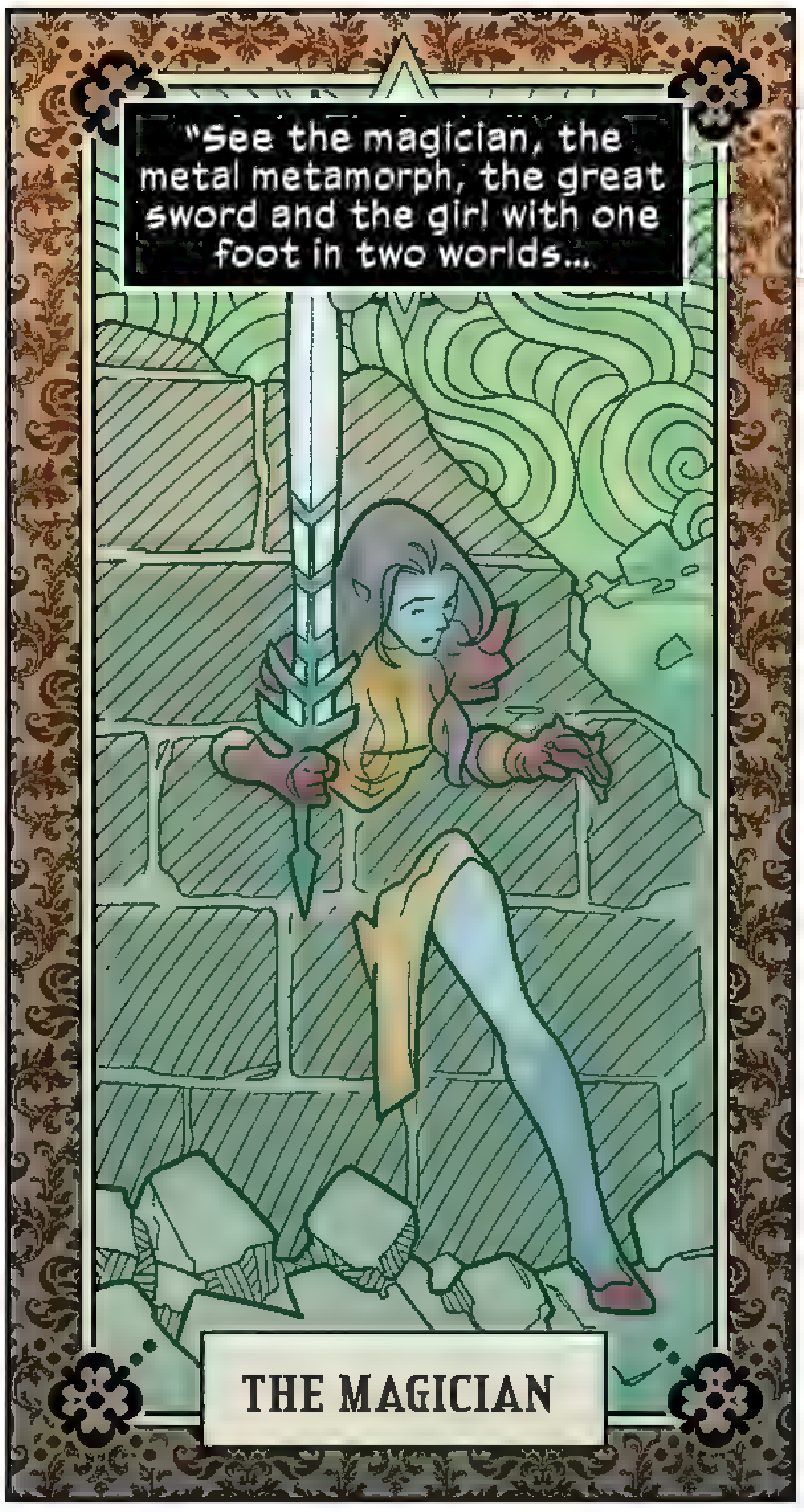
12

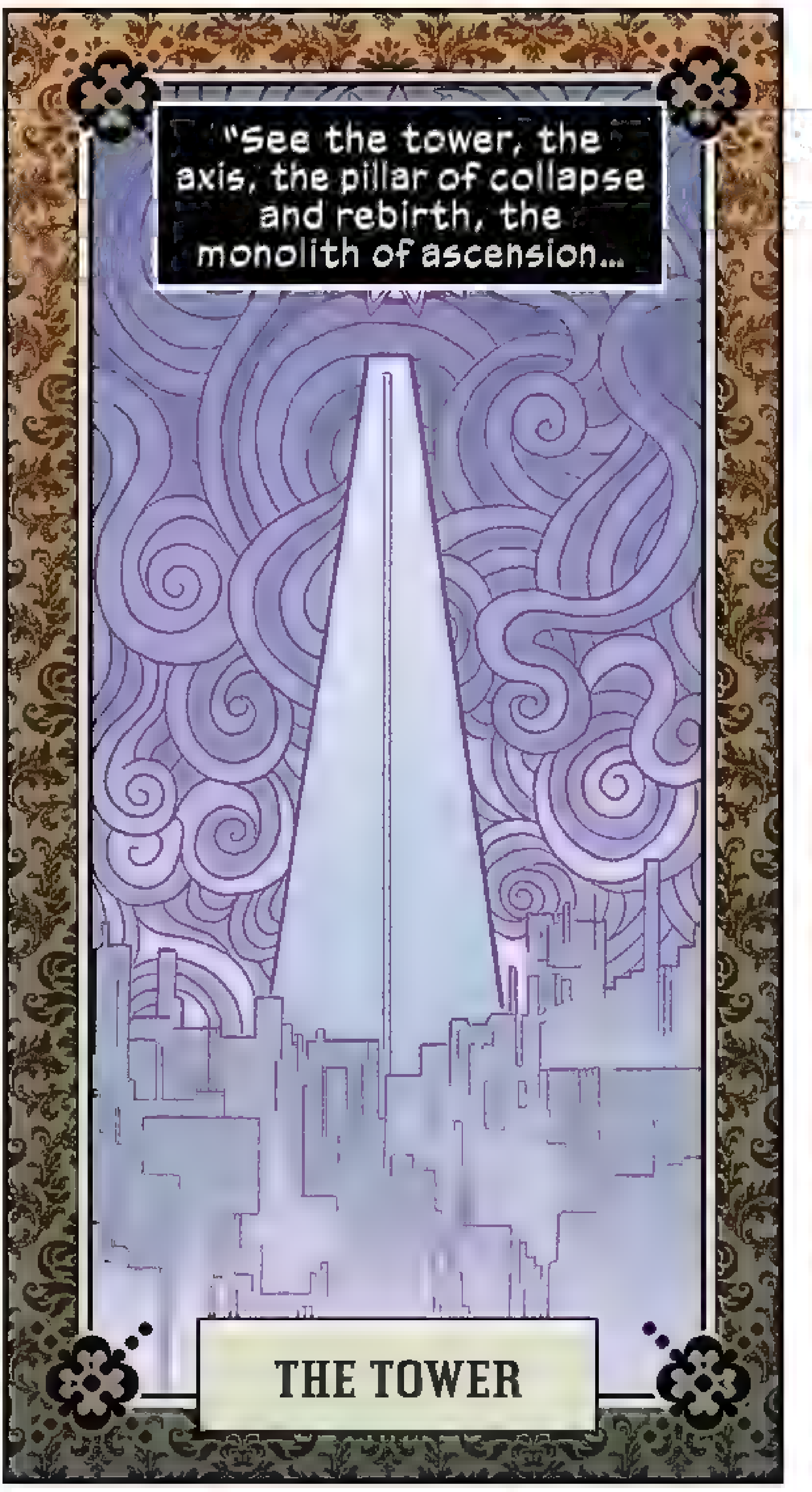
X^0: The X-Men. Year One.

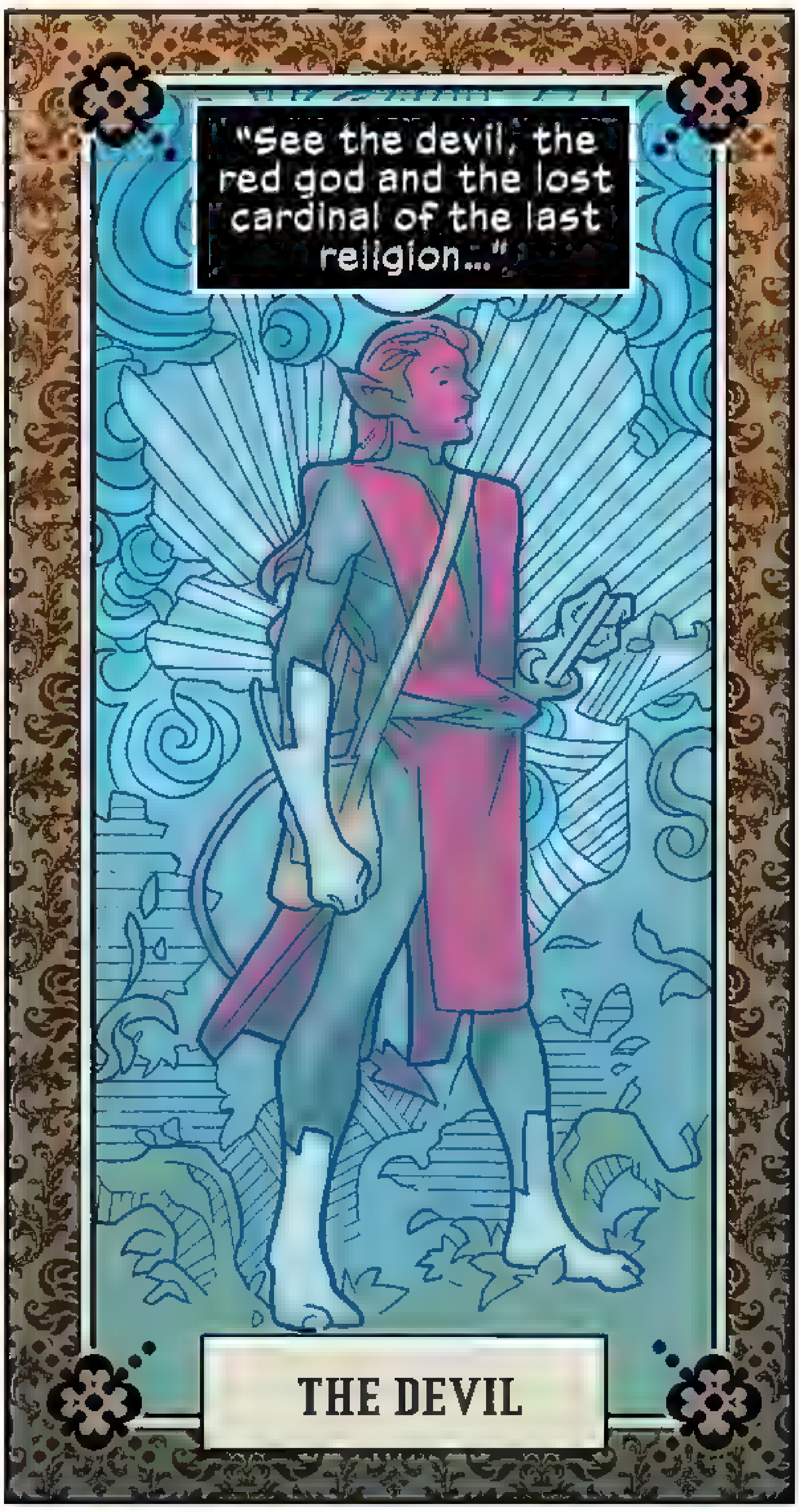
Good afternoon.

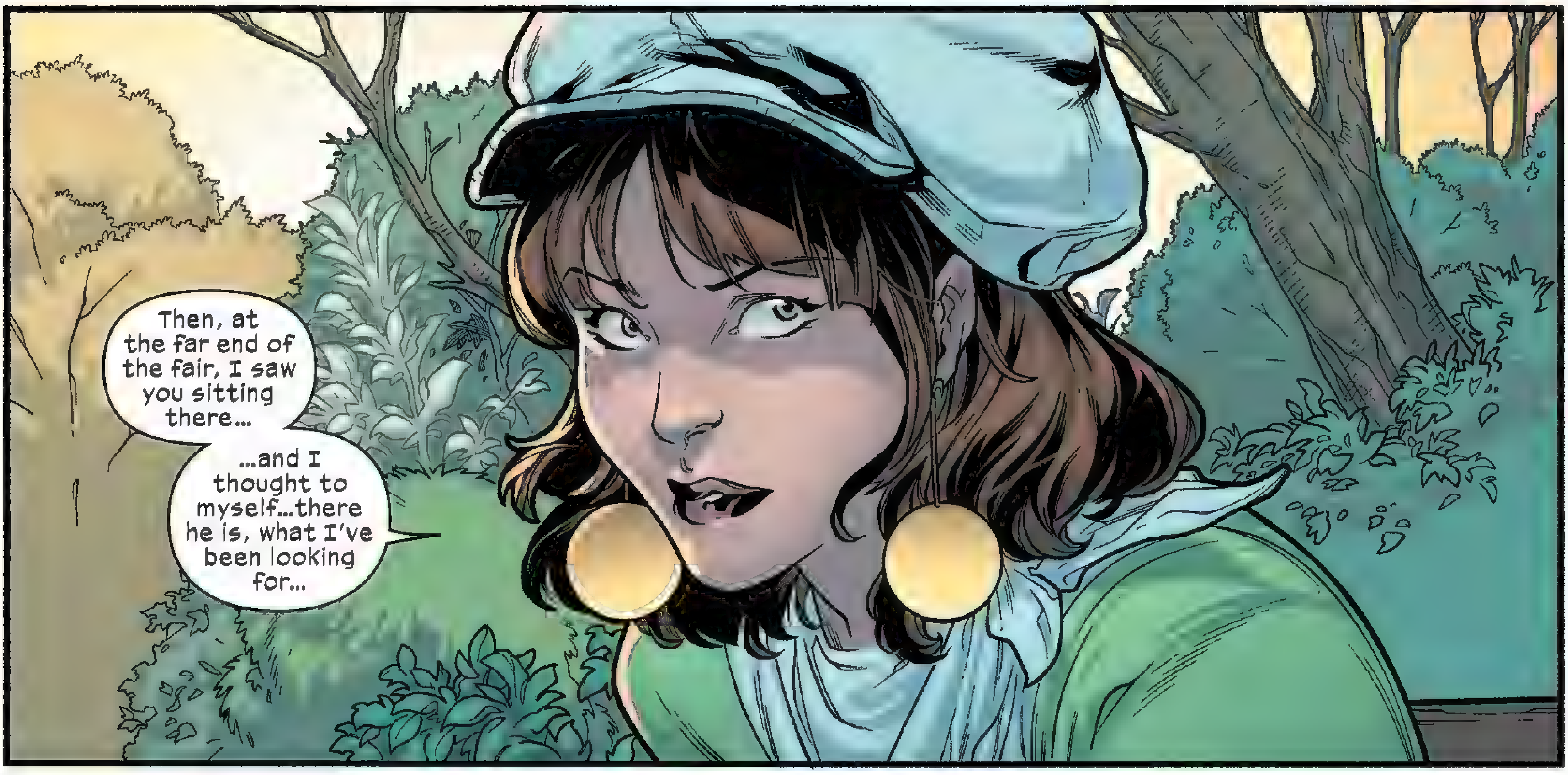
And the same to you...
Are you enjoying the fair?
It seems like the kind of thing I *should* enjoy, and yet...
...I look around at all these people and know it's just a show for those who *need one.*
A distraction from what's really going on, if you will.
Mind if I sit?
Please.
So...are *you* enjoying the fair?
I am. It seems like the kind of thing I *should not* enjoy, and yet...
...a little parting of the clouds, a little shining of the sun, and suddenly everything seems right in the world.
Having a good day, are we?
You'd have to be blind not to notice.
Is it that obvious?


In my case, I was just walking through the fair, past the caged beasts and the games of chance...
Past the fortune-teller selling his wares...


"See the magician, the metal metamorph, the great sword and the girl with one foot in two worlds...
THE MAGICIAN


"See the tower, the axis, the pillar of collapse and rebirth, the monolith of ascension...
THE TOWER


"See the devil, the red god and the lost cardinal of the last religion..."
THE DEVIL


Then, at the far end of the fair, I saw you sitting there...
...and I thought to myself...there he is, what I've been looking for...

The strong man.
I'm not really that str--
And I wondered, *why*, sitting there under parted skies and brilliant sun, was this strong man smiling so?
I was, wasn't I?
Yes.
Do you want to know why?
I do.
Very much so.
I was smiling because I have recently had the most wonderful dream.
Of a **better world** *and my place in it.*
Well, here's the thing, **Charles...**
It's not a **dream** *if it's* **real.**

...
I'm sorry.
Do we know one another?
Oh yes.
We go back quite a ways.
Who are you?
Why don't you read my mind, Charles?
Read my mind and *see.*
Ah...

X³: The X-Men.
Year One Thousand.
The Preserve.
÷Sigh÷

‹This *aggression* is pointless.›
‹My augmented brain is *far more* advanced than yours.›
‹By the time your brain finished telling *your* muscles to move, I had already prepared countermeasures to ensure *your failure*.›
‹Do you have any idea how much faster you would have to be to actually touch me?›
‹Please. Go eat your food...›
‹I mean you *no harm*.›

‹You understand it though, right? They just wanna be *free*. Not locked up here in this...*zoo.*›
‹How could anyone want something they don't know exists?›
‹Wanting to be free would mean they are capable of accurately observing this manufactured environment-- *this system*. We have to keep them enslaved.›
‹They don't want to be free. They don't know what free is.›
‹I think this is simply their nature.›
‹*Nah*. They want to be free. They know what it is.›
‹I make sure to fill their heads each day with stories of revolution. Of the enslaved rising up to throw down their masters.›
‹*You'll see. Give it time.*›
But you have *no more time,* Logan Howlett James.

...
Hrmpt!
That's a neat trick. *Speaking English.*
I'm ***the Librarian.***
Dead languages fascinate me.
Especially ones that haven't been spoken in centuries.
I downloaded it some time ago in the hope that one day we might have an ***honest conversation...***
A nuanced one. For I would not want to be mistaken.
Well, what are you waiting for? ***Get on with it.***
I was waiting for ***her.***

English?
Yes.
Well, that's a *problem.*
It means you've likely been listening to us for quite a while, haven't you?
Eavesdropping.
Observation is one of the *primary reasons* for controlled habitats such as these.
Preservation is--*of course*--the excuse we hide behind. After all, we wouldn't want to see the last group of mutants on this planet go extinct, *would we?*
But if I'm being truthful, the *real get* for someone in my position is watching how the two of you have responded to various stimuli I've introduced over time.
What's that ancient phrase?
I wanted to see what makes you tick.
And how's that workin' out for you?

Conclusions have yet to be drawn...
...but we're nearing them, one way or the other.
You've done well... surviving.
Fortunately you two have the same *blood type*... but still, *the idea of it.*
A millennium of depending on one another to survive...
It is *impressive.*
"*Unfortunately,* it's likely all that surviving is about to come to an end.
"For tomorrow is *Ascension.*
"The Phalanx will descend and absorb the entirety of our post-human society.
"All that we are-- all that *we have done*--all that *we have known*--will become one with that *collective.*
"Our lives as separate, sentient beings will be over and we will exist as nothing more than self-aware intelligences in the great hive of the Phalanx.
"Then, we Phalanx will begin our journey to the nearest black hole where our collective intellect will merge with a god intellect-- a Dominion.
"One that lives outside of space and time, and what was once our post-human society will exist *forever* as part of that *godhead.*"

The world is ending tomorrow?
It is.
And we're all going to die?
Almost everyone will die. The possible exception is you.
You, I have arranged to send off-planet.
Why?
Oh, I think you know why.
From what I've gathered observing you, if you die before our Phalanx makes it to the nearest black hole, then all that I know will not become part of the Dominion...
And when you annihilate this "timeline" or "reality," then you'll be right back where you started...
Knowing what you know without us knowing anything.
But if you live past my becoming god...
...then--existing beyond space and time--we will know you--forever.
And I think it very likely we would not tolerate something like you having any power over something like us.

What kinda game you runnin', pal... it doesn't make any sense telling us this.
Why would you--
Let him finish.
It's a fair question, no? Why would I tell you? Why would I be *conflicted?*
My problem is this...I question the wisdom of it. Becoming something that's really just an idea of existence. *Something immaterial.*
Never touching someone again. Never walking through the woods.
Never seeing the wonders I see with my post-human eyes.
So...
I'm faced with *a question.*
Do I let you die and perhaps in your next life you can prevent our becoming part of the universal machine state--*what I suspect might be a fake existence...*
Or do I send you away and find out for myself?
You want me to convince you?
Yes.
How would you prevent it? With all that you've learned in your many lives, how would you stop us from losing our post-humanity and surrendering to the machines?

Oh, I can answer this one. Maybe we go back and start that revolution I promised a little sooner.
Put a stop to *post-humanity* at the humanity part.
I believe the scientific term is *Homo novissima...*
The end of the evolutionary line. The last man there will ever be.
Your personal memory may differ, but historical records imply you mutants never really saw what was coming.
It's sad, really...
The idea that you were what was next. *Evolutionarily inevitable.*
We *were.*
We *are.*
Look around you, Moira Kinross.
See the cage.
That's *inevitable.*
Not you being outside of it.

"Mutants are an evolutionary response to an environment. You are... *naturally occurring.*
"The next step in human evolution.
"But what happens when humanity stops being beholden to its environment?
"When man controls the building blocks of *biology* and *technology...*
"Evolution is no match for *genetic engineering.*
"What good was *one mutant* adapting to its environment when we could make *ten super men?*"
You thought it was the machines that would *defeat you...* but we just used them to *buy time.*

"Sentinels bought us *years.*
"Nimrods bought us *decades."*
I never saw it...
And I guess you never will.
After all, if you aren't capable of recognizing the real enemy you faced...how could you ever defeat them?
Maybe this is just ***how it ends*** for you...
And if you have no real alternative to offer, maybe this is my fate as well. ***Immortality. Divinity.***
As I have no choice but to become a *small part of god.*

THUUNK!
Dear Lord, up in robot heaven, tell me...
...was that fast enough for you?
THUMP!
All this time...
All this time we waited. To find out why...
And now we know.
So...you gonna do something about it?
Yes.

SNIKT!
All right. Send me on my way...
Close your eyes, Moira.
No. My eyes are open, and they're going to stay that way.
Just make it quick.
Don't worry, darlin'...
This is what I do.
And so ended the sixth life of Moira X.

BRANCHING HUMANITY

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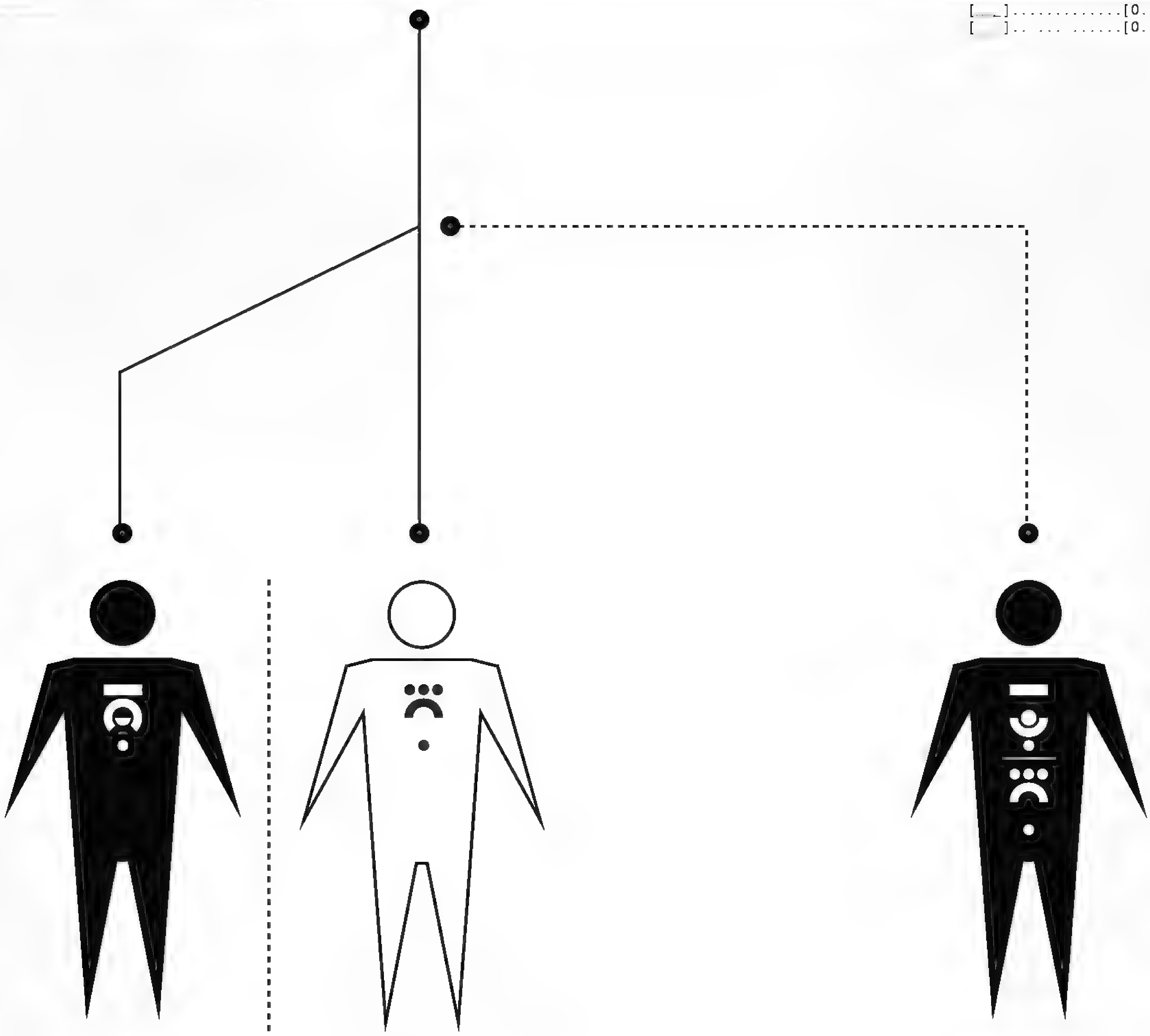


Homo superior

Mutantdom is the natural evolutionary successor to humanity.

Homo sapiens

Humanity will reach a natural evolutionary dead end within two to four generations.

[Though humans will still outnumber mutants for some time, the asymmetrical strength of the latter will result in a shift in dominance -- see: The "100 sheep, 10 wolves" argument.]

Homo novissima

Post-humanity is a manufactured branch of humanity not restricted by normal evolutionary constraints.

[The problem with a technology-based post-evolutionary state is the inevitable -- but naturally occurring -- paradigm loop between organic and technological constructs. A machine leap makes a post-human leap possible, and a post-human leap makes a machine leap possible -- on and on until one of these two eventually reaches an end state.]

Ah...
Ahhhhh...
AAIIIEEEE...
AHH
IEEE!

What... what was...
How...
How?
It's a bit much, *I agree.*
That it cuts at everything you believe, *even more so...*
Still...*hard truths* are what's called for when dealing with radical realignments to old ways of thinking.
We...we *lose?*

No. It's much worse than that.
We *always* lose.
Perhaps... perhaps if I were more selective with my future students.
Or if I make a broader appeal to our human allies...
Surely there's some way to...
Why are you smiling at me like that?

I opened my mind to you--so *you know* that *I know you,* Charles Xavier.
I have loved you. I have hated you. And all the *emotional complexities in between.*
Not once in all my lives have you *changed...*
Thank you.
It's not a compliment.
You're a *good man* who believes in the *goodness of others...*and it breaks my heart that I have to break that part of you.
But I will break it. Because that's what *has to happen now.*

I know you will fight me...just like your shade, Erik, will fight me.
But this time, I mean for *all of us* to be together.
All of us.
You've been dreaming the wrong dream, Charles...
"...and it's long past time that you *wake up.*"

MOIRA'S JOURNAL

Entry 5 - RE: XAVIER

It's taken months, but after allowing Charles Xavier to read my mind I've successfully recruited him to my cause. Unlike myself, observation has not granted him perfect recall of my past lives, and as I will not permit him to read me a second time, he is now dependent on my interpretation of past-life events.

Eventually, this will not be enough, and I will have to open my mind to him again. Perhaps he will even act against type and do so himself, but all he will be looking for is confirmation of suspicions he might already harbor. And so, regardless of how long our trial alliance lasts, the truth is my best friend.

It's painful how hopeful and idealistic he remains. It's shameful how much he wants to love these people.

He will learn.

—

Entry 12 - RE: XAVIER

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

—

Entry 14 - RE: XAVIER

I have a choice to make. Until now, I have been lying to myself about what I am, and am not, capable of. I believed that I could manipulate these men into doing what I needed them to do without any repercussions to myself.

I know now just how wrong I was. While we have become romantic, it is becoming clear to me that I am breaking Charles Xavier. And if I do break him, how will he become the man I need him to be in the coming days.

My concern -- my paramount fear -- is that I fracture his psyche and eventually unleash something unexpected on the world.

MOIRA'S JOURNAL

Entry 17 - RE: XAVIER

I had a breakthrough with Charles today. For the first time, he has stopped trying to fight me on what humanity is and tapped into the potential windfall of knowledge I represent regarding mutantdom.

He had the most marvelous idea regarding the potential tandem of several mutants and what they could accomplish if they worked in harmony. The only thing we lack is a mutant with the ability to tweak primal matter or give reality as we know it a push.

I have used my expertise in genetic modification to find potential matches for both Charles and me to produce such a mutant.

There are several possibilities.

—

Entry 22 - RE: MAGNETO

Charles and I have successfully recruited Magneto.

As it is with every meeting of ours, I am stunned at the casual arrogance of this man. If Charles is a rock that I have to wear down over decades, then Erik is something harder and less permeable.

With him, loyalty is something that must be constantly earned. He allows for no deviation of intent -- no wavering of belief. The idea that there will not be setbacks, and that his constant anger will remain tamped down, is a fool's dream. I only hope that our consistency of vision, and commitment to mutantdom, will outlast his rage.

One positive thing of note: I have successfully imprinted the idea of stronghold in his mind. Of course, it has always been there, but seeing so many lives where an island, a world or some other celestial body functions as a safe haven for mutants has left an indelible mark.

—

Entry 29 - RE: APOCALYPSE

Apocalypse has made himself known to the world. Knowing him the way I do, and having aligned myself already with Xavier and Magneto, recruitment will not be an option until a much later date.

He is in his raw, primal state and sees the whole world as unfit -- so much so that he will test everything to find something to build on. What must be done now is the avoidance of an apocalypse event and the prevention of certain Omega-level mutants falling under his sway.

MOIRA'S JOURNAL

Entry 35 - RE: XAVIER

[redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

—

Entry 48 - RE: XAVIER

I have underestimated Xavier's infatuation with the possibilities of what can be accomplished with mutant genetic material. Without my knowledge -- and against my advice -- both Charles and Magneto have traveled to Bar Sinister and recruited Sinister to our cause.

What is this thing that men do, where they think they can shape the world to their liking -- and bend others to whatever they will? This is folly.

And if what they told me is true regarding their meeting with him, he has produced his first chimera decades early -- and it is Sinister himself.

—

Entry 52 - RE: MAGNETO

We have lost Magneto.

I had hoped -- given the opportunity -- to help make him a better man. Instead all we have made is an enemy.

I am just as bad as they are. If not worse.

—

Entry 57 - RE: XAVIER

I have decided to remove myself from the world. I have become too active a force in this and have put both myself and our great plan at risk.

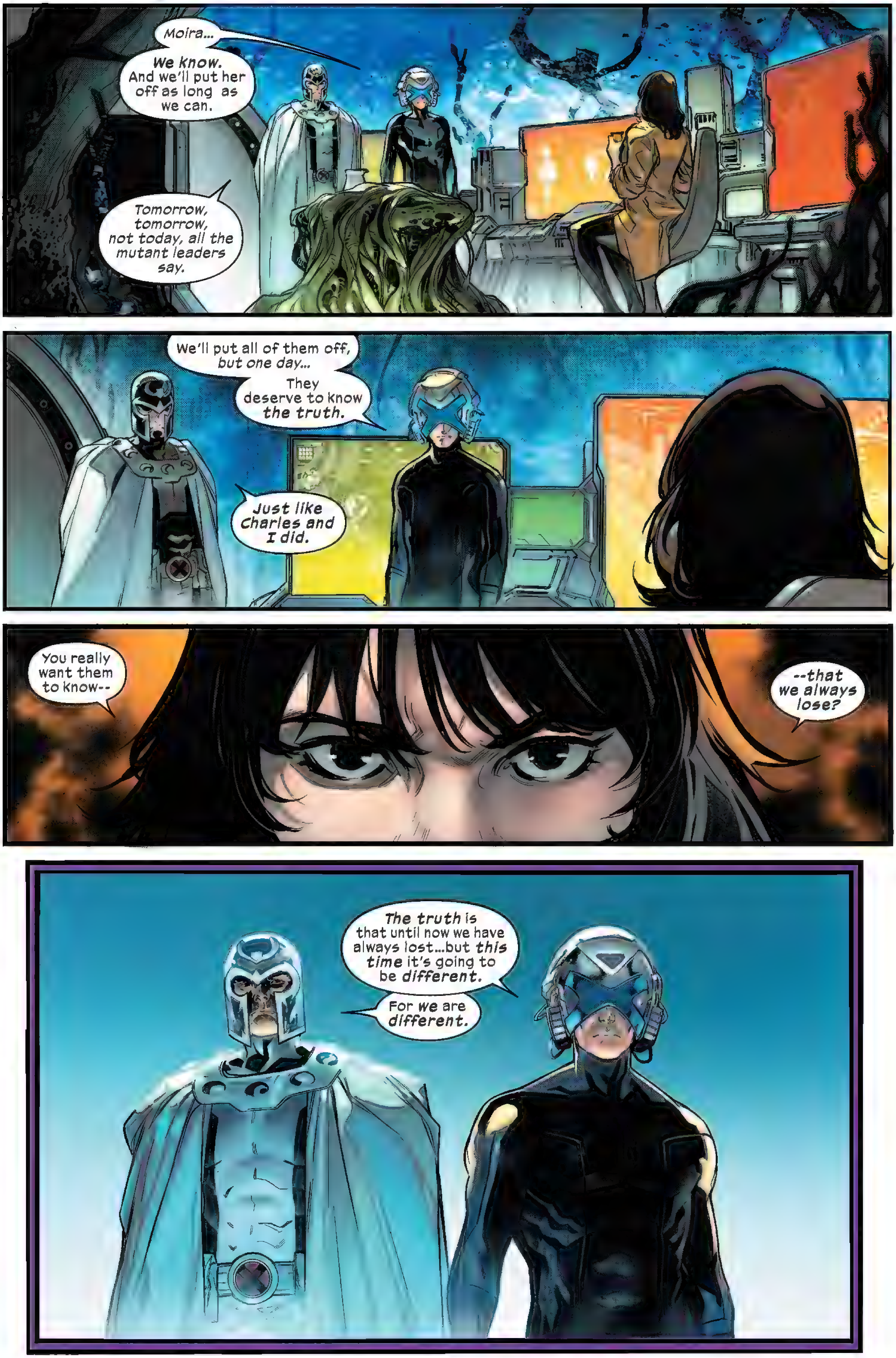
Charles and I will use a Shi'ar golem -- a living husk -- to test our early theories on what can be accomplished with adequate -- and properly prepared -- genetic material and a backup copy from Cerebro.

We will fake my death using a replica and I will return to the shadows where I belong.

Yesterday. Krakoa. Moira's No-Place.
What's that?
We brought you tea, Moira.
There's two ways in and out of my home, Erik. The door you came through--which leads to a secret chamber in the House of X...
...and the other--which leads to one of mankind's greatest culinary cities. So I really don't need you to bring me tea.
I have other means, and we have greater concerns.
Only cynics refuse the common kindness of others.
They say it comes from assuming there's always another shoe to drop.
Ah, so it's tea and other things.
Can I assume we now have a government?
Yes. The first meeting of the Quiet Council is tomorrow.
We have eleven of the twelve seats filled.

Why not all of them?
Emma Frost has yet to name a *Red King.*
She's up to something, that one.
We're all up to something, Moira...
But she understands the scale of all this--*her* as much as any of the others--so she won't be a deterrent to our *broader plans.*
Who else was named?
Most of it went as we assumed.
Apocalypse sits at the *Autumn* table with *Charles and me.*
Jean Grey, Storm and Nightcrawler sit at *Summer.* They are my children and will do well.
Spring is entirely composed of Hellfire, but as we said, the *White Queen* loves a tight leash, and she can be trusted.
Winter is... *complicated.* It's where we parked all of our *problem mutants. Besides myself, of course.*
We sat *Sinister* there because we cannot do this without him--so having him *closer* is better than *not.*
Exodus has an unyielding code--and we three know all too well the *complication* an *unflinching ideology* brings.

And *Mystique* would not agree to join without certain guarantees.
What did you do?
We promised to bring *Destiny* back.
You cannot do that.
We know.
There can be *no precogs* on Krakoa. We cannot--*will not*--tolerate mutants who can see the future.
We know.
You don't understand. She has ways of *seeing me...* and I am a *weakness* because my death ends all of this.
We know.
Do you? What happens if we bring her back and she tells everyone *what she sees?*
What if she tells everyone *the truth?*


Moira...
We know. And we'll put her off as long as we can.
Tomorrow, tomorrow, not today, all the mutant leaders say.
We'll put all of them off, but one day...
They deserve to know the truth.
Just like Charles and I did.
You really want them to know--
--that we always lose?
The truth is that until now we have always lost...but this time it's going to be different.
For we are different.

"And that is all because of *you*.
"There's no *denying* what you have done, Moira.

"You shaped us into this...
"You made us into this...
"We are the perfect tools for an imperfect age.
"You should celebrate what you have done...
"...for you have done it well.

"But now it is *time* for you to *step aside*...
"...and let us do the good work for which we were created."
Just look at what we have made.

And yet the thought lingers...
Is it enough?
This is only the start, Erik, but we have to hope so.
And if it is not?
Then we do... more.
Whatever the cost. Whatever it takes.
This is all there is, Erik. We live and die with this, you and I.
Then I will die for it.
And if I fall, then you will raise me up--I will show this world what a real mutant is.
Keep talking like that...and you're sure to elicit a response.
I am not ashamed of what I am.
Let them try to stop us this time.

Yes...
Let them try.

I am not ashamed of what I am.

[kra [0.1]
[koa_[6.1]

-MAGNETO

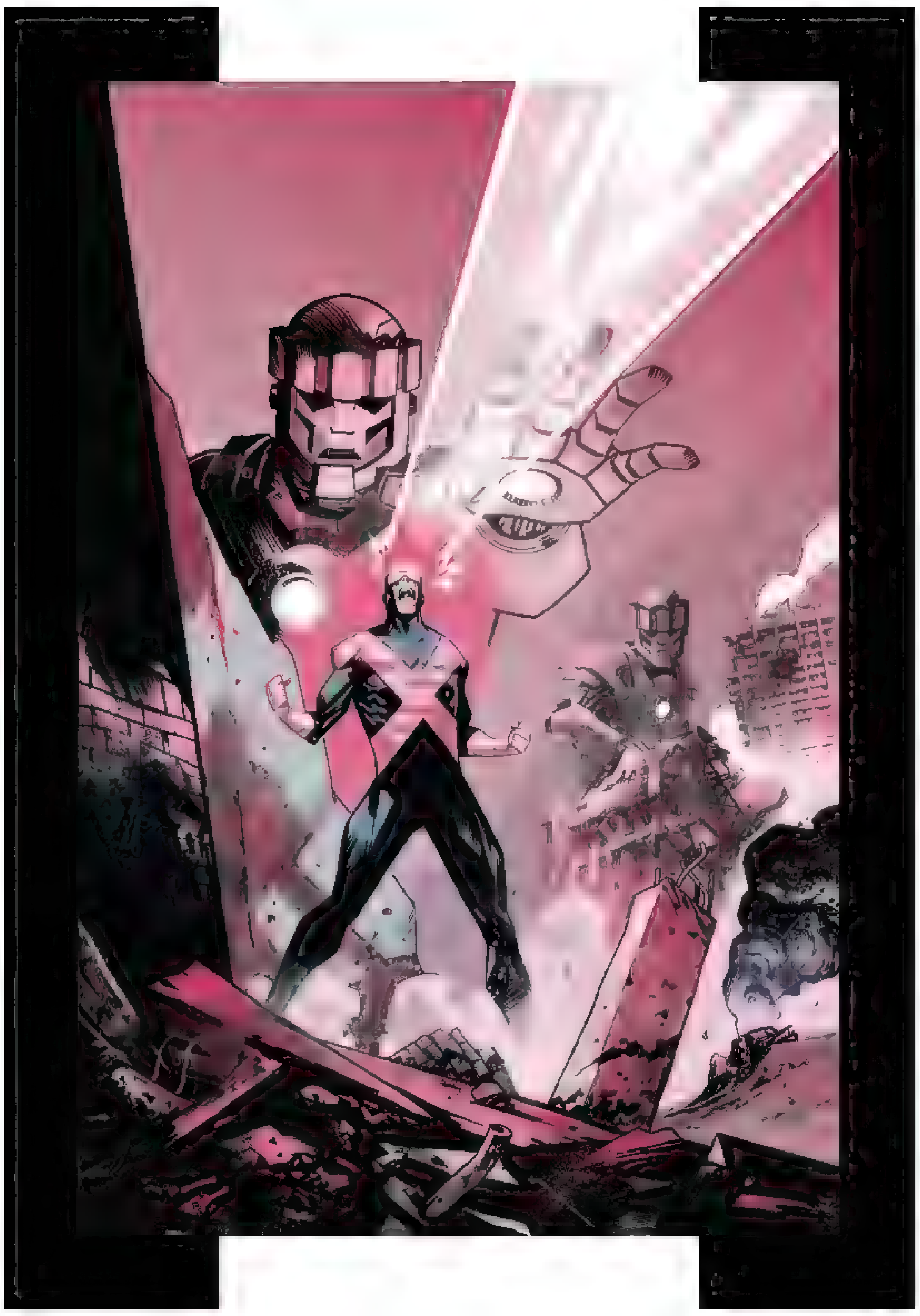
[kra_[6.1]
[koa_[X.X]

[kra_[X.1]...]
[koa_[X.1]...]

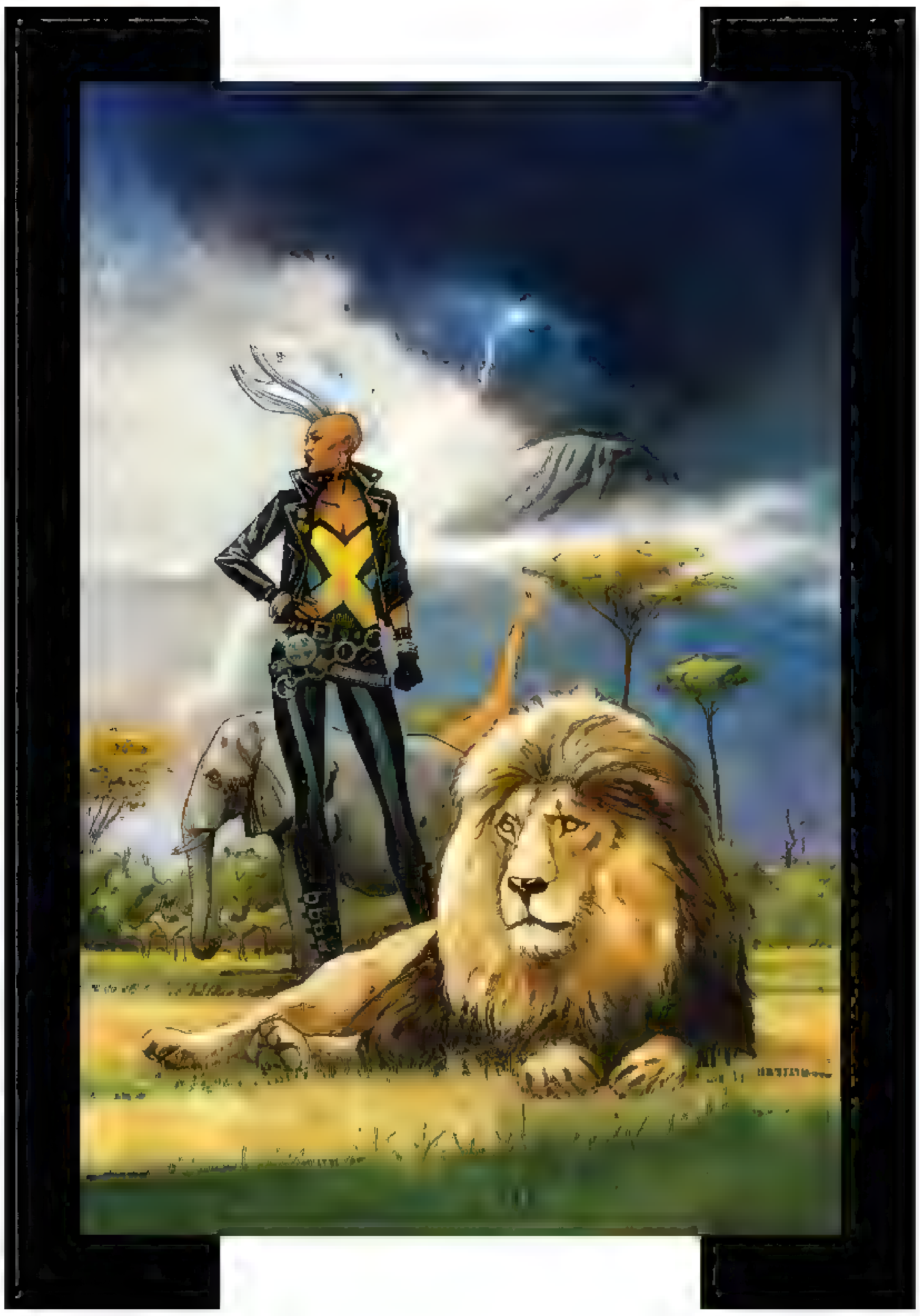
[Magneto_omega]

[kra_]
[koa_]

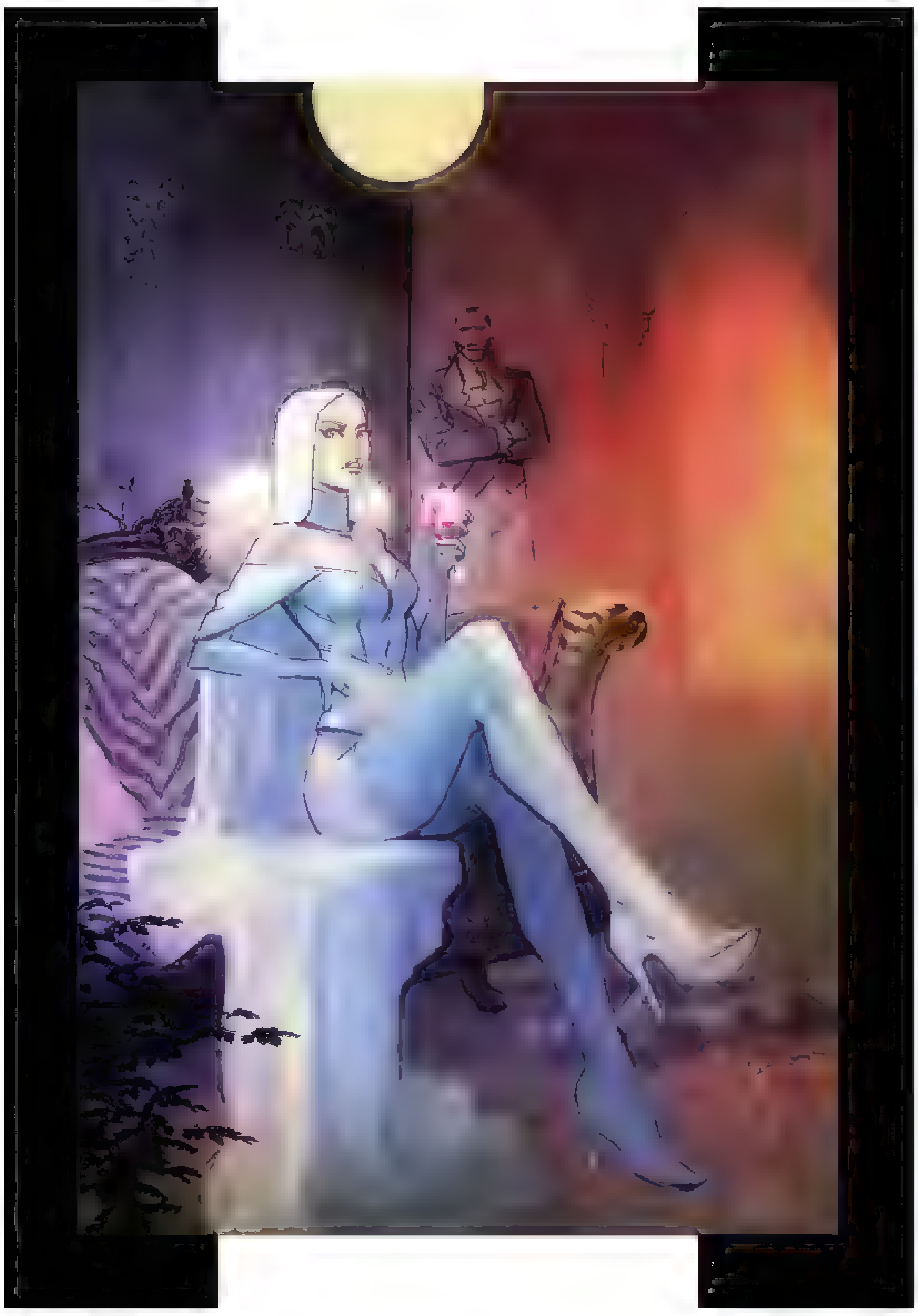
2019
MARTE



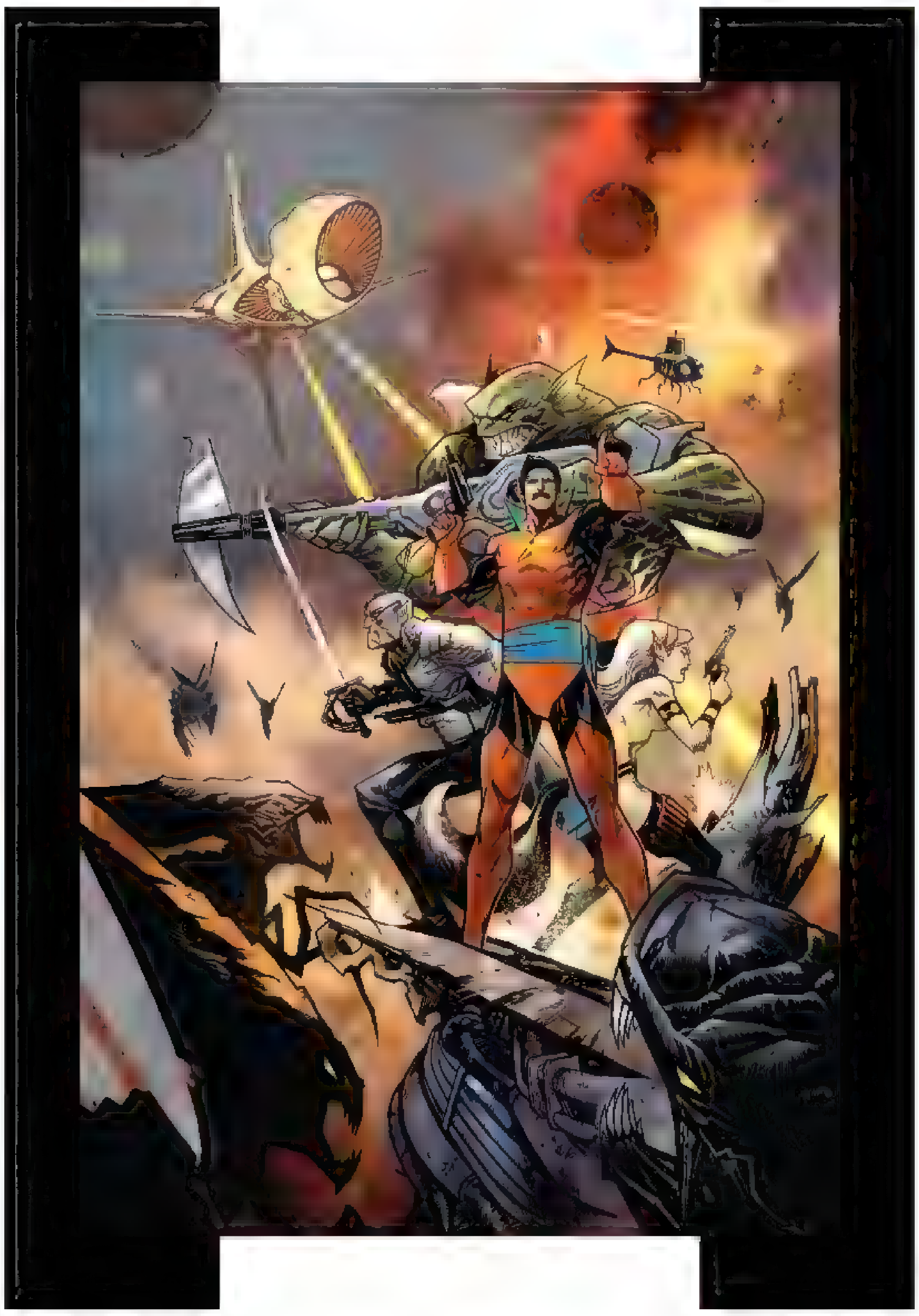
HOUSE OF X #1 VARIANT
by Mike Huddleston



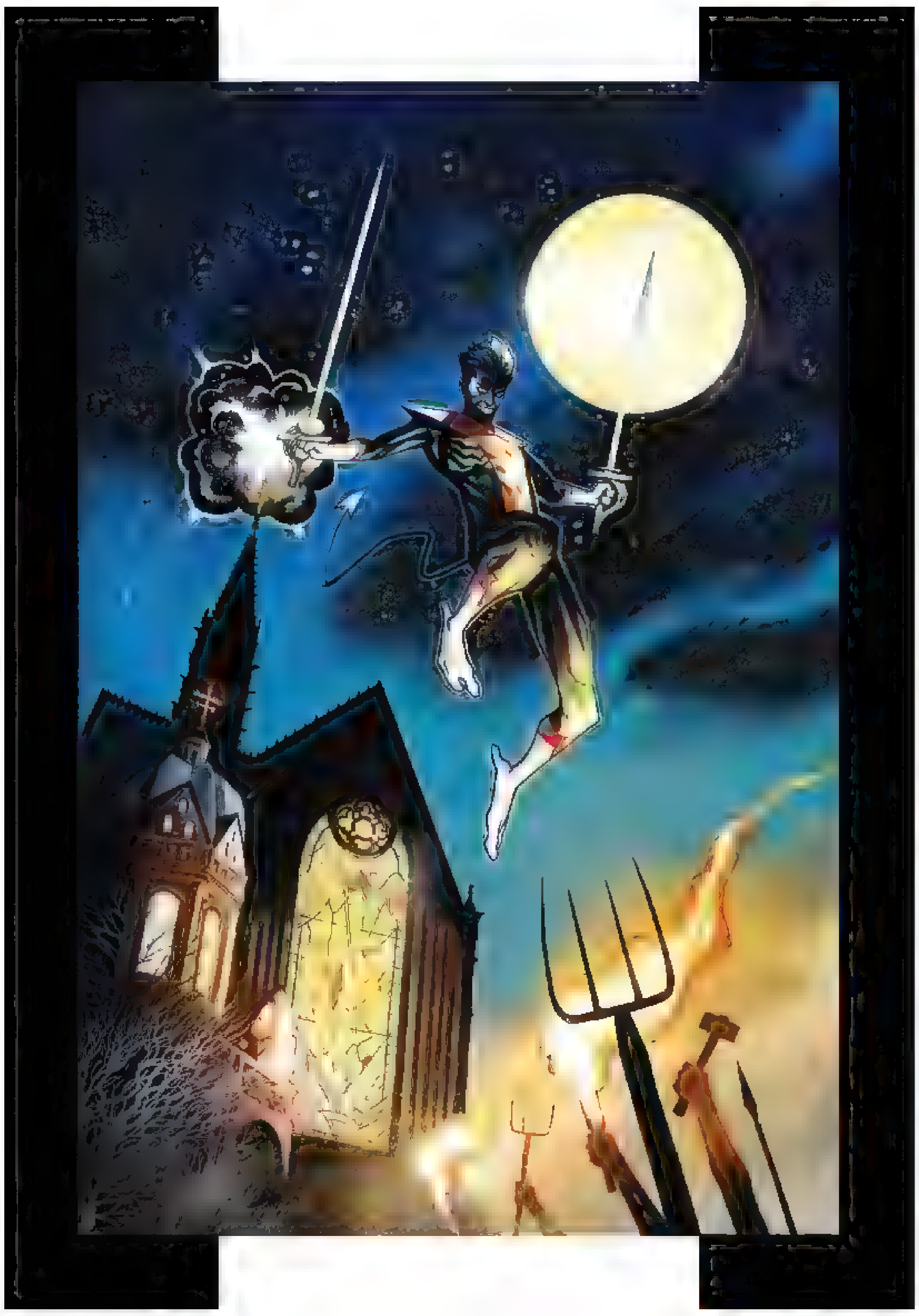
HOUSE OF X #2 VARIANT
by Mike Huddleston



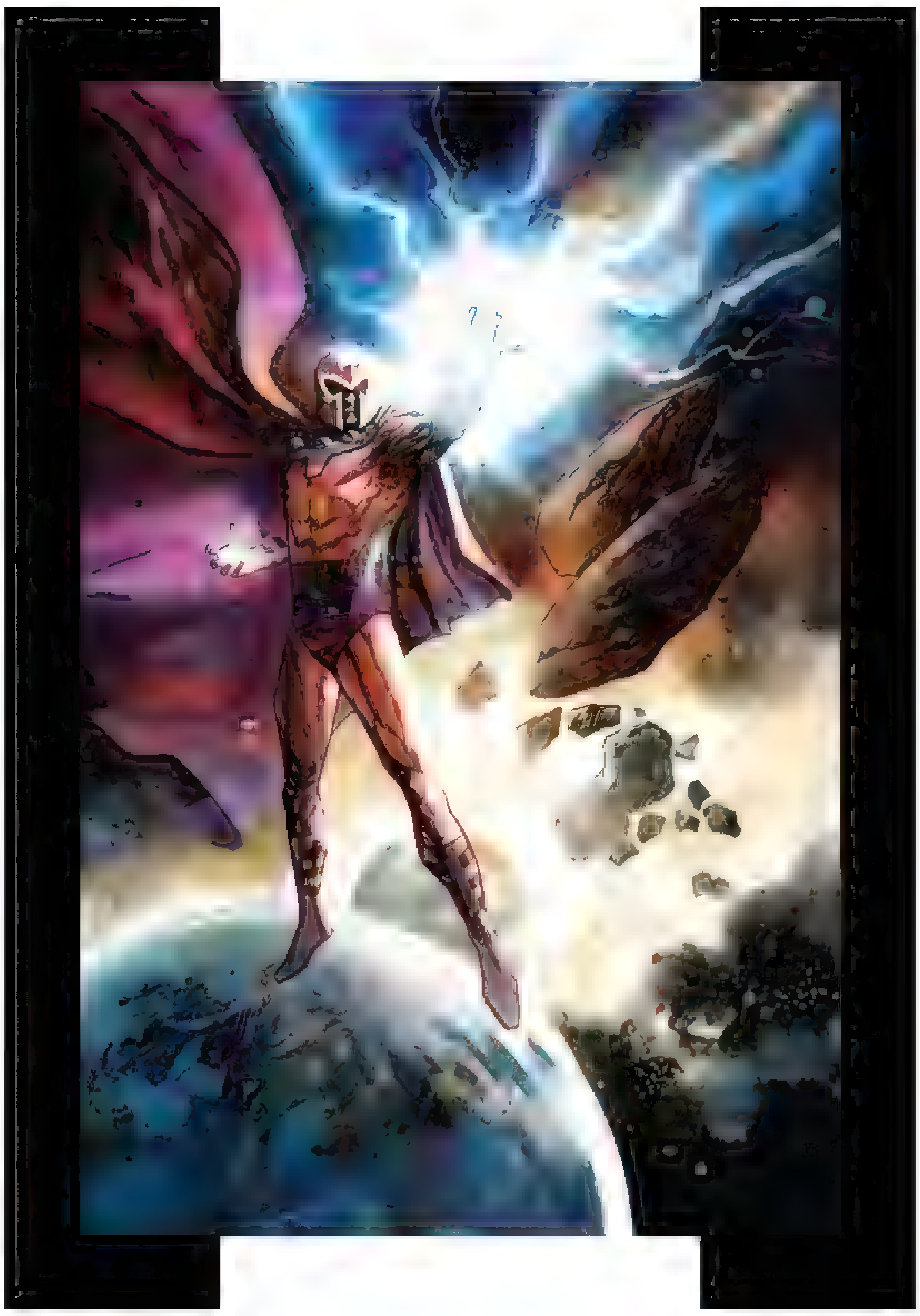
HOUSE OF X #3 VARIANT
by Mike Huddleston



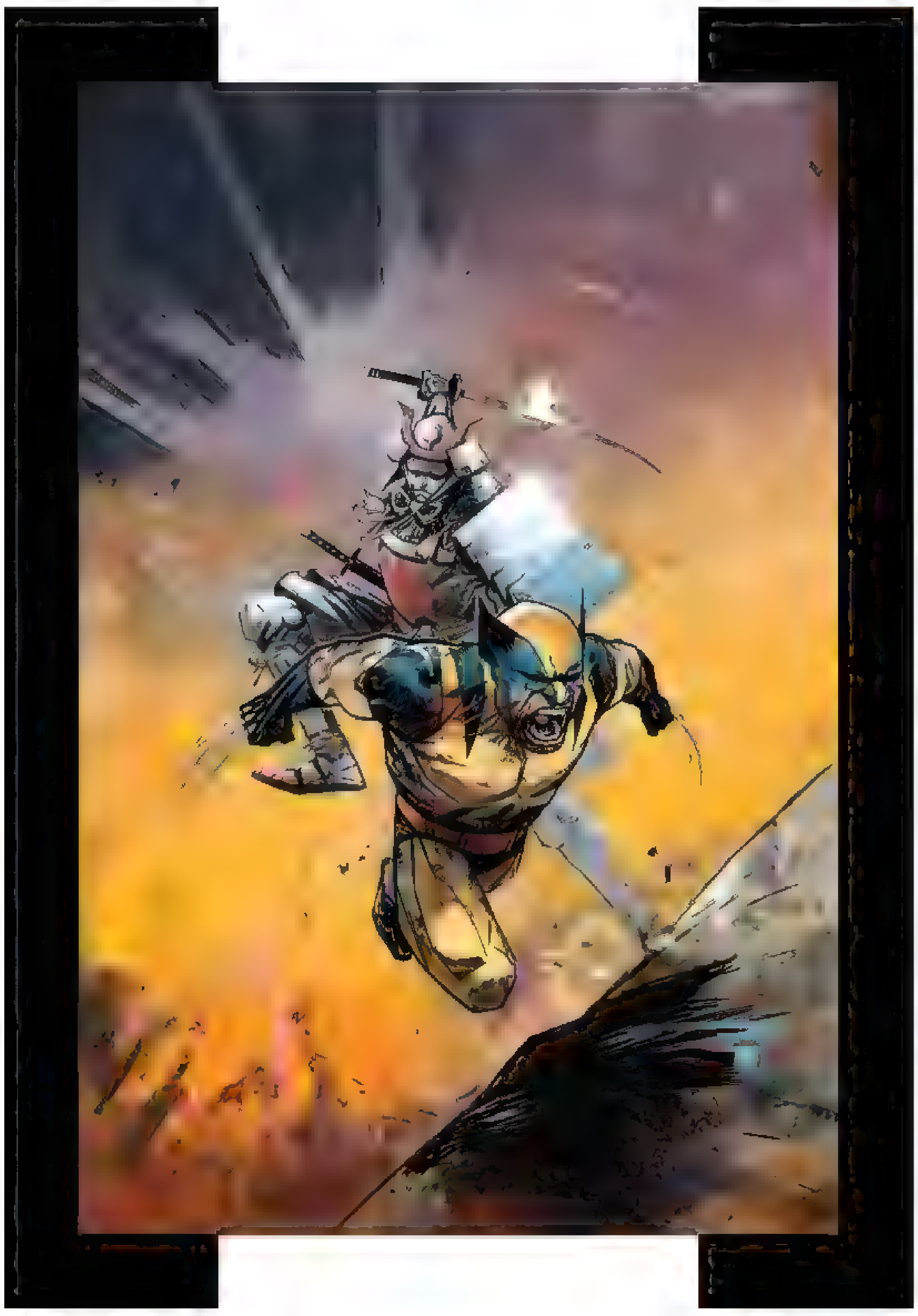
HOUSE OF X #4 VARIANT
by Mike Huddleston



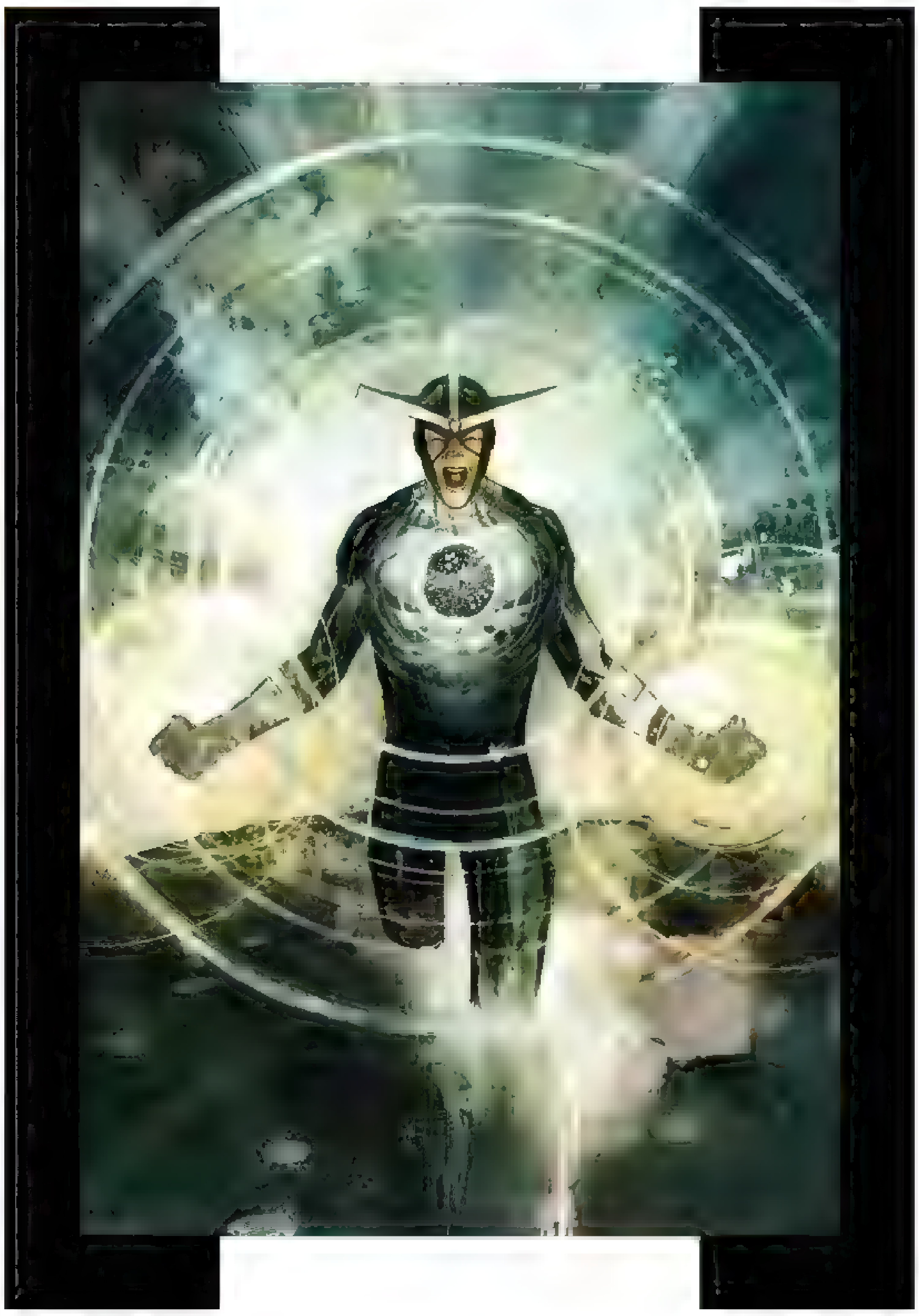
HOUSE OF X #5 VARIANT
by Mike Huddleston



HOUSE OF X #6 VARIANT
by Mike Huddleston



POWERS OF X #1 VARIANT
by Mike Huddleston



POWERS OF X #2 VARIANT
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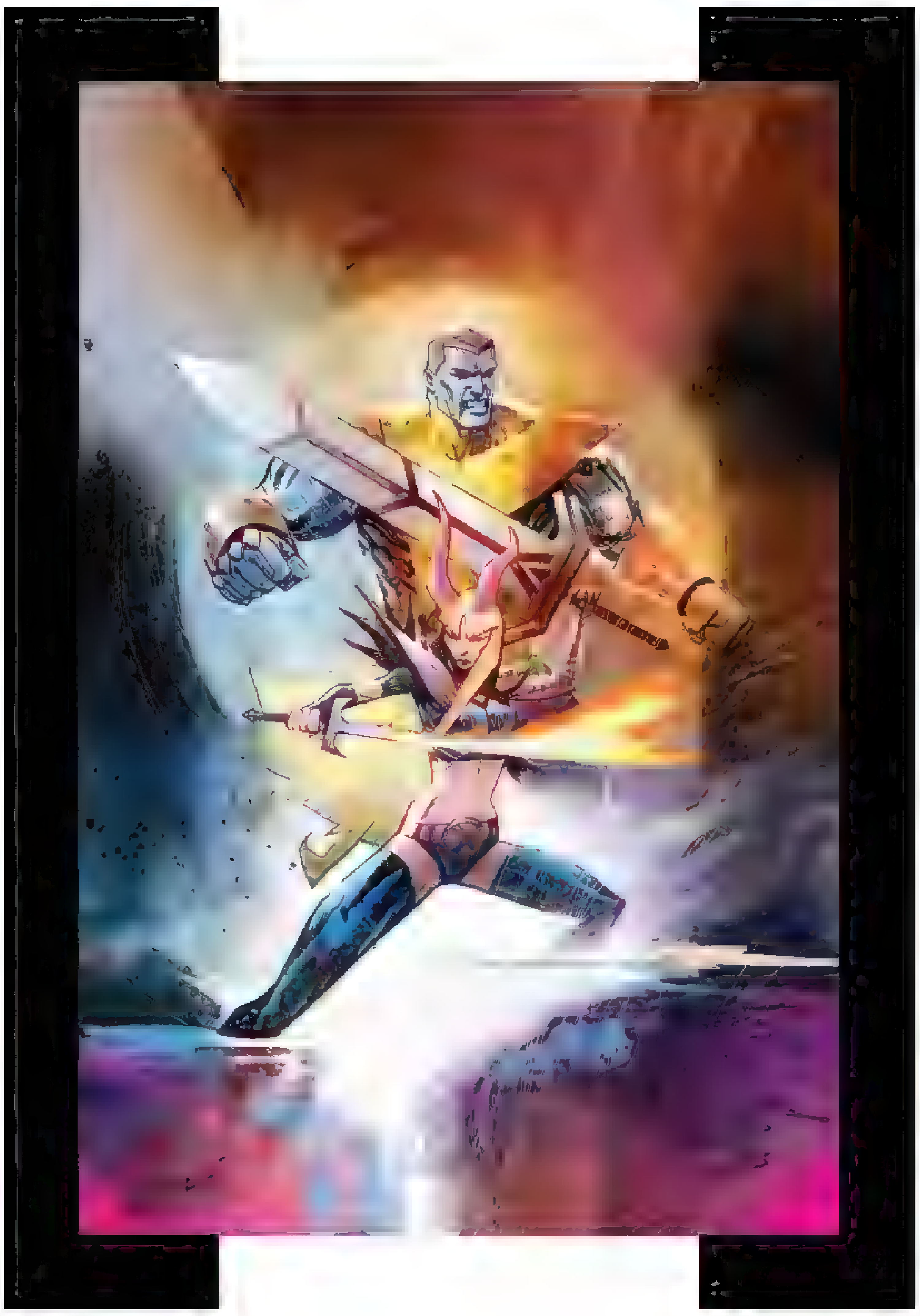
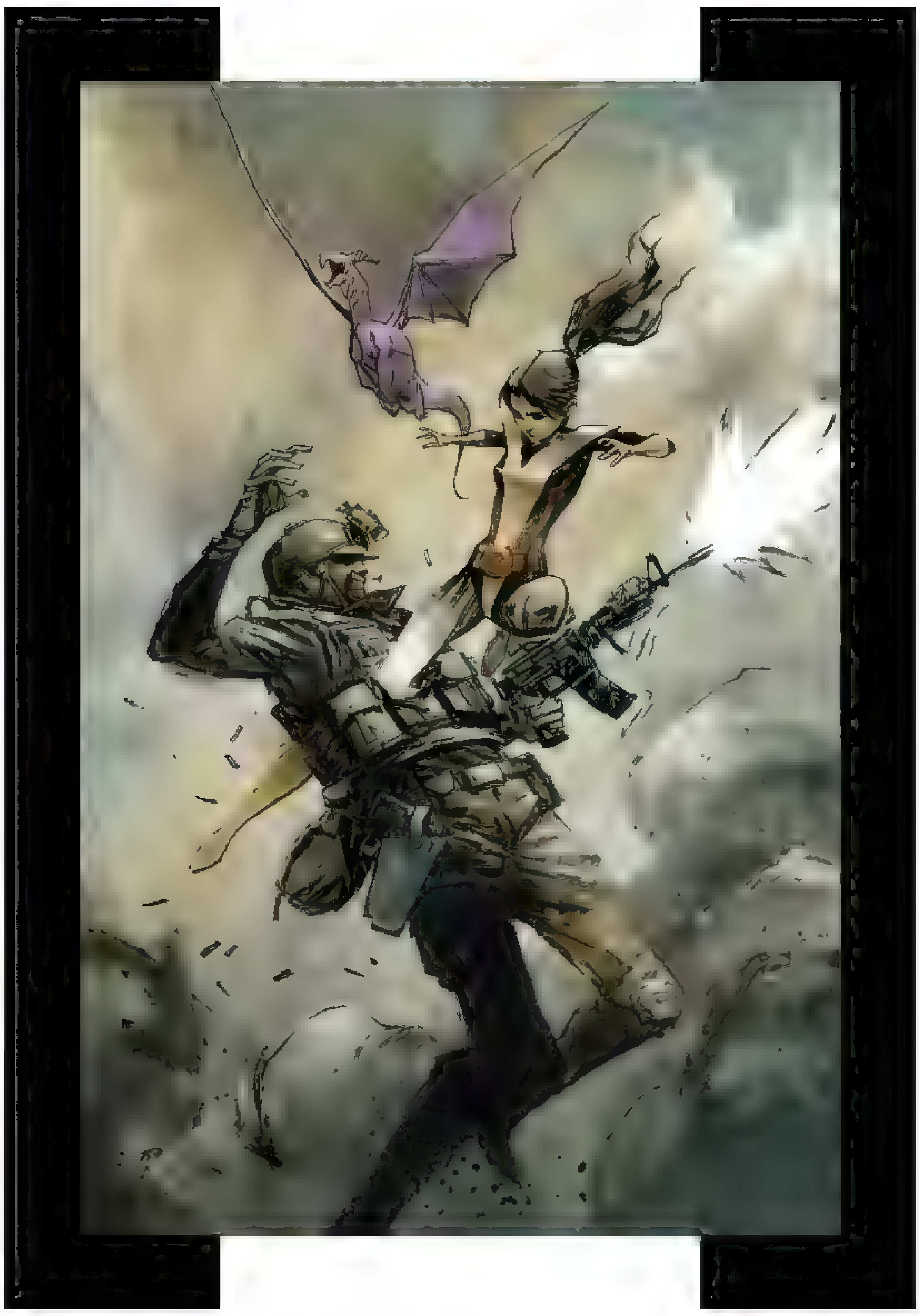
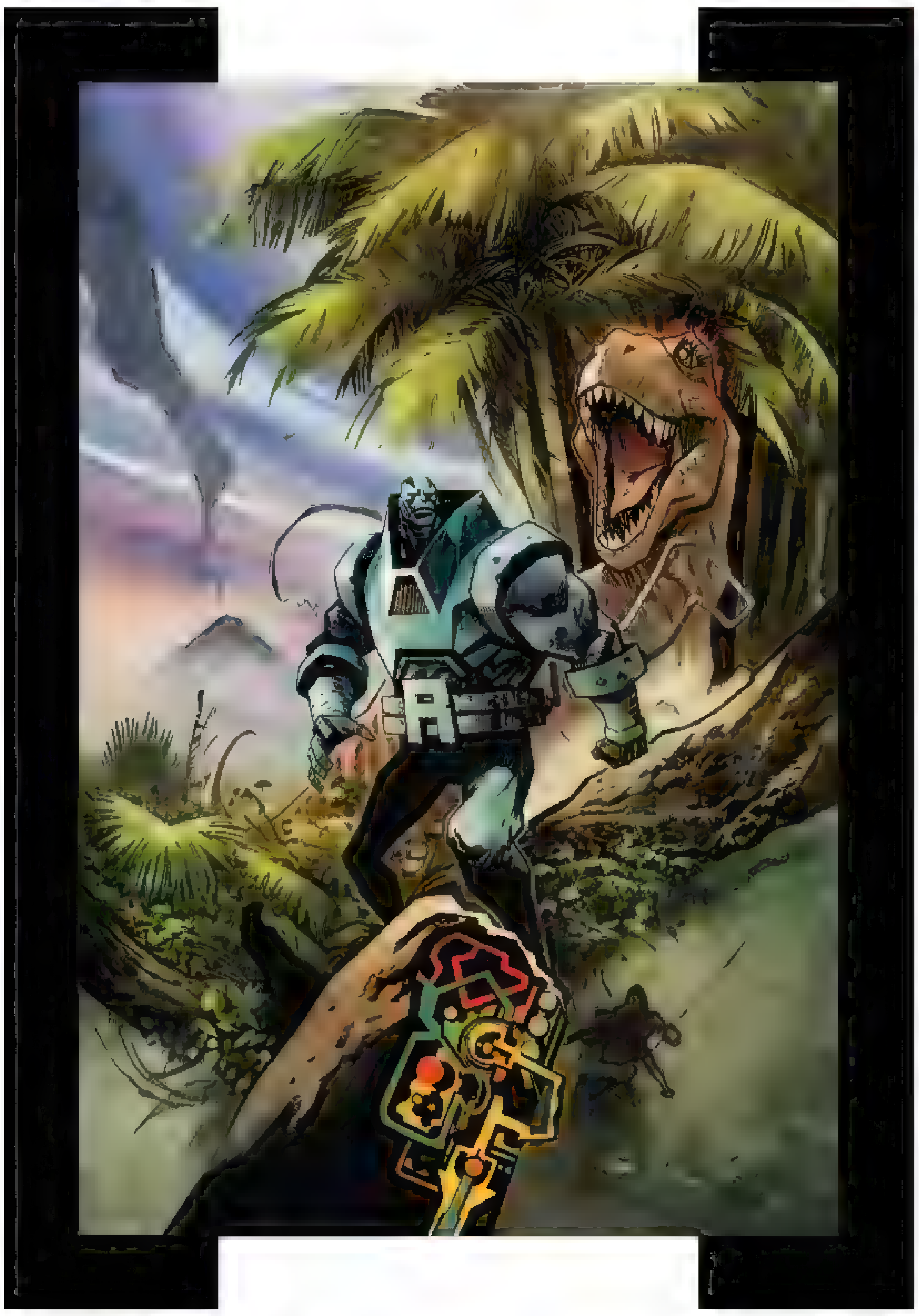


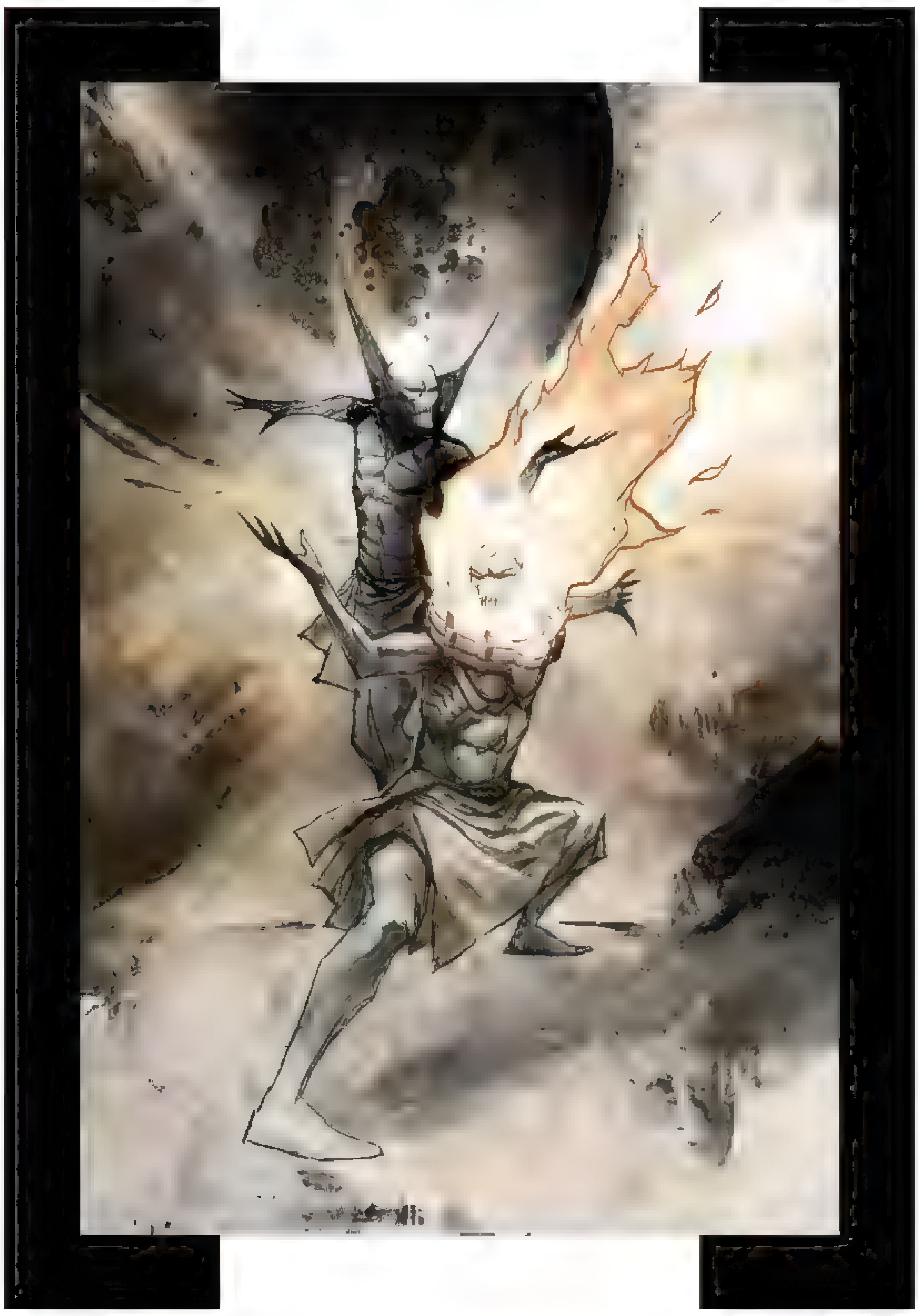
POWERS OF X #3 VARIANT
by Mike Huddleston



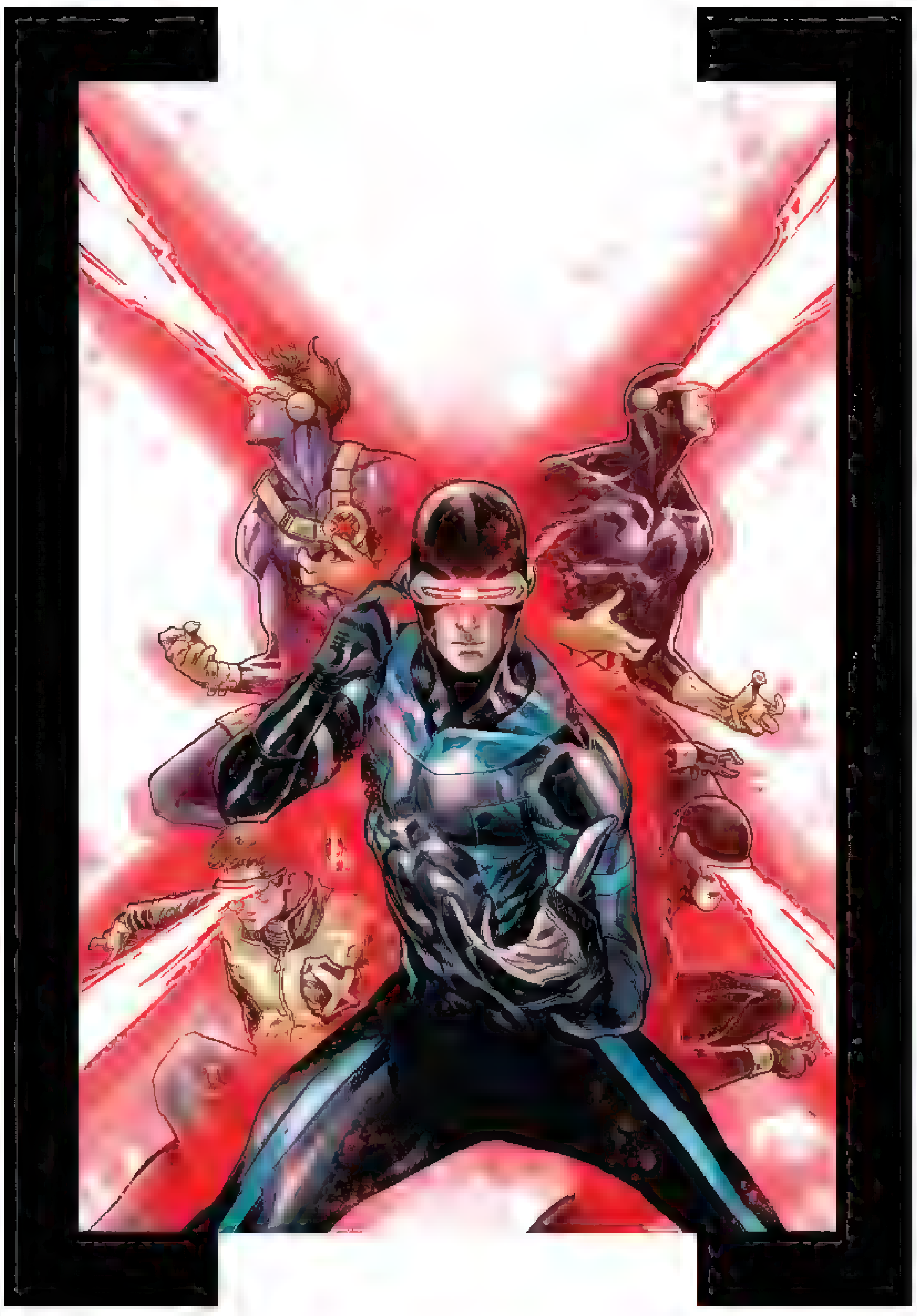
POWERS OF X #4 VARIANT
by Mike Huddleston



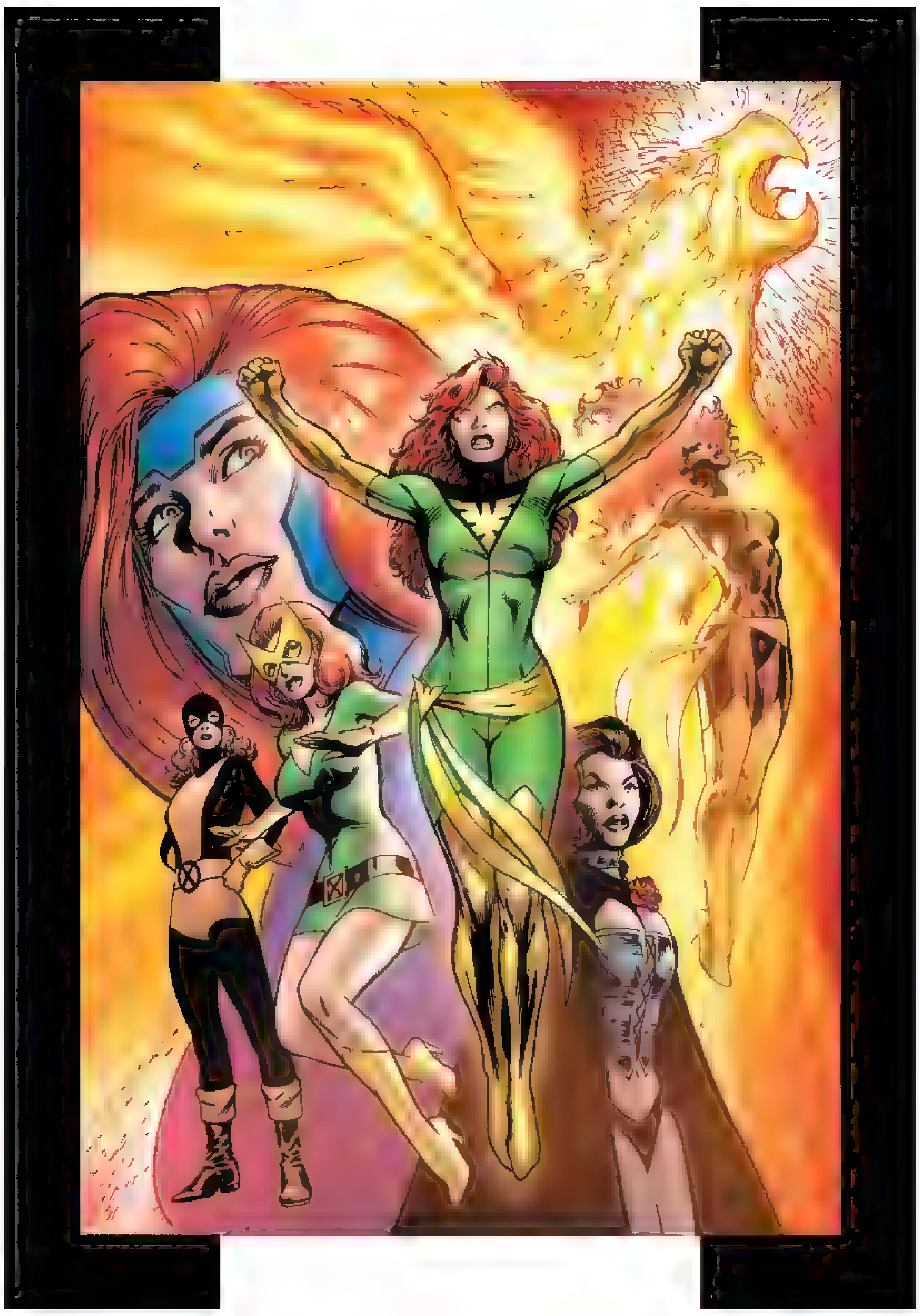
POWERS OF X #5 VARIANT
by Mike Huddleston



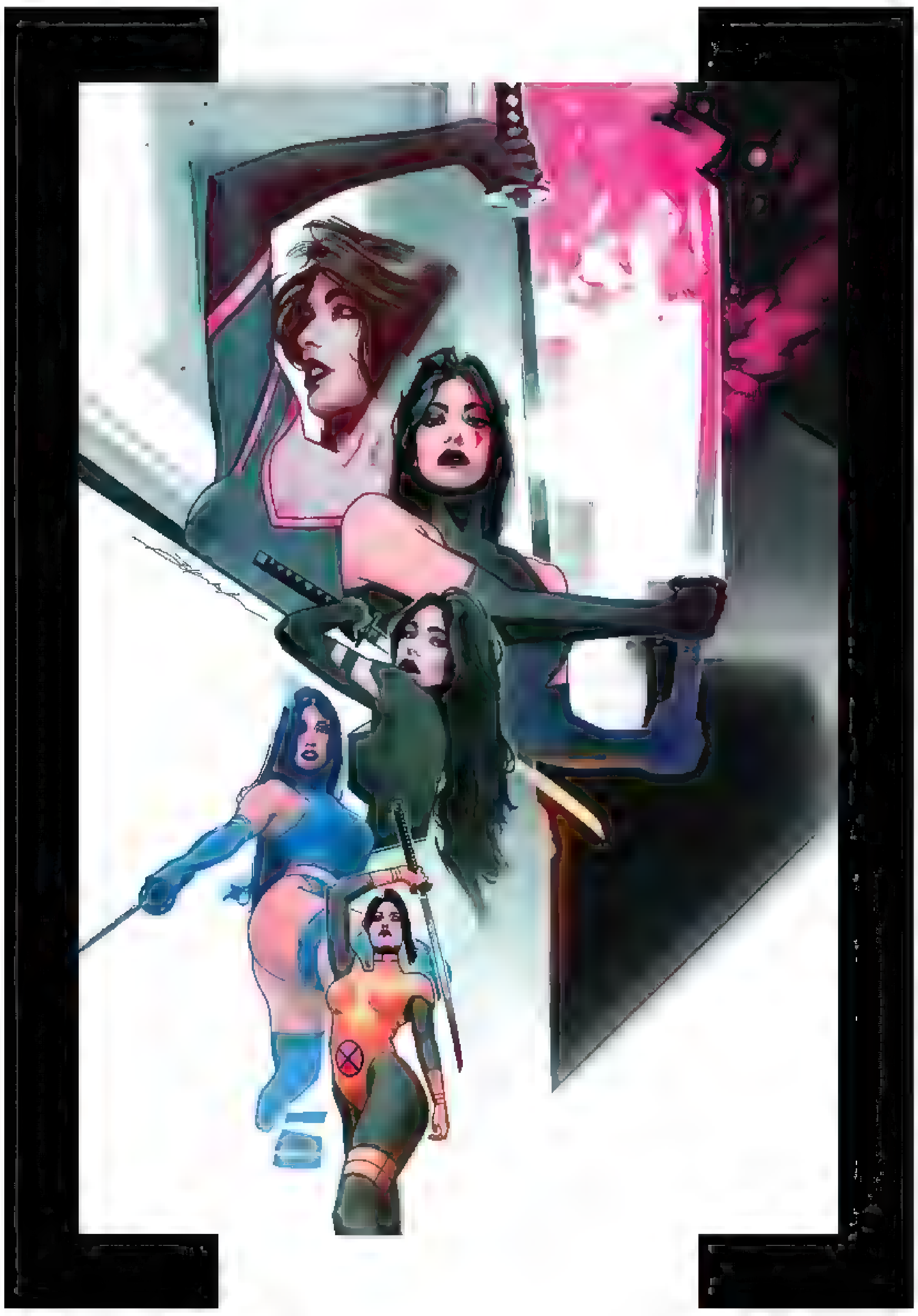
POWERS OF X #6 VARIANT
by Mike Huddleston



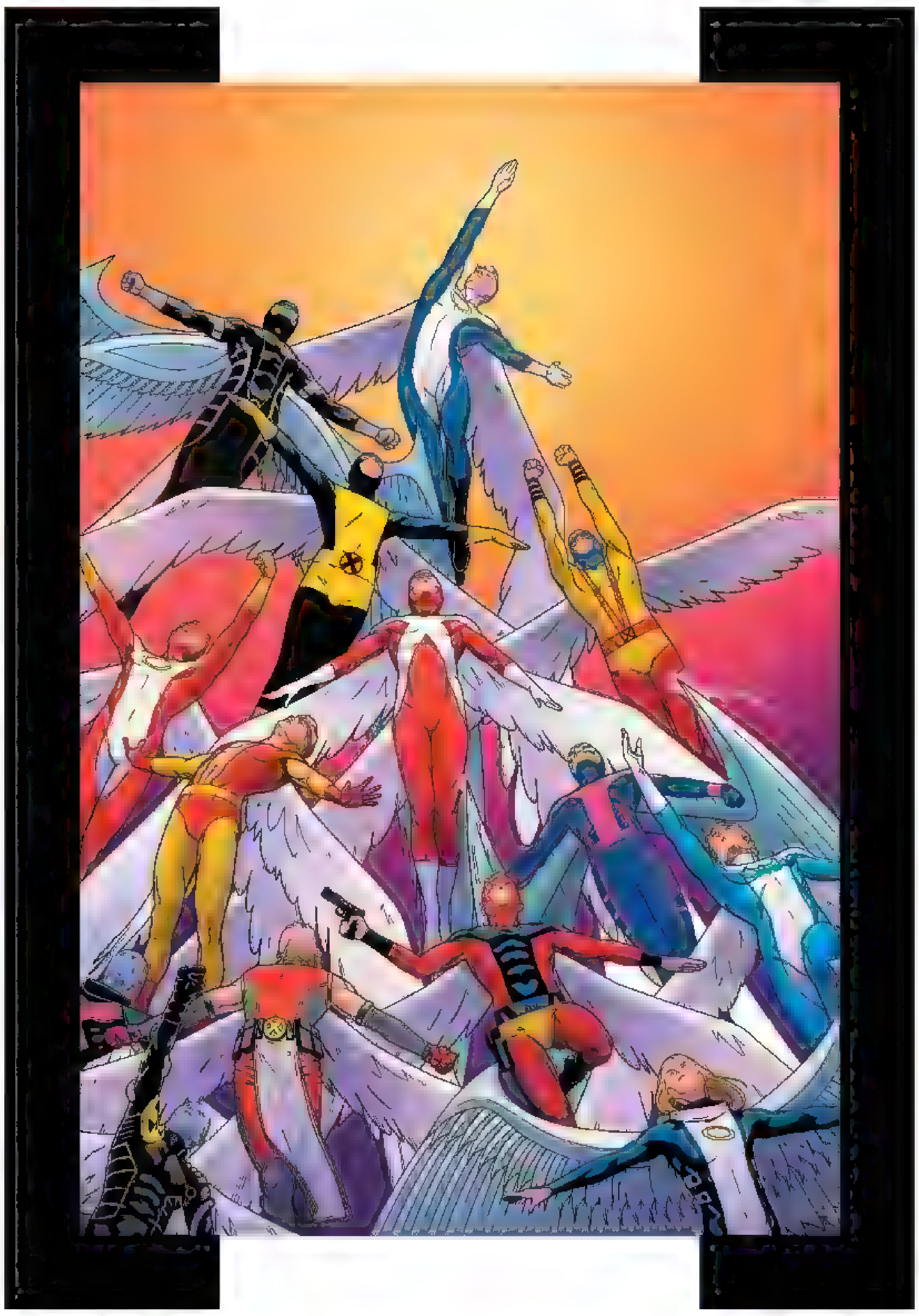
HOUSE OF X #1
CHARACTER DECADES VARIANT
by Marco Checchetto



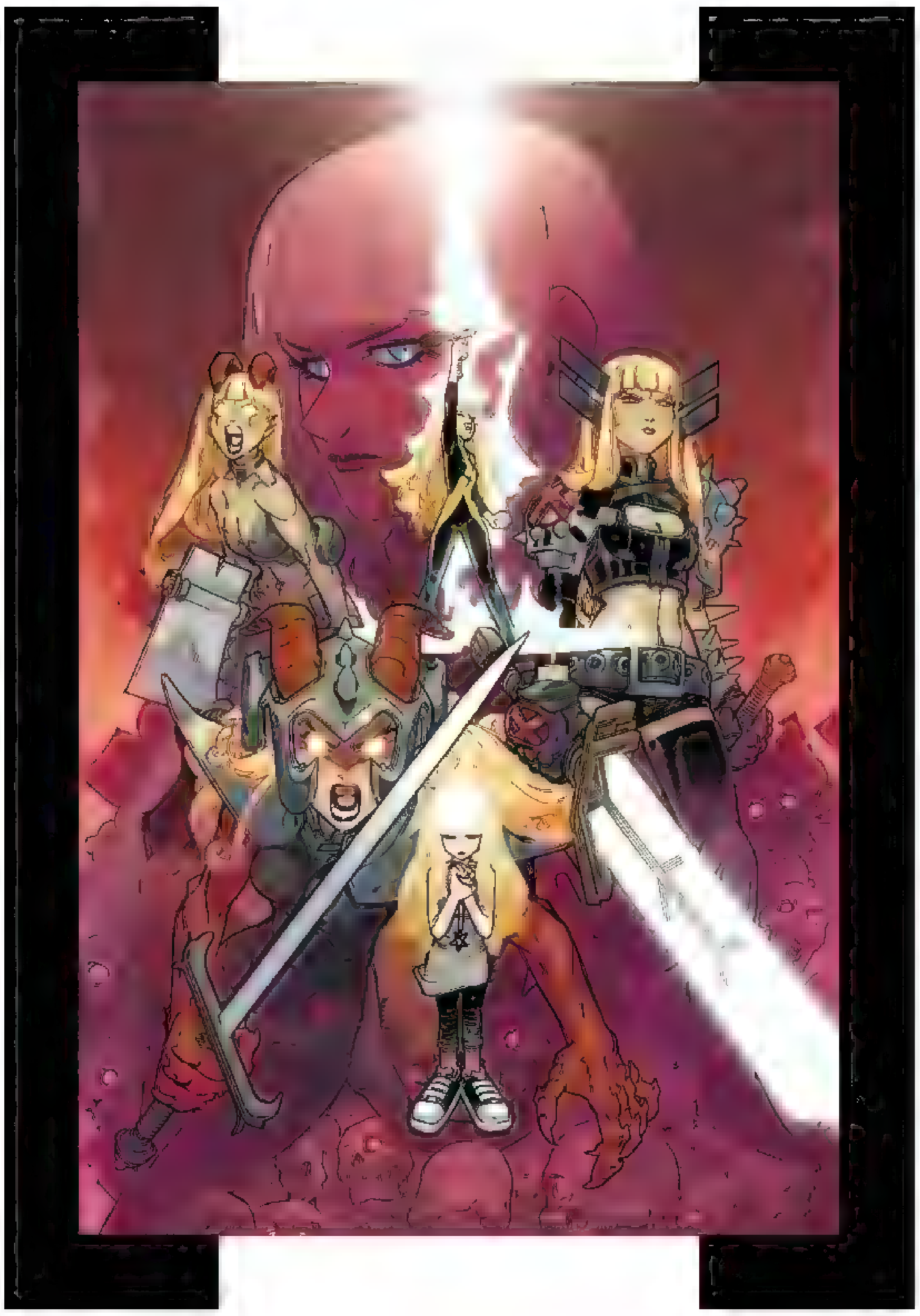
HOUSE OF X #2
CHARACTER DECADES VARIANT
by Alan Davis, Mark Farmer
& Edgar Delgado



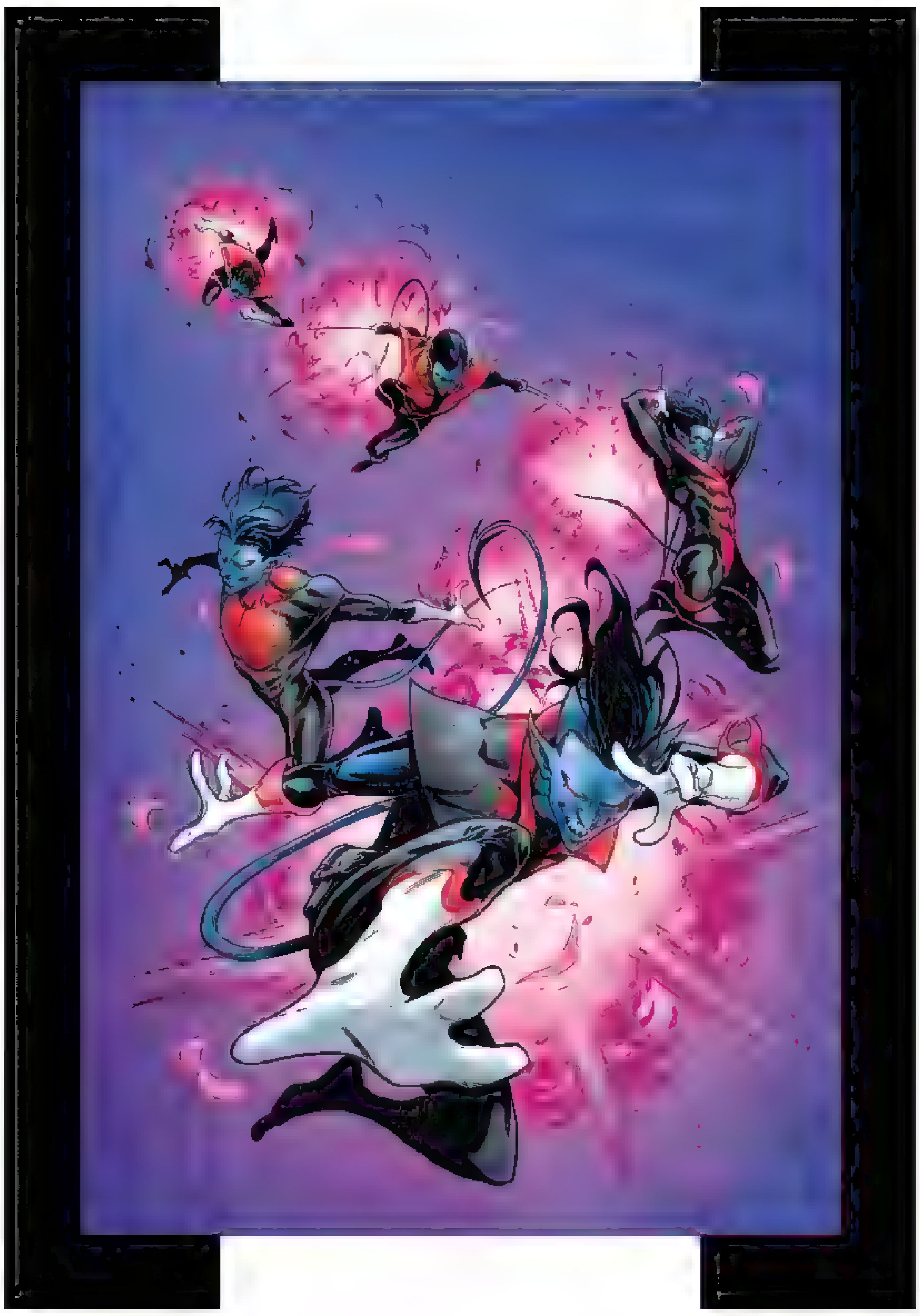
HOUSE OF X #3
CHARACTER DECADES VARIANT
by Jeff Dekal



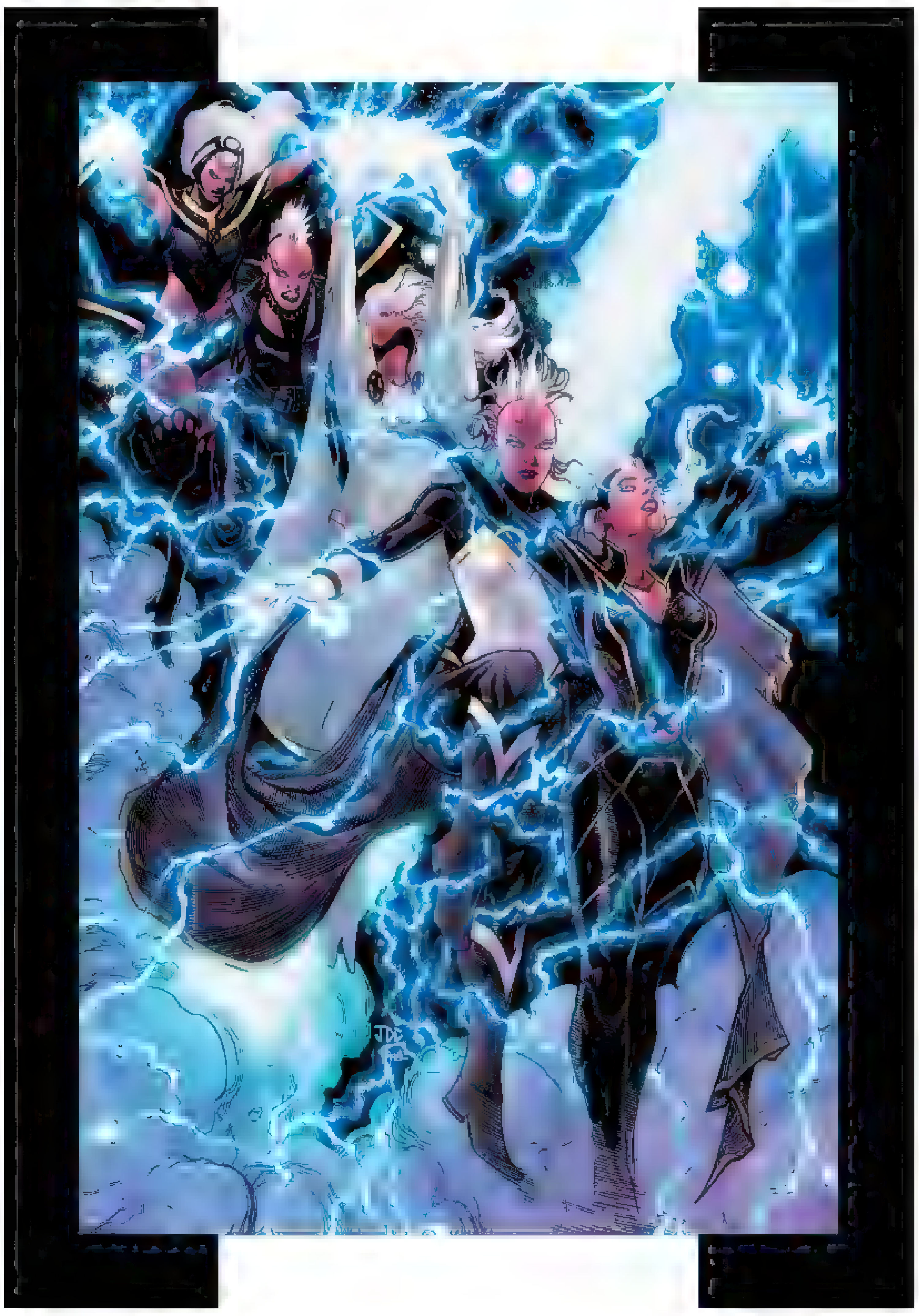
HOUSE OF X #4
CHARACTER DECADES VARIANT
by Juann Cabal & Tamra Bonvillain



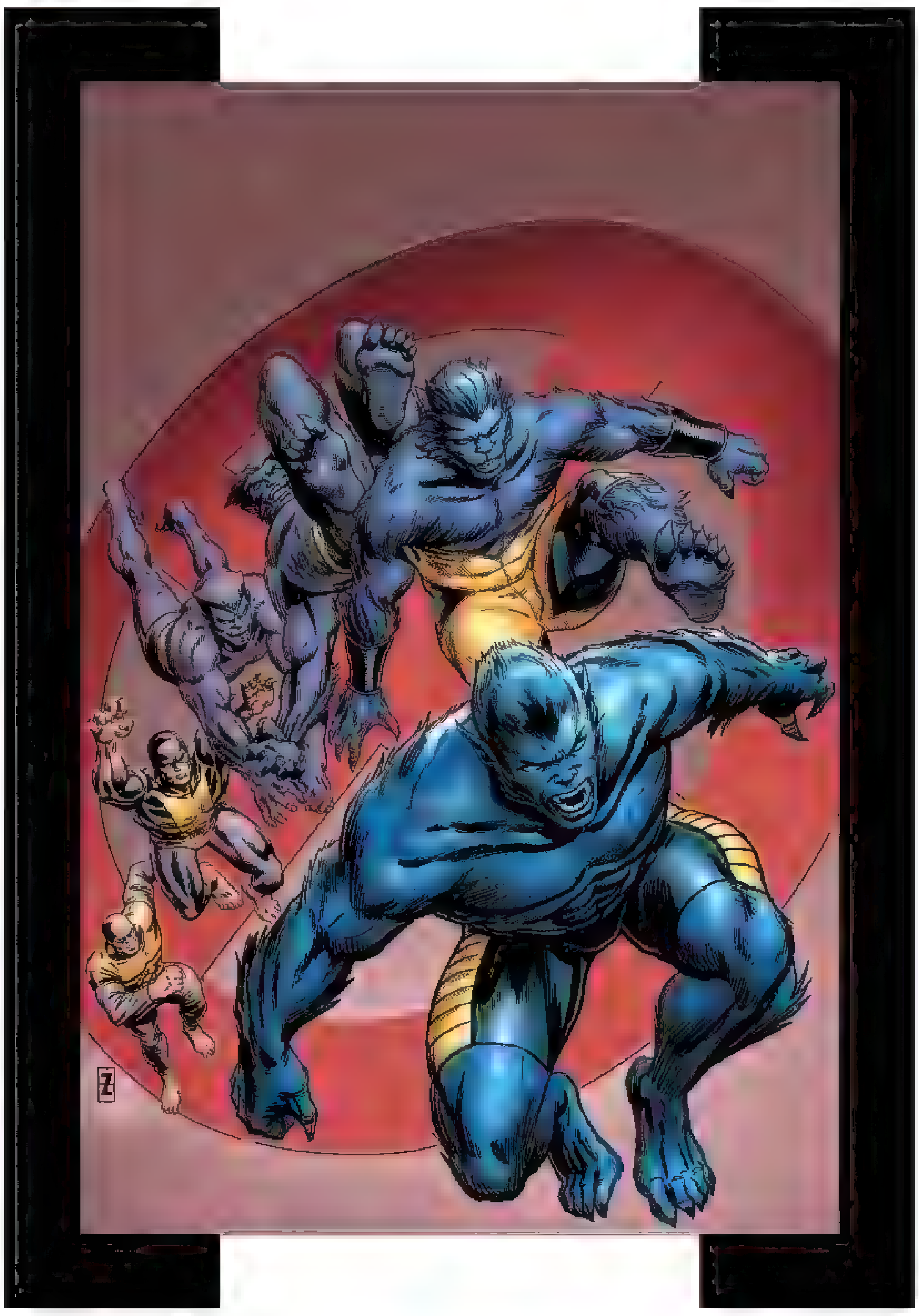
HOUSE OF X #5
CHARACTER DECADES VARIANT
by David Lafuente
& Matthew Wilson



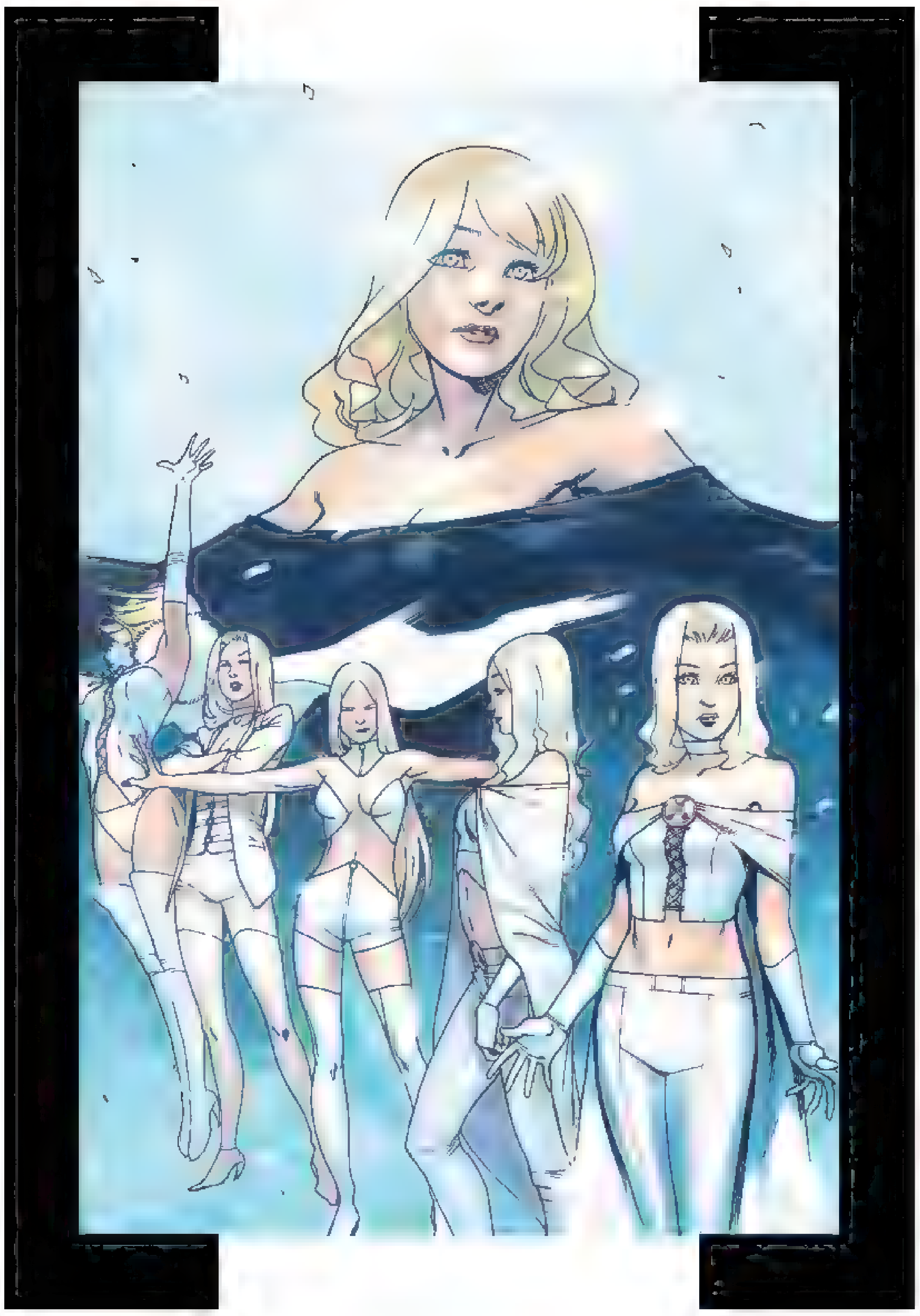
HOUSE OF X #6
CHARACTER DECADES VARIANT
by Iban Coello & Nolan Woodard



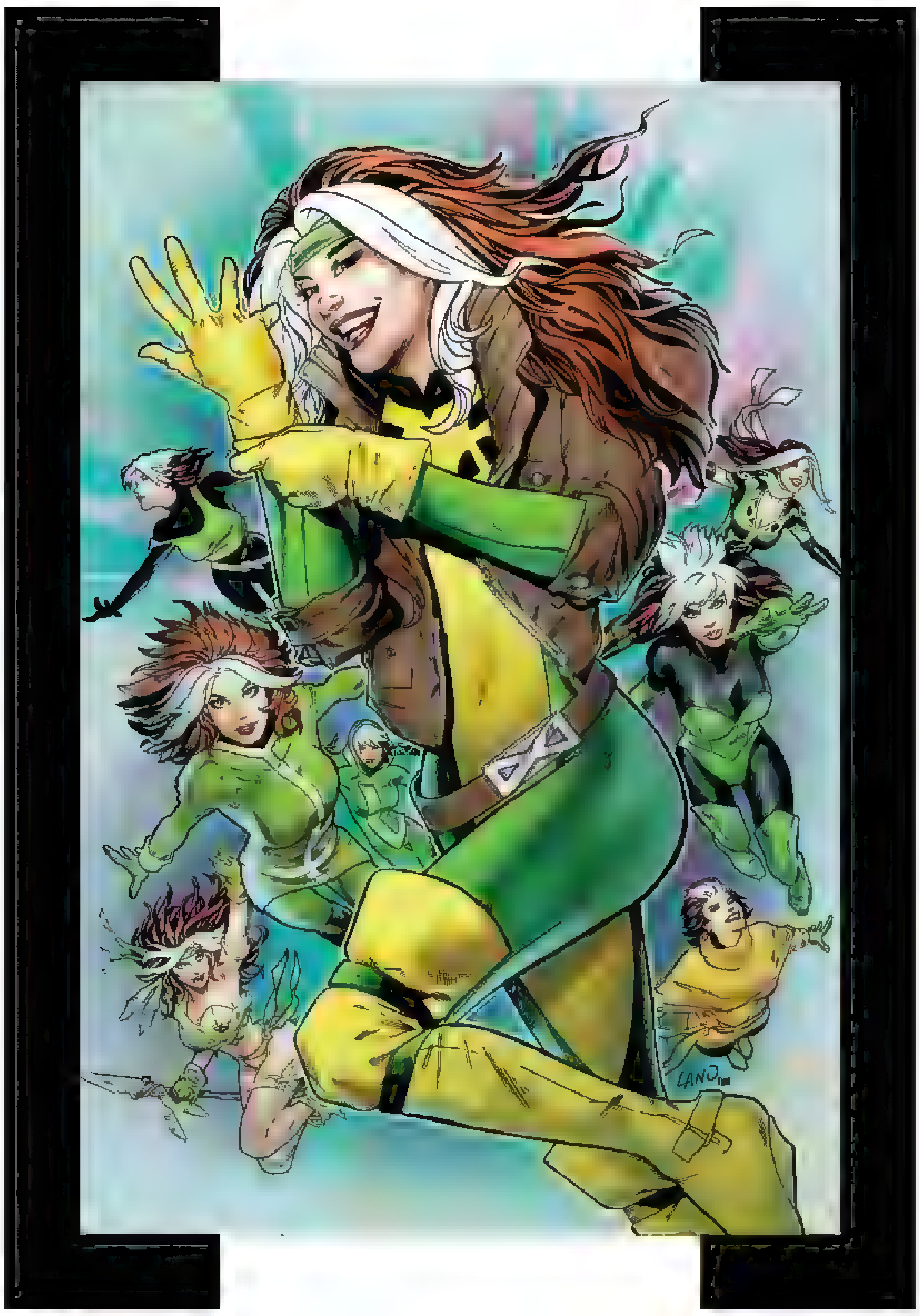
POWERS OF X #1
CHARACTER DECADES VARIANT
by Joshua Cassara
& Rachelle Rosenberg



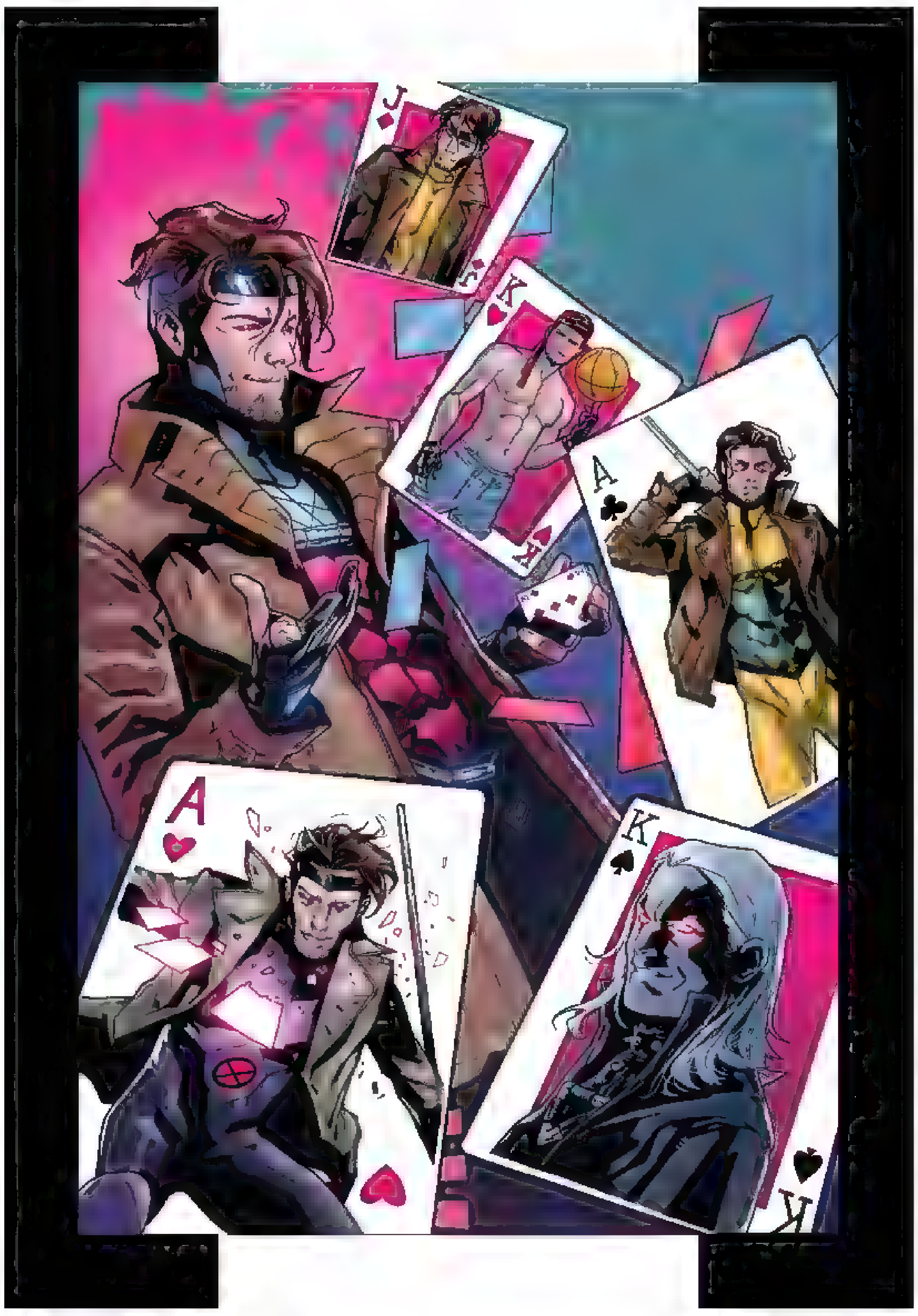
POWERS OF X #2
CHARACTER DECADES VARIANT
by Patch Zircher & Edgar Delgado



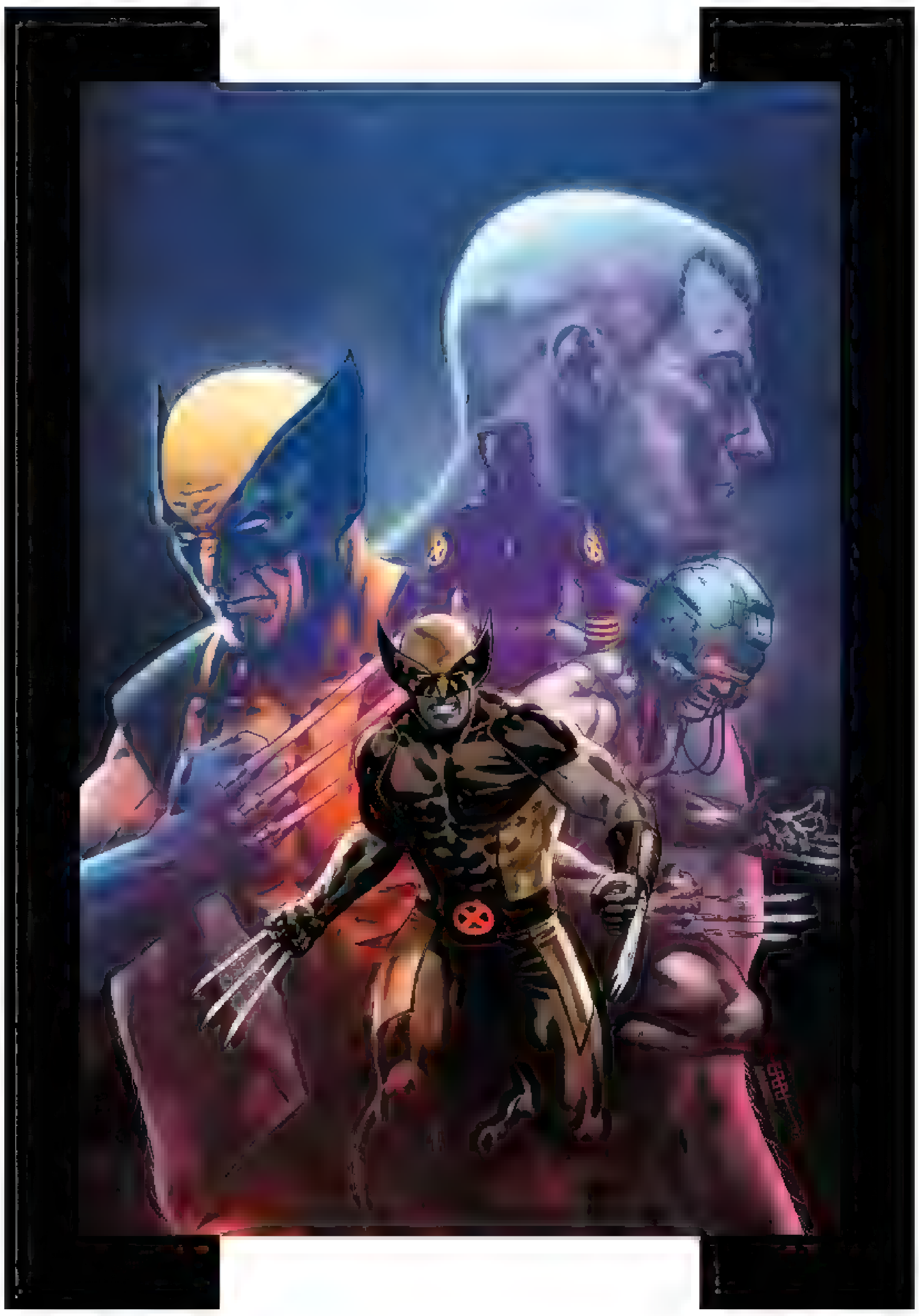
POWERS OF X #3
CHARACTER DECADES VARIANT
by Bengal



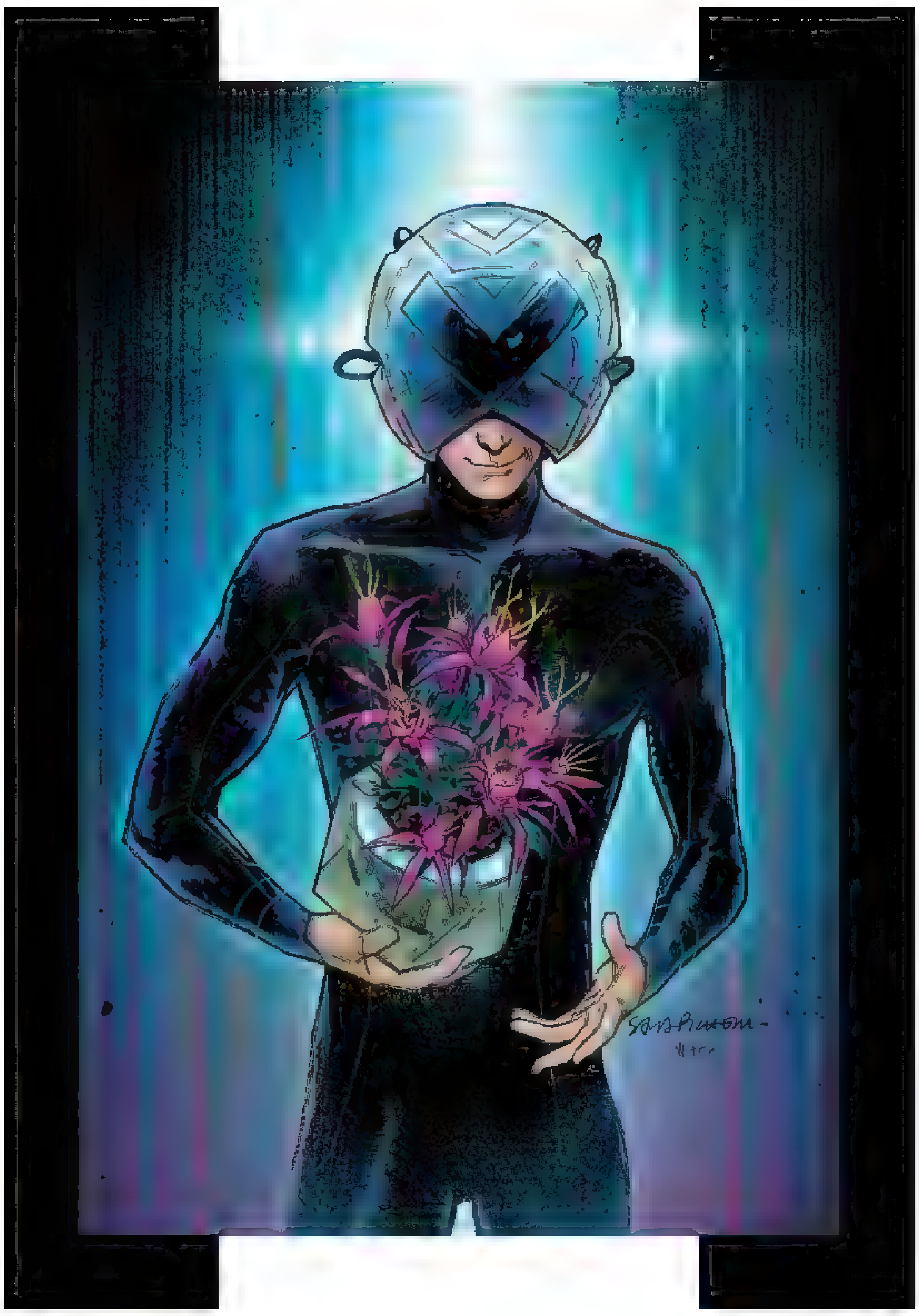
POWERS OF X #4
CHARACTER DECADES VARIANT
by Greg Land & Frank D'Armata



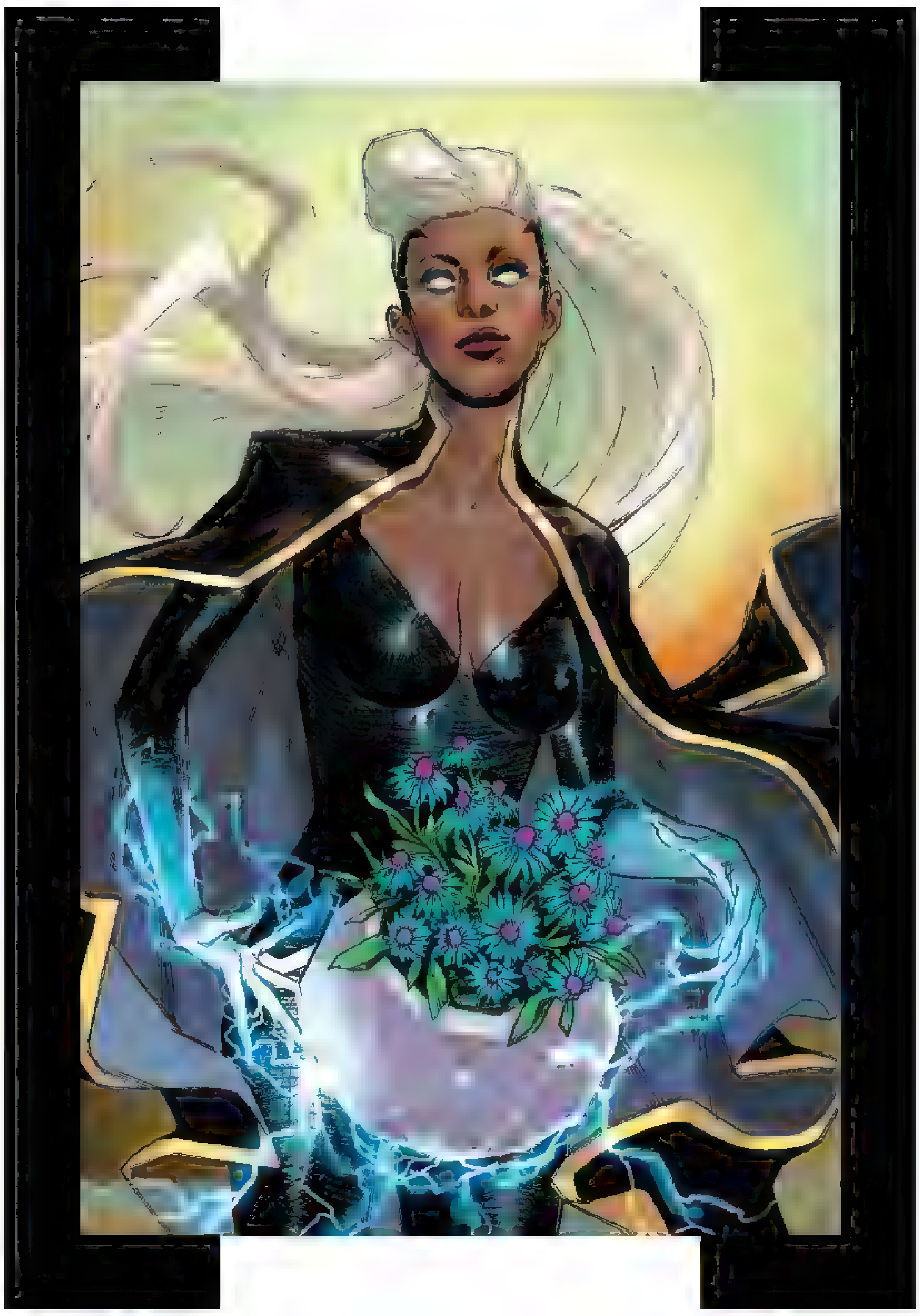
POWERS OF X #5
CHARACTER DECADES VARIANT
by Valerio Schiti & Mattia Iacono



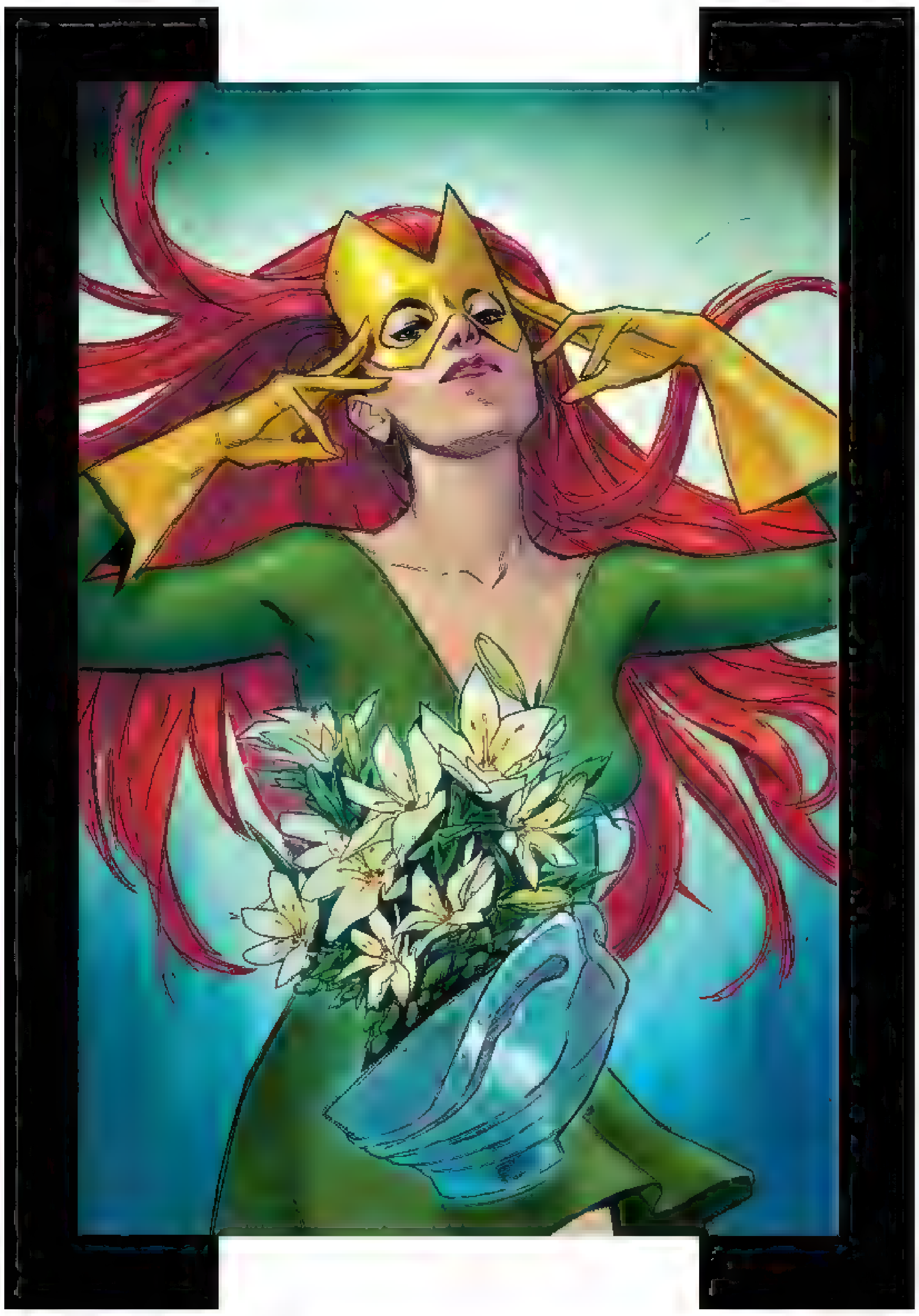
POWERS OF X #6
CHARACTER DECADES VARIANT
by CAFU & Jesus Aburtov



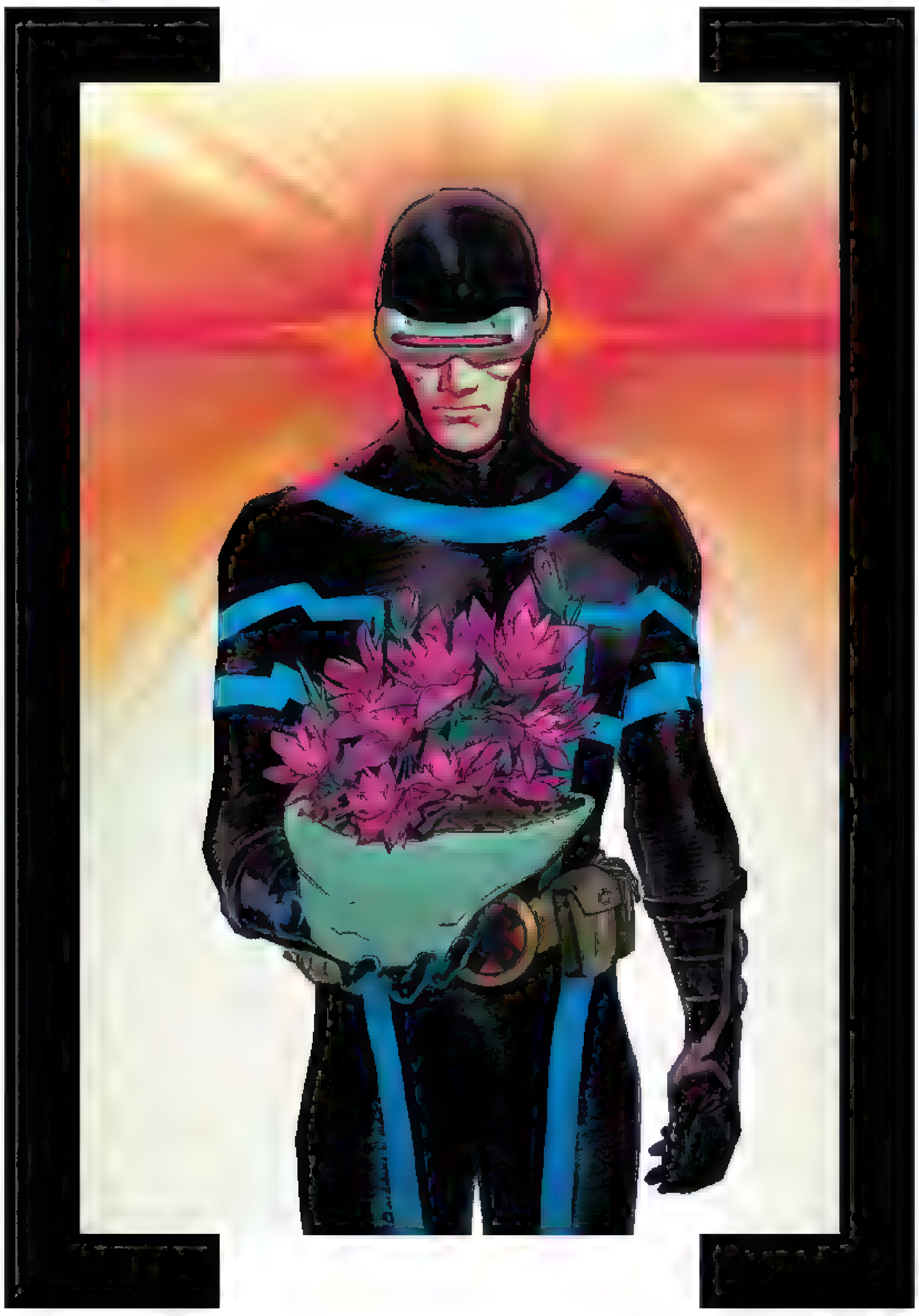
HOUSE OF X #1 FLOWER VARIANT
by Sara Pichelli & Dean White



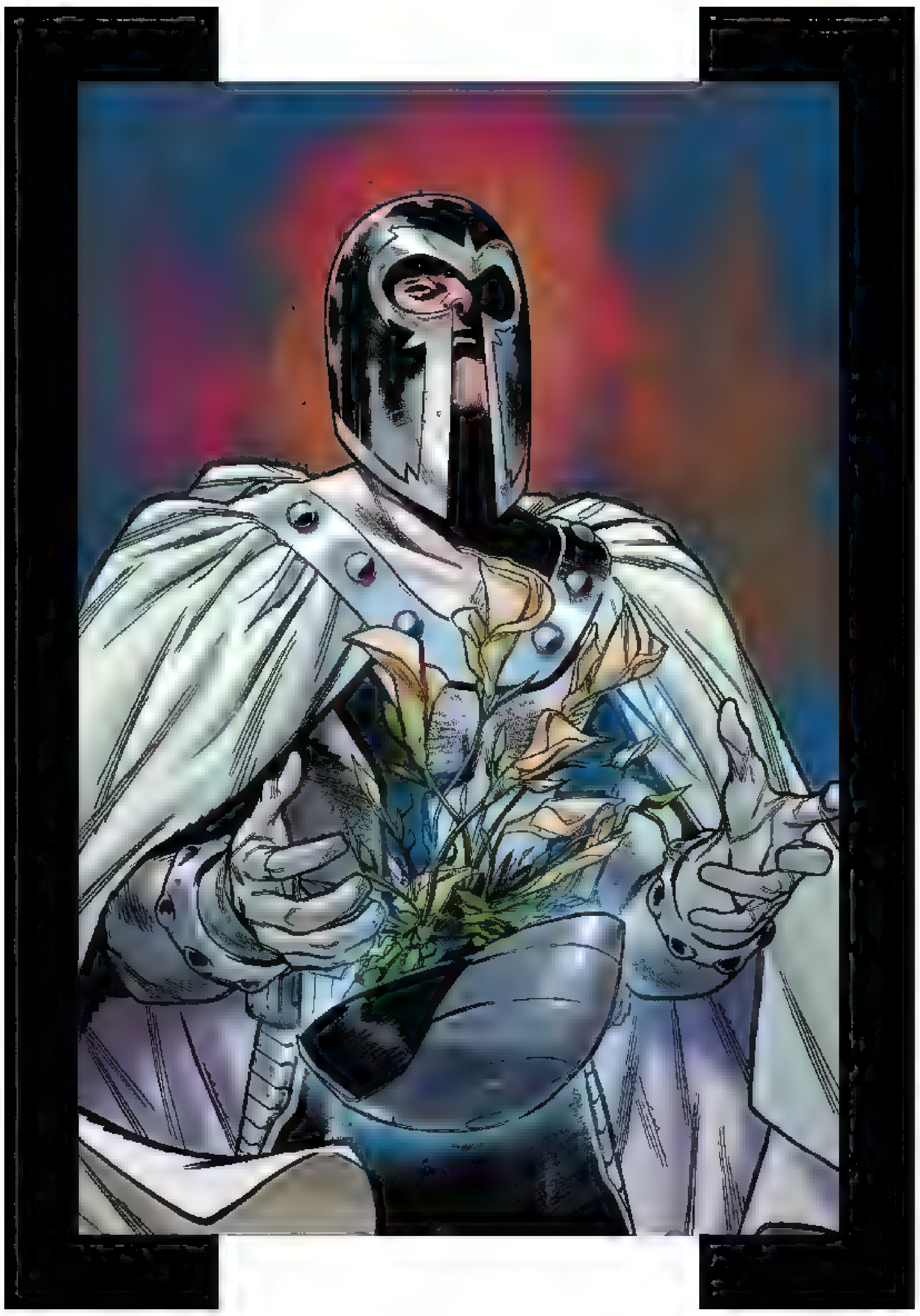
HOUSE OF X #2 FLOWER VARIANT
by Sara Pichelli & Dean White



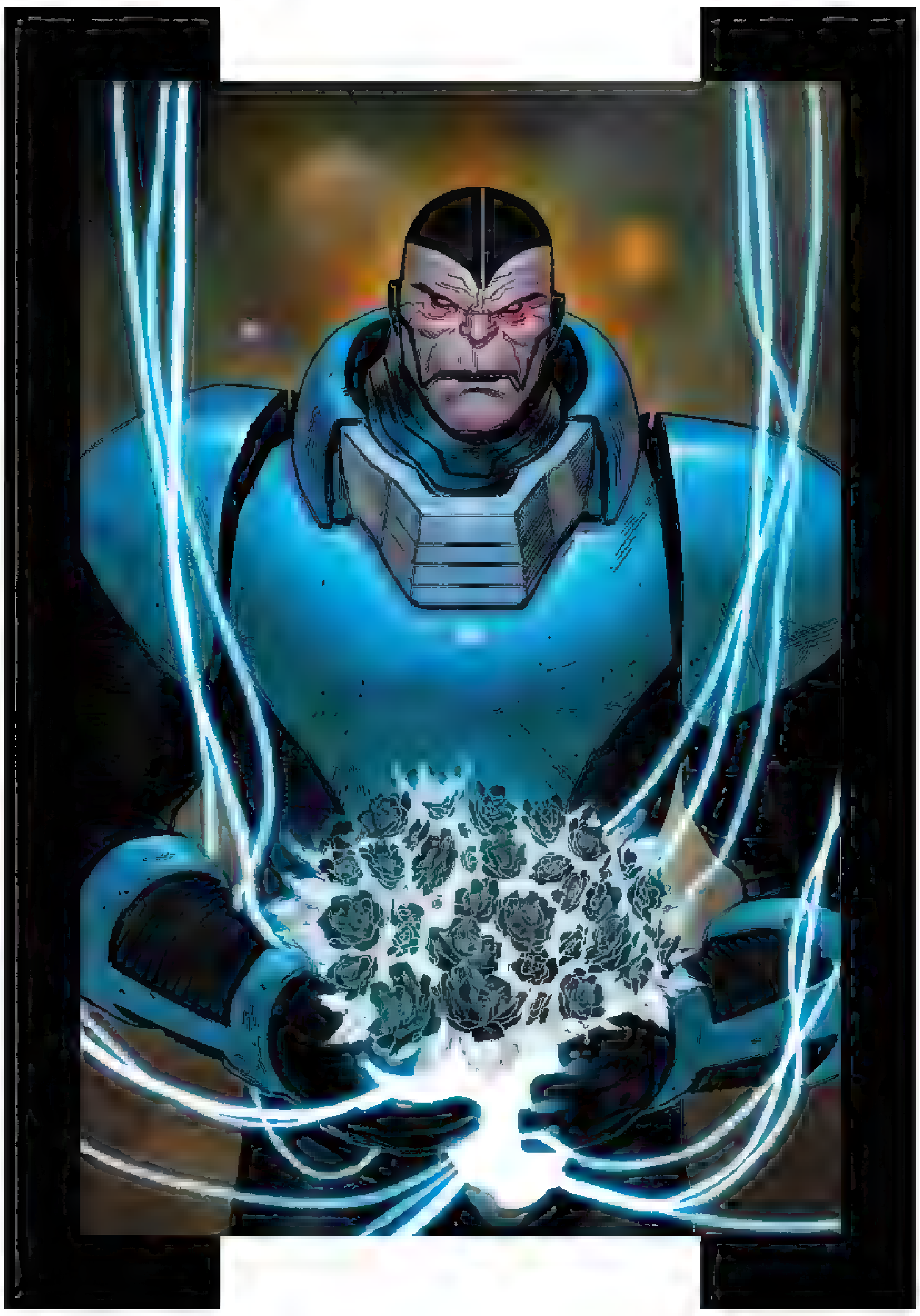
HOUSE OF X #3 FLOWER VARIANT
by Sara Pichelli & Dean White



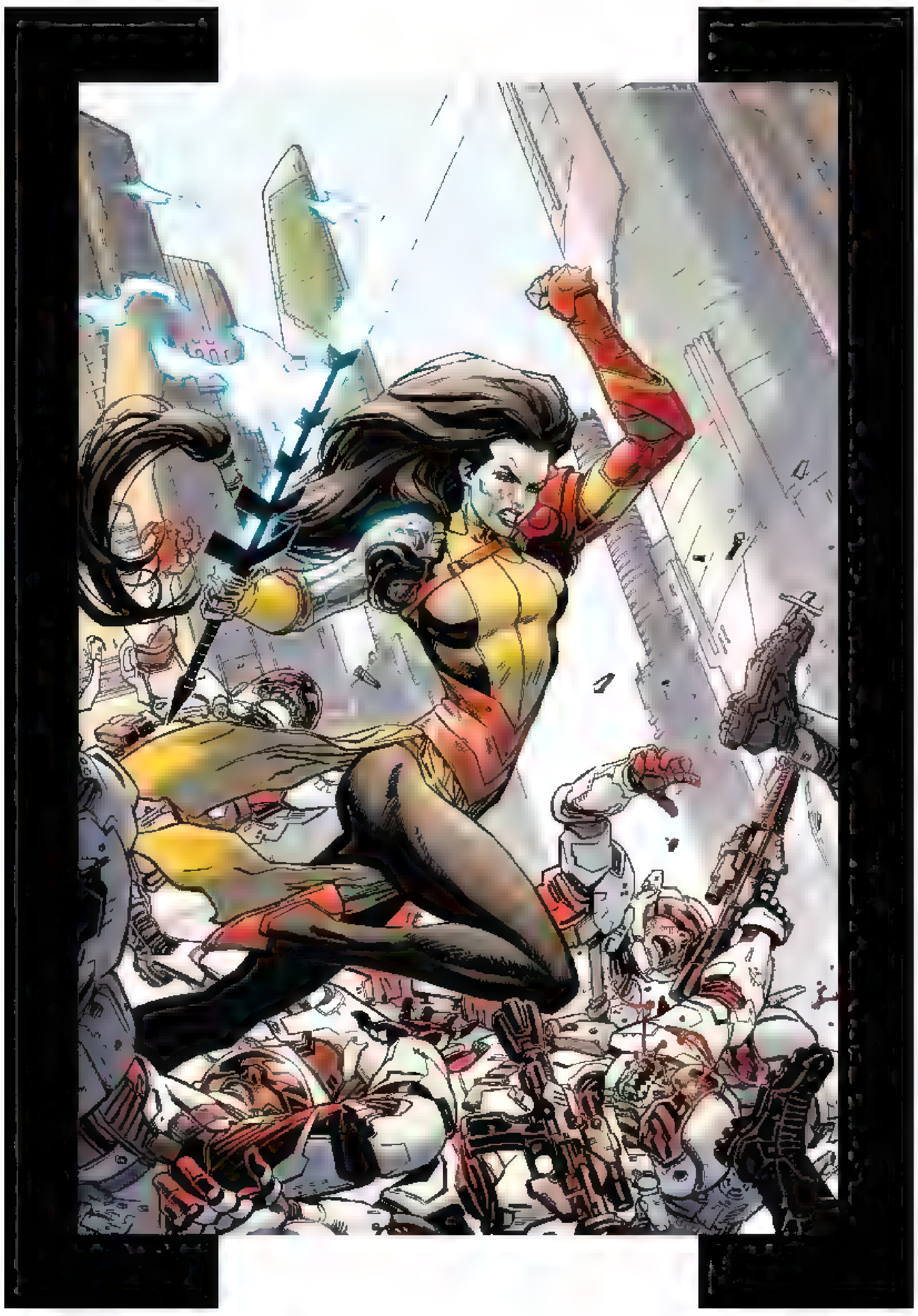
HOUSE OF X #4 FLOWER VARIANT
by Sara Pichelli & Dean White



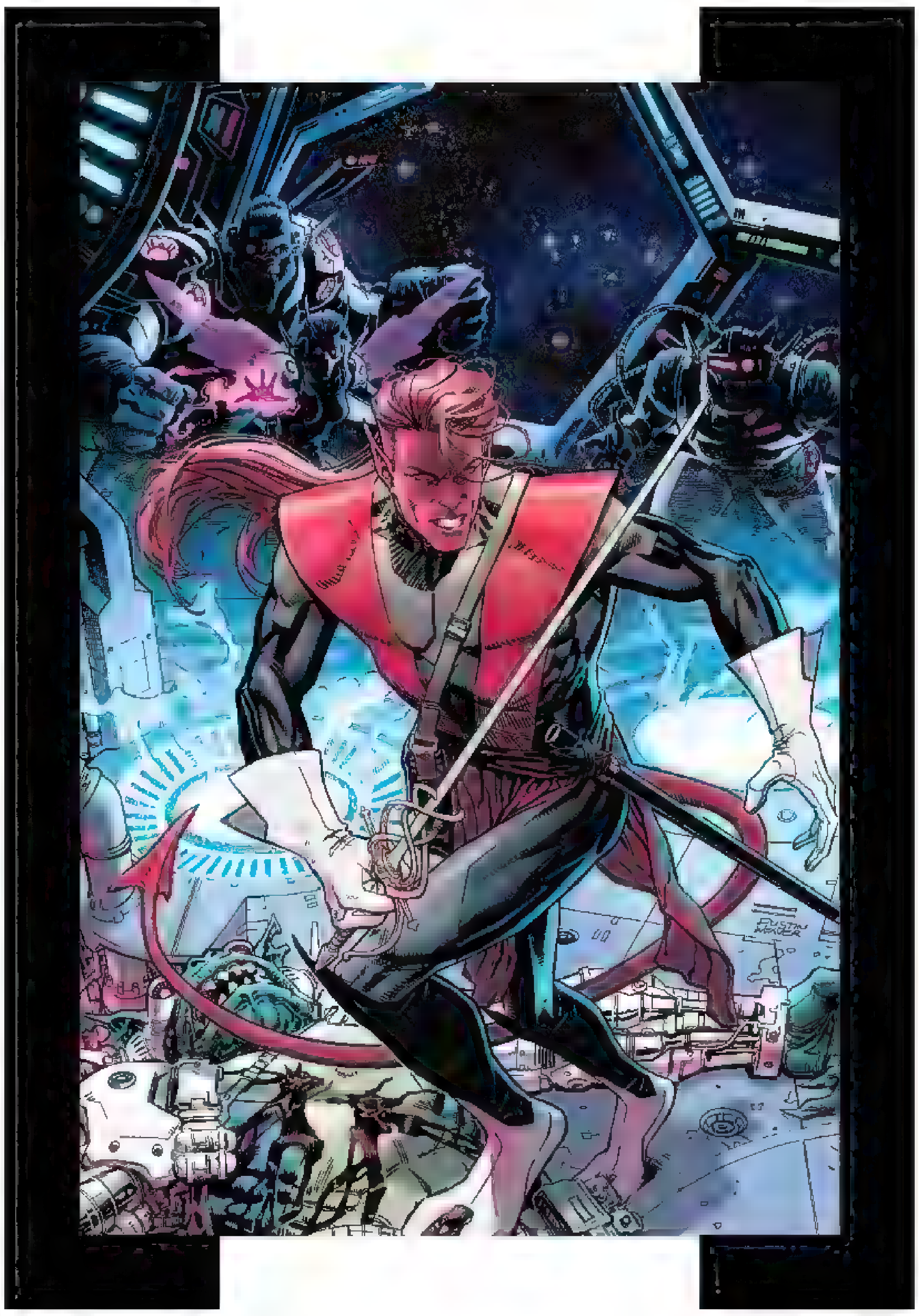
HOUSE OF X #5 FLOWER VARIANT
by Sara Pichelli & Dean White



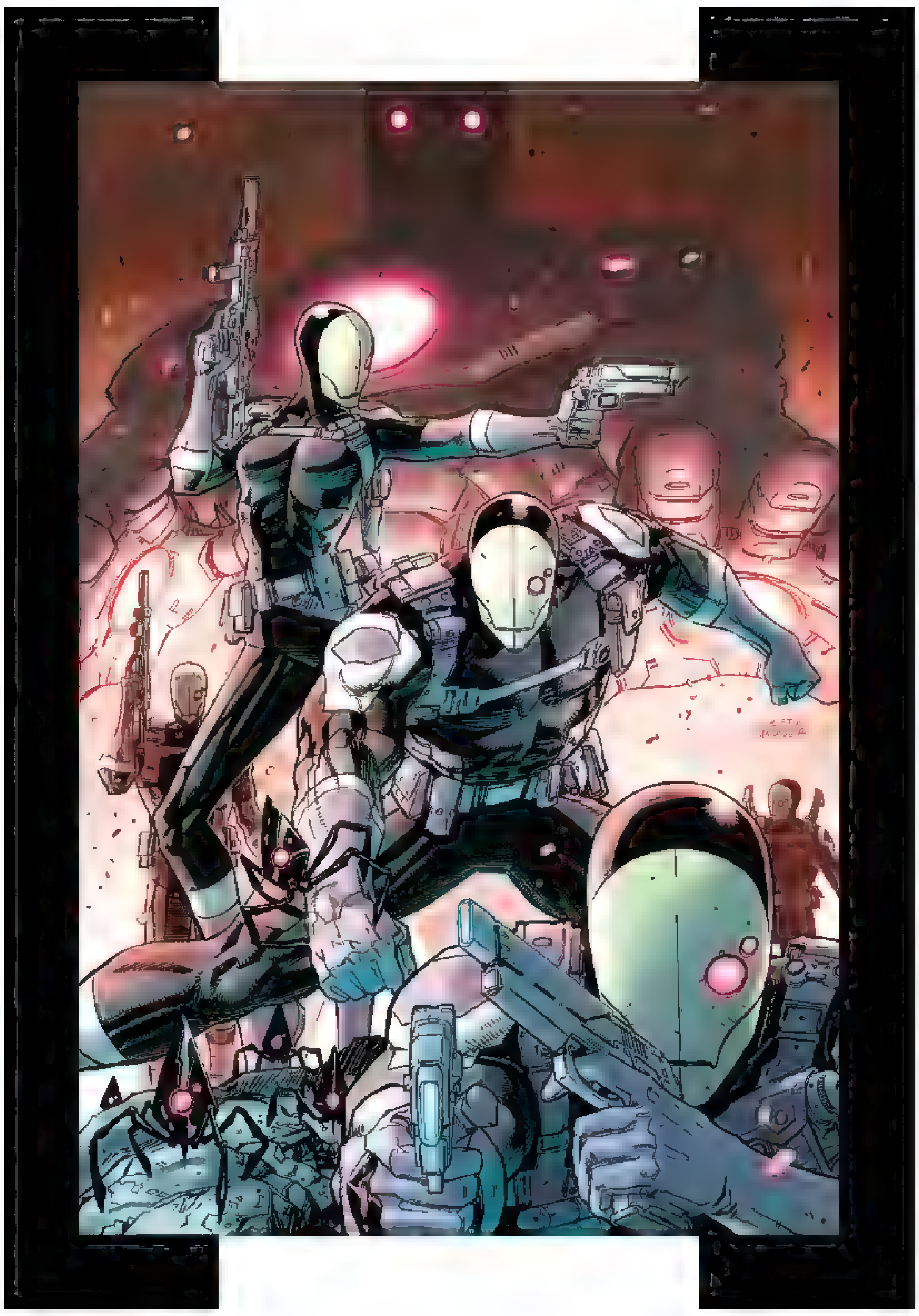
HOUSE OF X #6 FLOWER VARIANT
by Sara Pichelli & Dean White



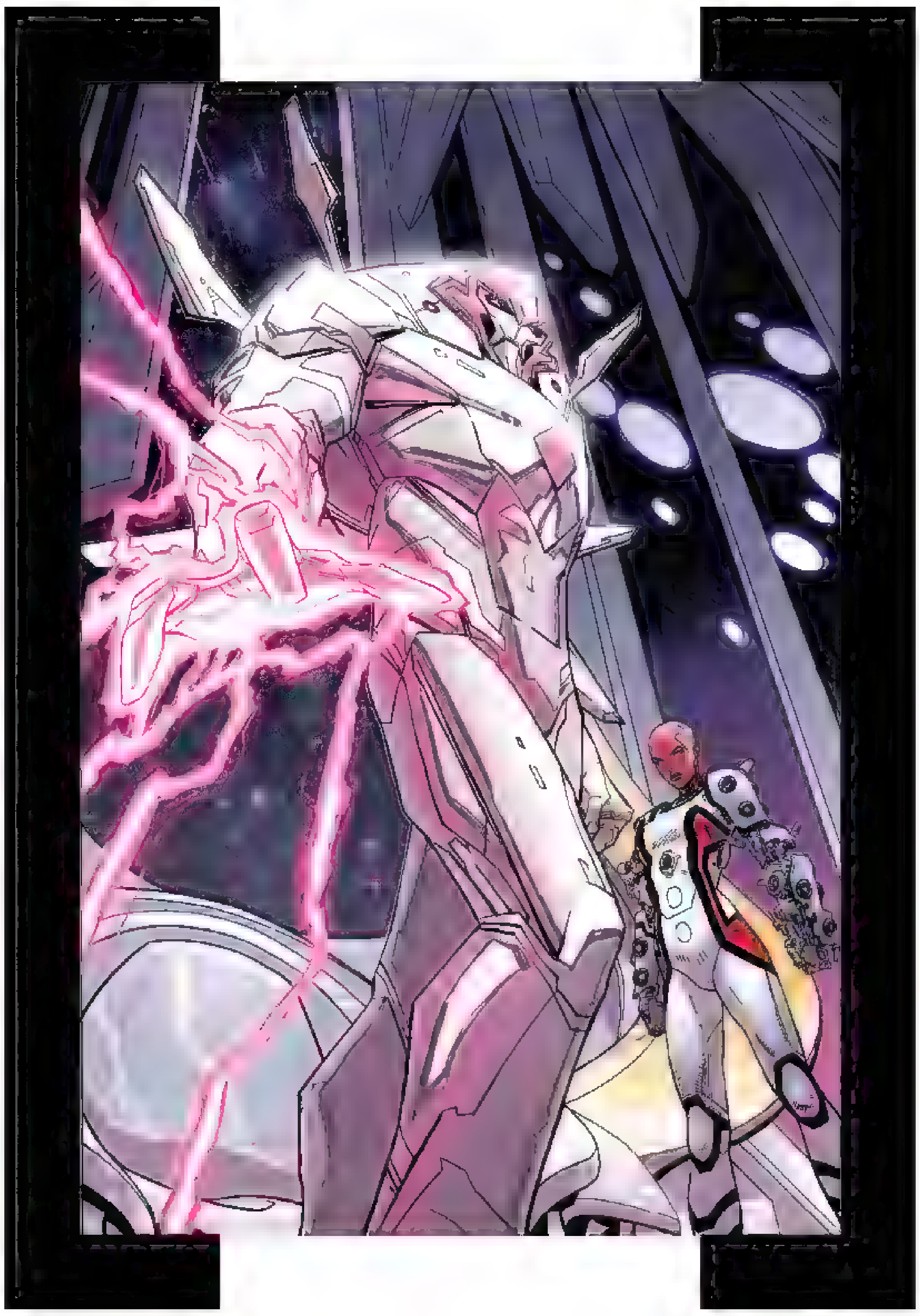
POWERS OF X #1
NEW CHARACTER VARIANT
by Dustin Weaver



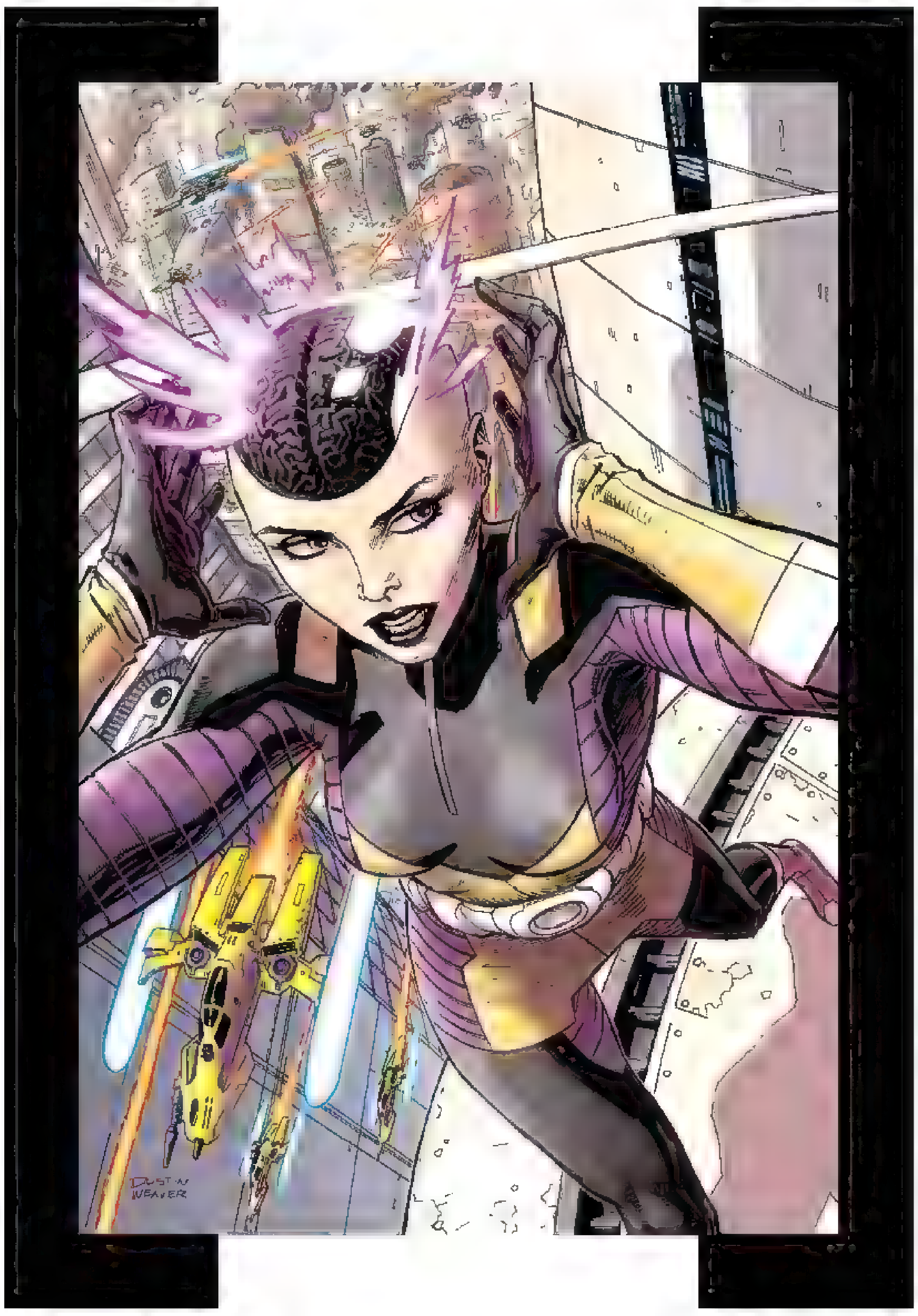
POWERS OF X #2
NEW CHARACTER VARIANT
by Dustin Weaver



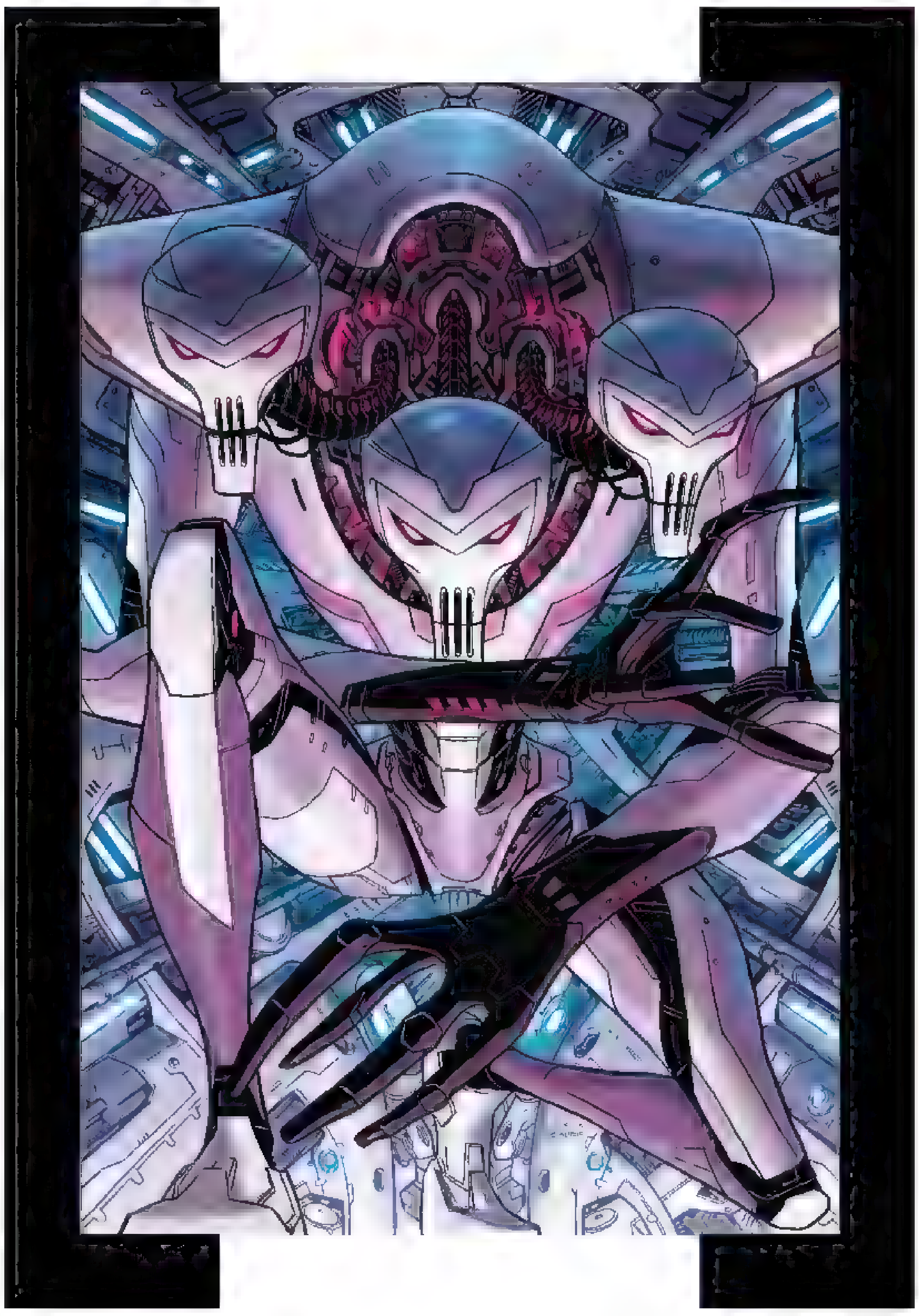
POWERS OF X #3
NEW CHARACTER VARIANT
by Dustin Weaver



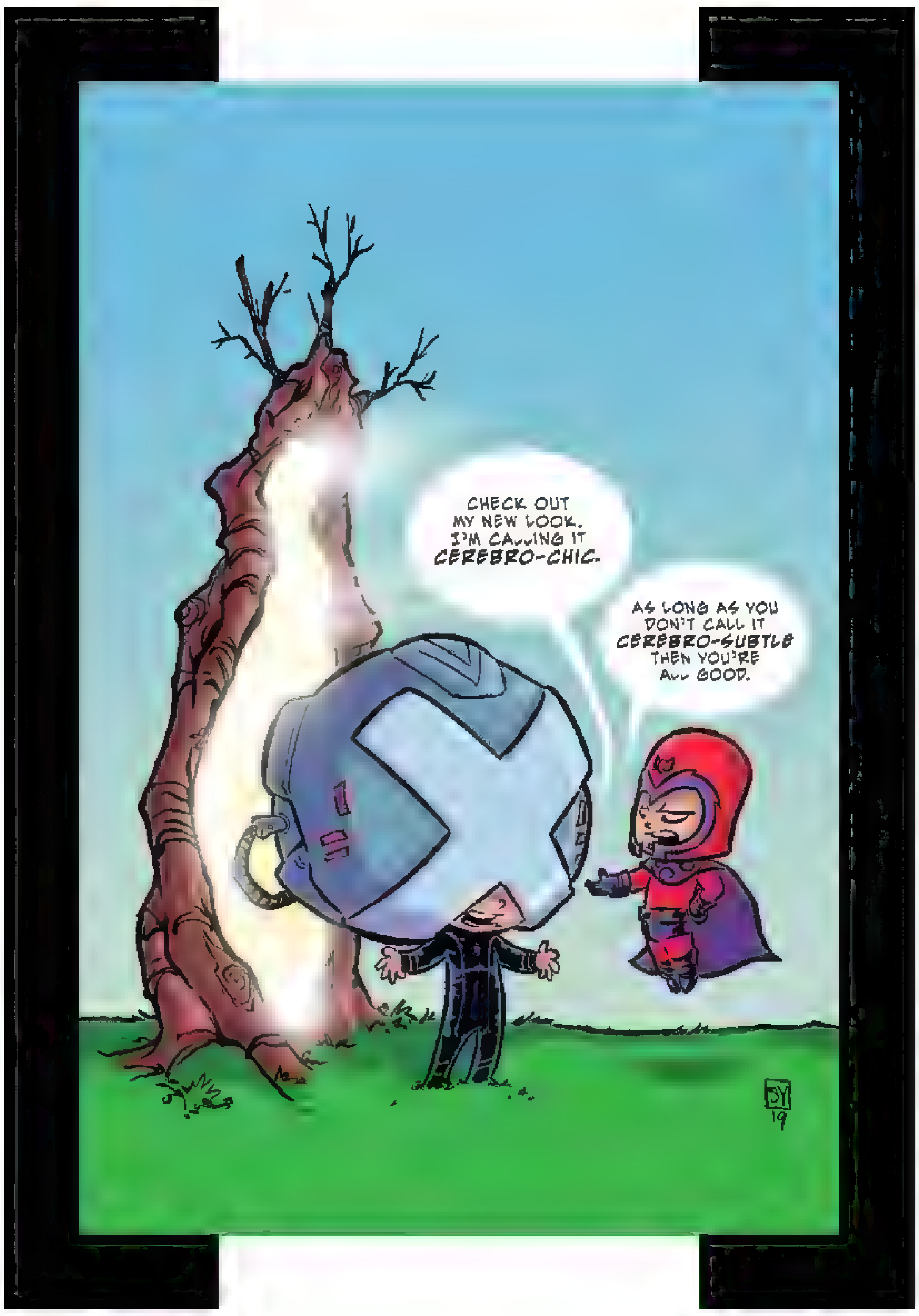
POWERS OF X #4
NEW CHARACTER VARIANT
by Dustin Weaver



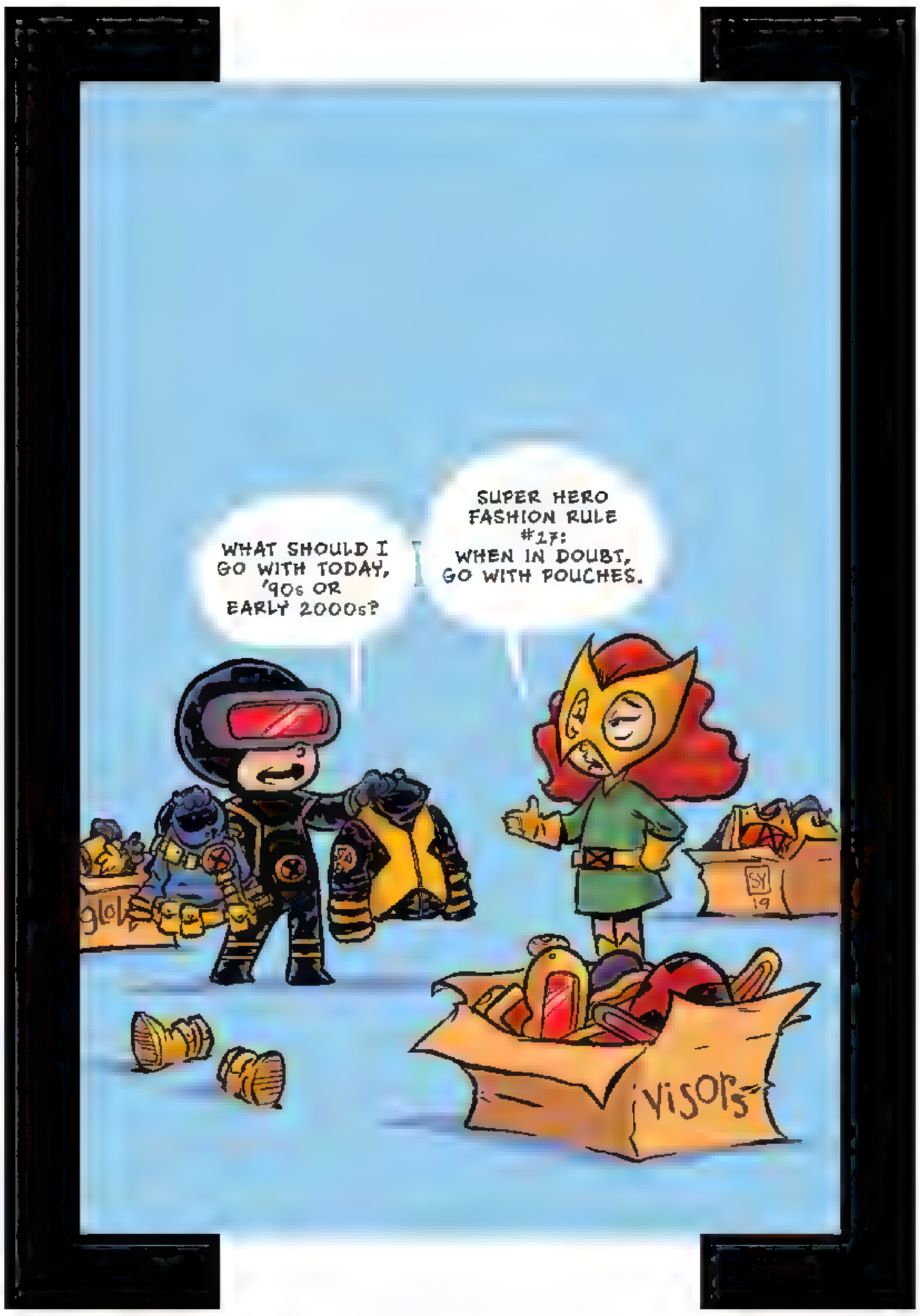
POWERS OF X #5
NEW CHARACTER VARIANT
by Dustin Weaver



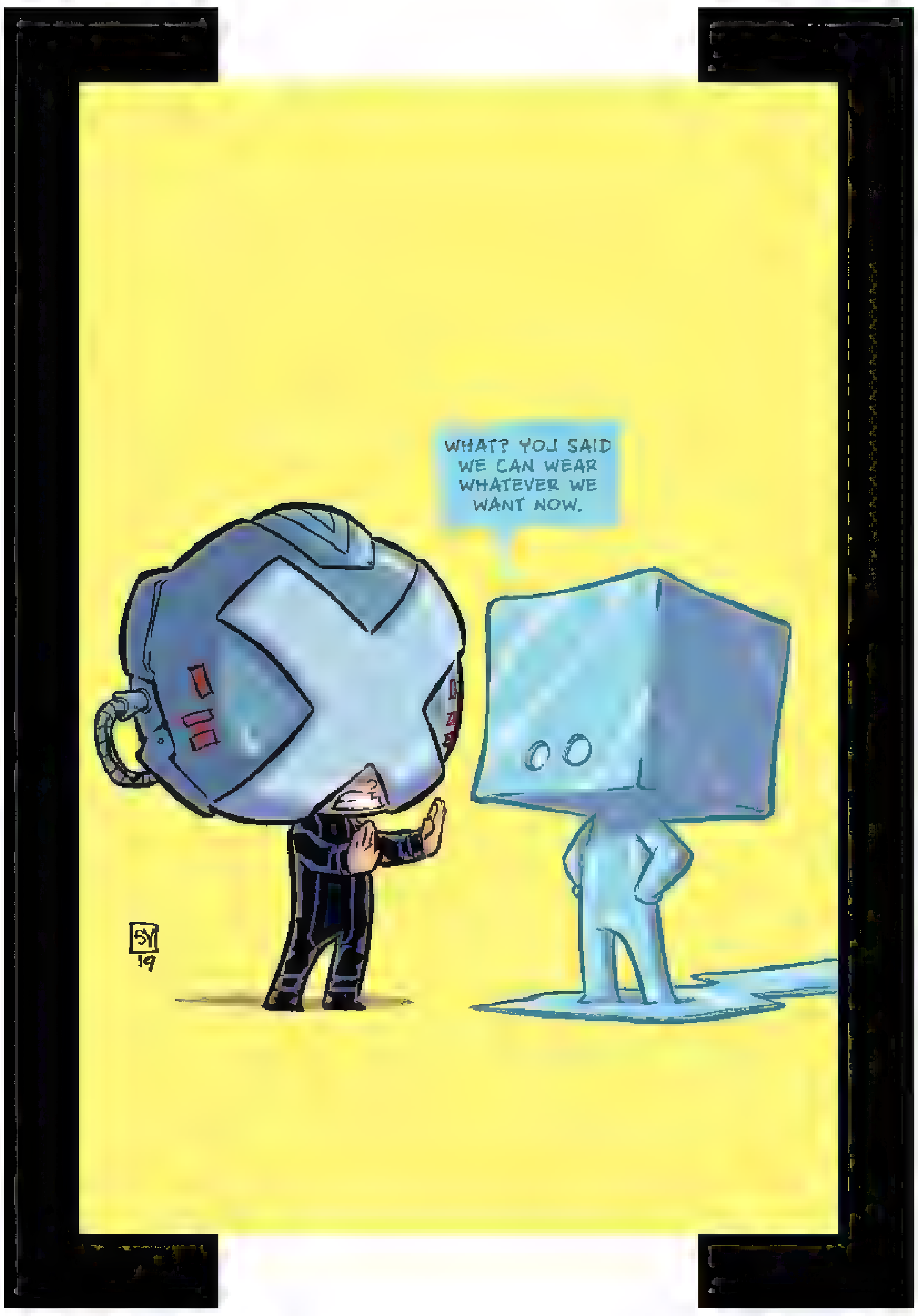
POWERS OF X #6
NEW CHARACTER VARIANT
by Dustin Weaver


CHECK OUT MY NEW LOOK. I'M CALLING IT CEREBRO-CHIC.
AS LONG AS YOU DON'T CALL IT CEREBRO-SUBTLE THEN YOU'RE ALL GOOD.

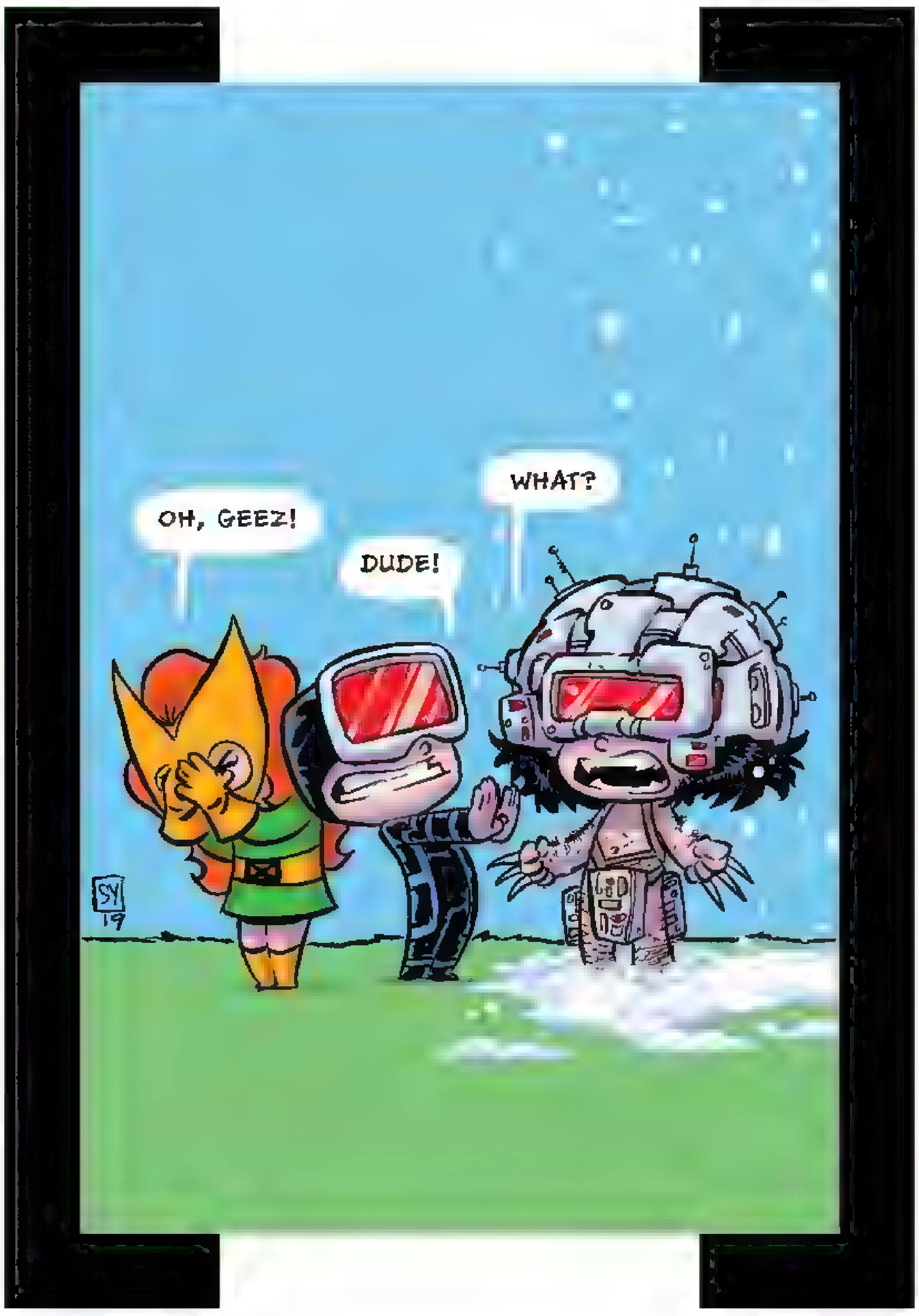
HOUSE OF X #1 VARIANT
by Skottie Young


WHAT SHOULD I GO WITH TODAY, '90s OR EARLY 2000s?
SUPER HERO FASHION RULE #17: WHEN IN DOUBT, GO WITH POUCHES.
VISORS

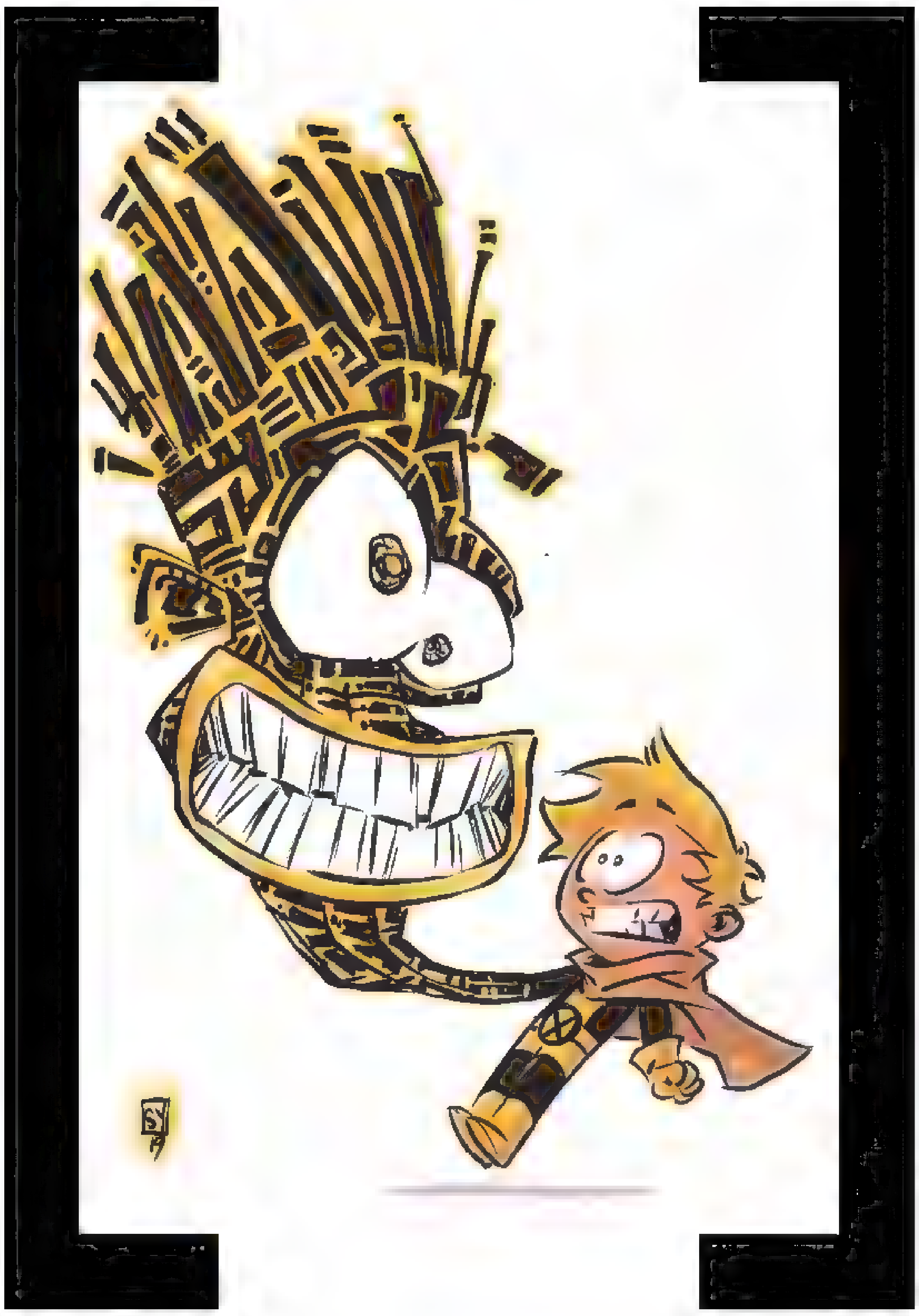
HOUSE OF X #2 VARIANT
by Skottie Young


WHAT? YOU SAID WE CAN WEAR WHATEVER WE WANT NOW.

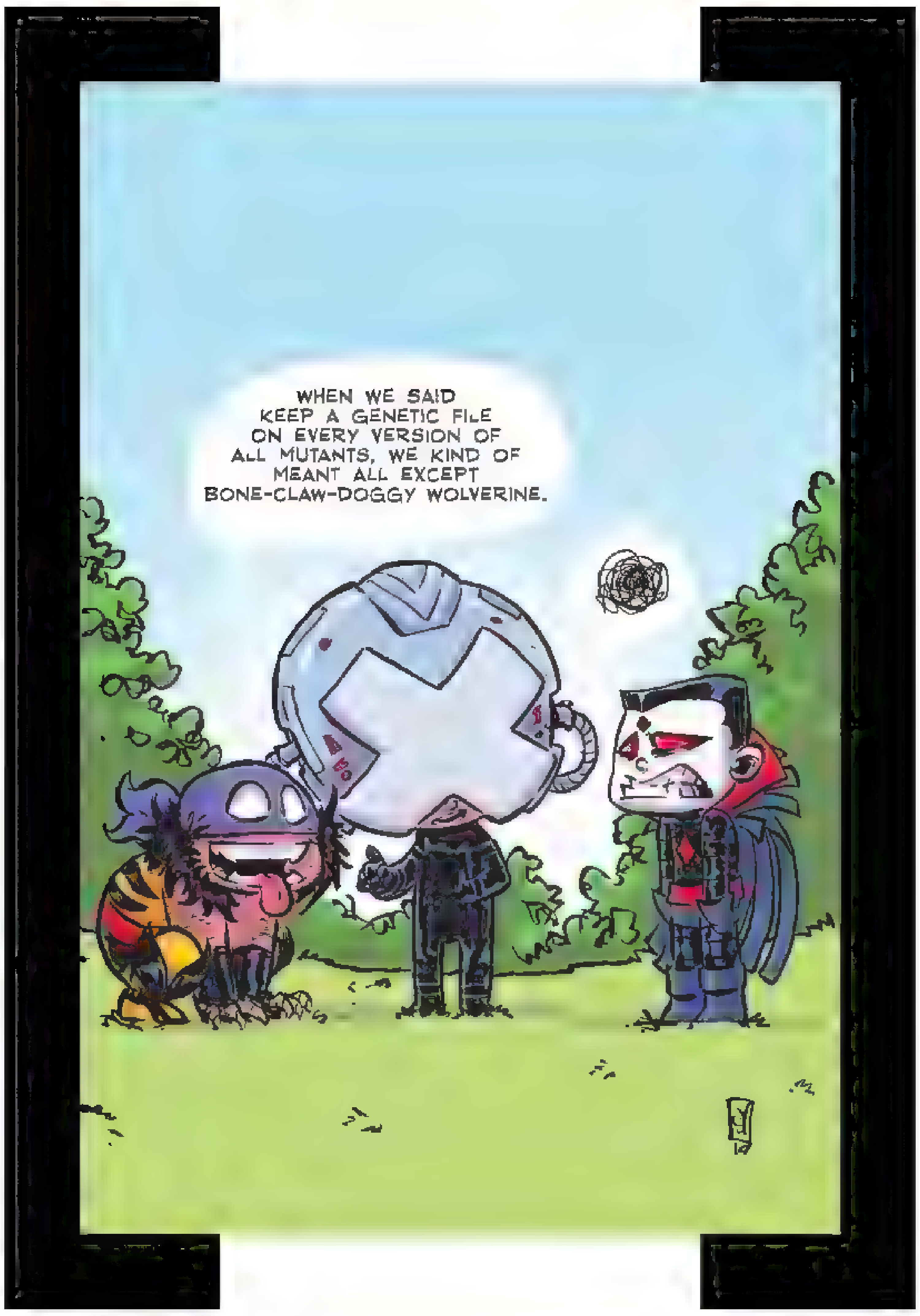
HOUSE OF X #3 VARIANT
by Skottie Young


OH, GEEZ!
DUDE!
WHAT?

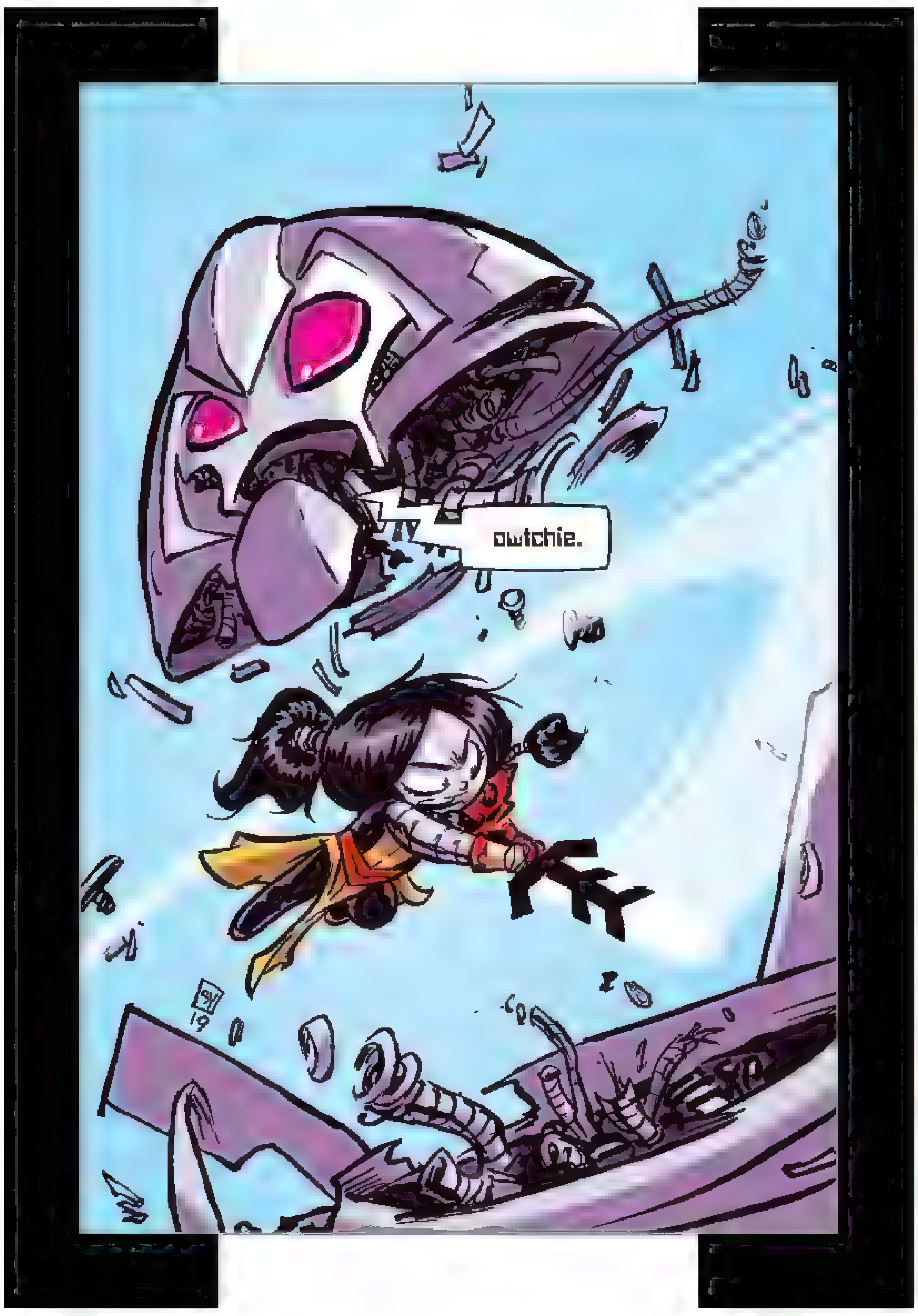
HOUSE OF X #4 VARIANT
by Skottie Young



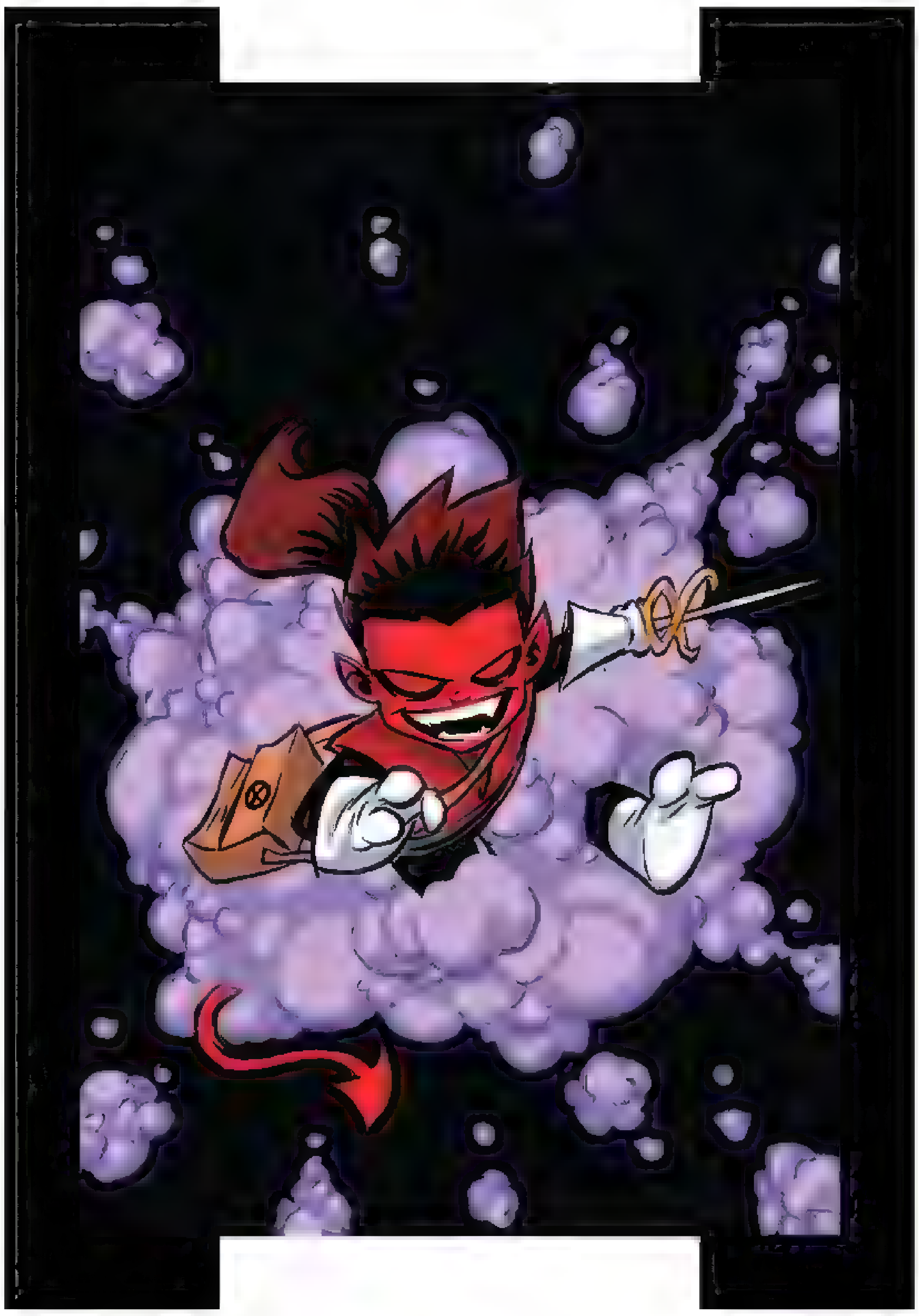
HOUSE OF X #5 VARIANT
by Skottie Young


WHEN WE SAID KEEP A GENETIC FILE ON EVERY VERSION OF ALL MUTANTS, WE KIND OF MEANT ALL EXCEPT BONE-CLAW-DOGGY WOLVERINE.

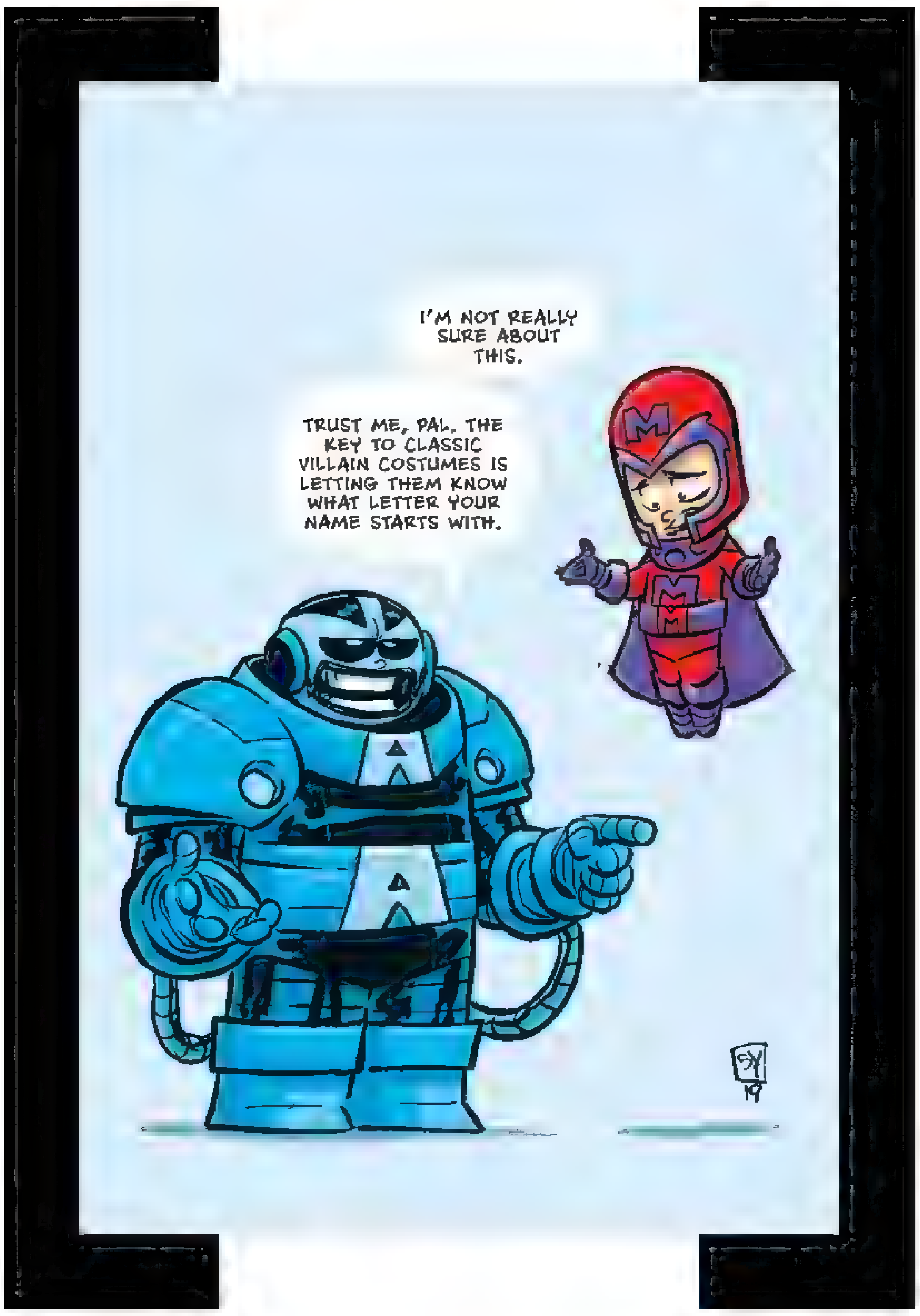
HOUSE OF X #6 VARIANT
by Skottie Young



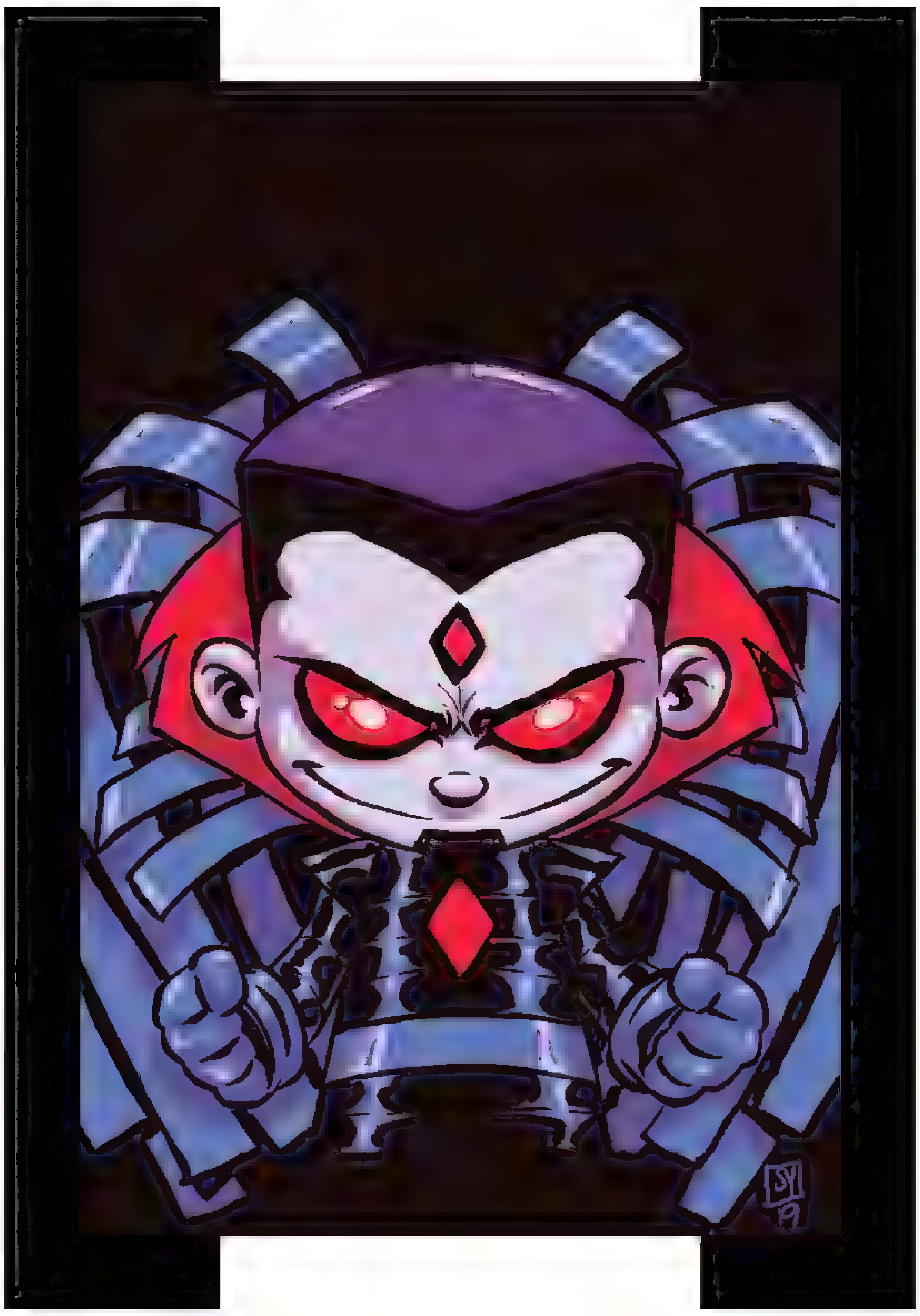
POWERS OF X #1 VARIANT
by Skottie Young



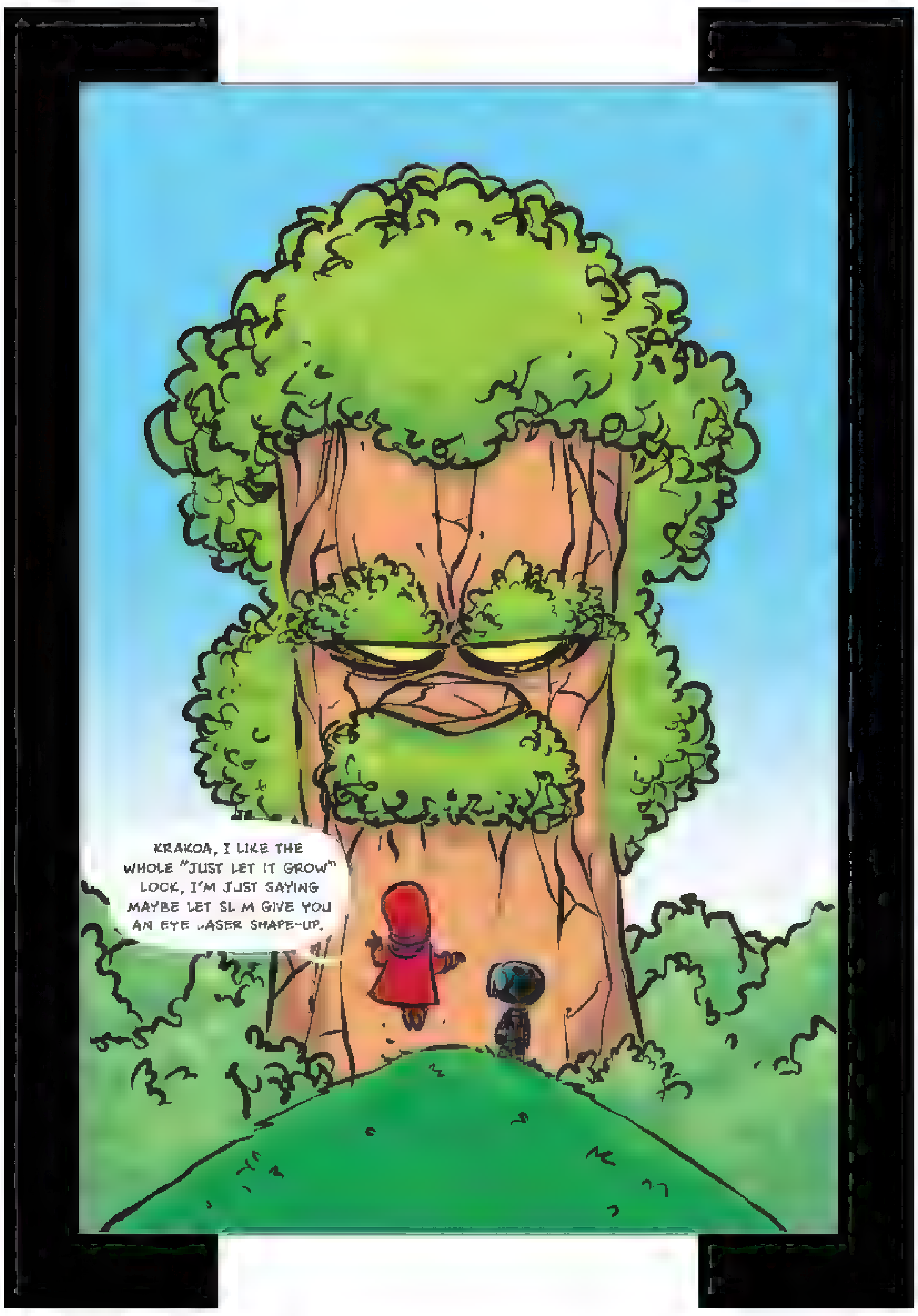
POWERS OF X #2 VARIANT
by Skottie Young


I'M NOT REALLY SURE ABOUT THIS.
TRUST ME, PAL. THE KEY TO CLASSIC VILLAIN COSTUMES IS LETTING THEM KNOW WHAT LETTER YOUR NAME STARTS WITH.
SY 19

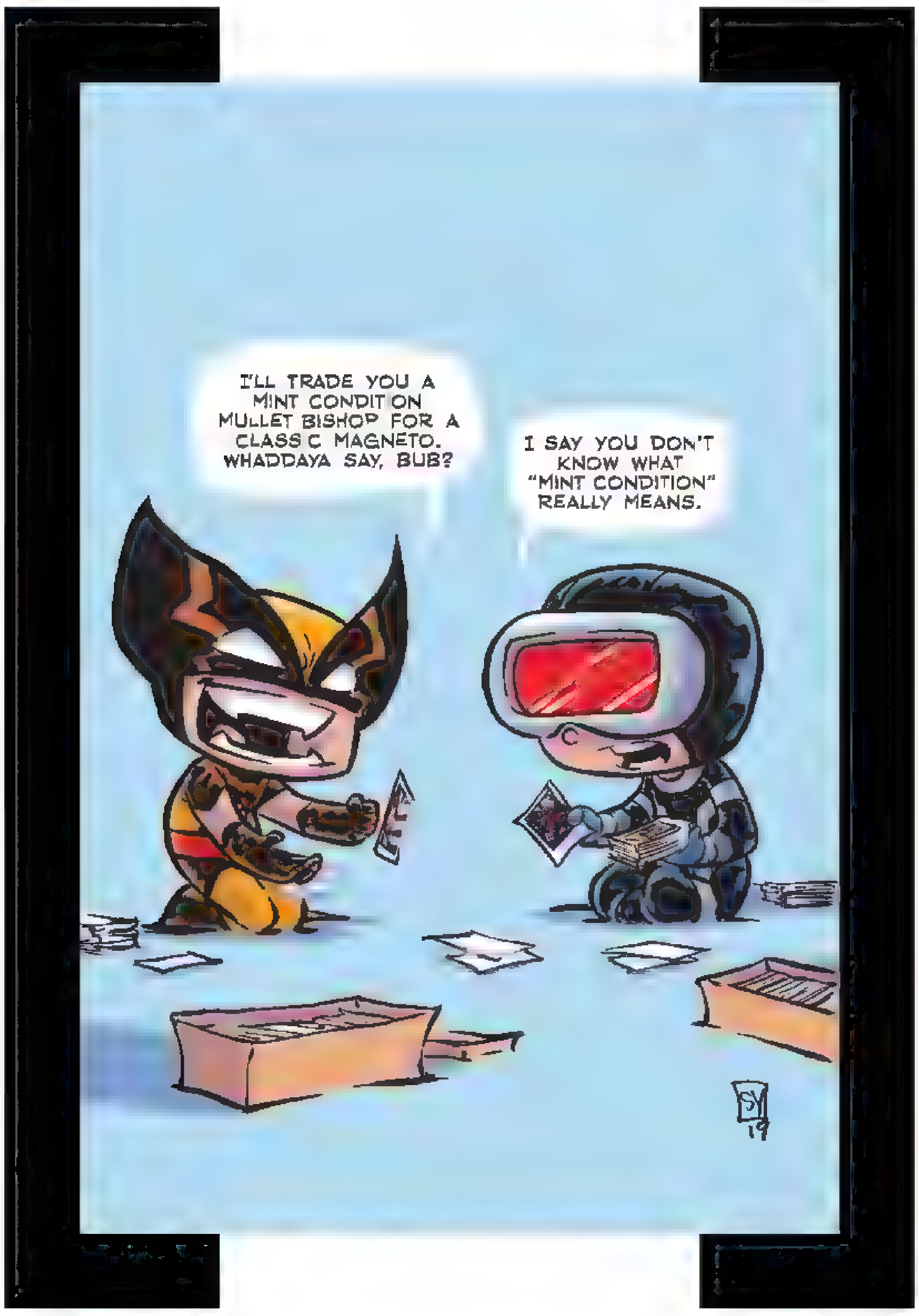
POWERS OF X #3 VARIANT
by Skottie Young



POWERS OF X #4 VARIANT
by Skottie Young

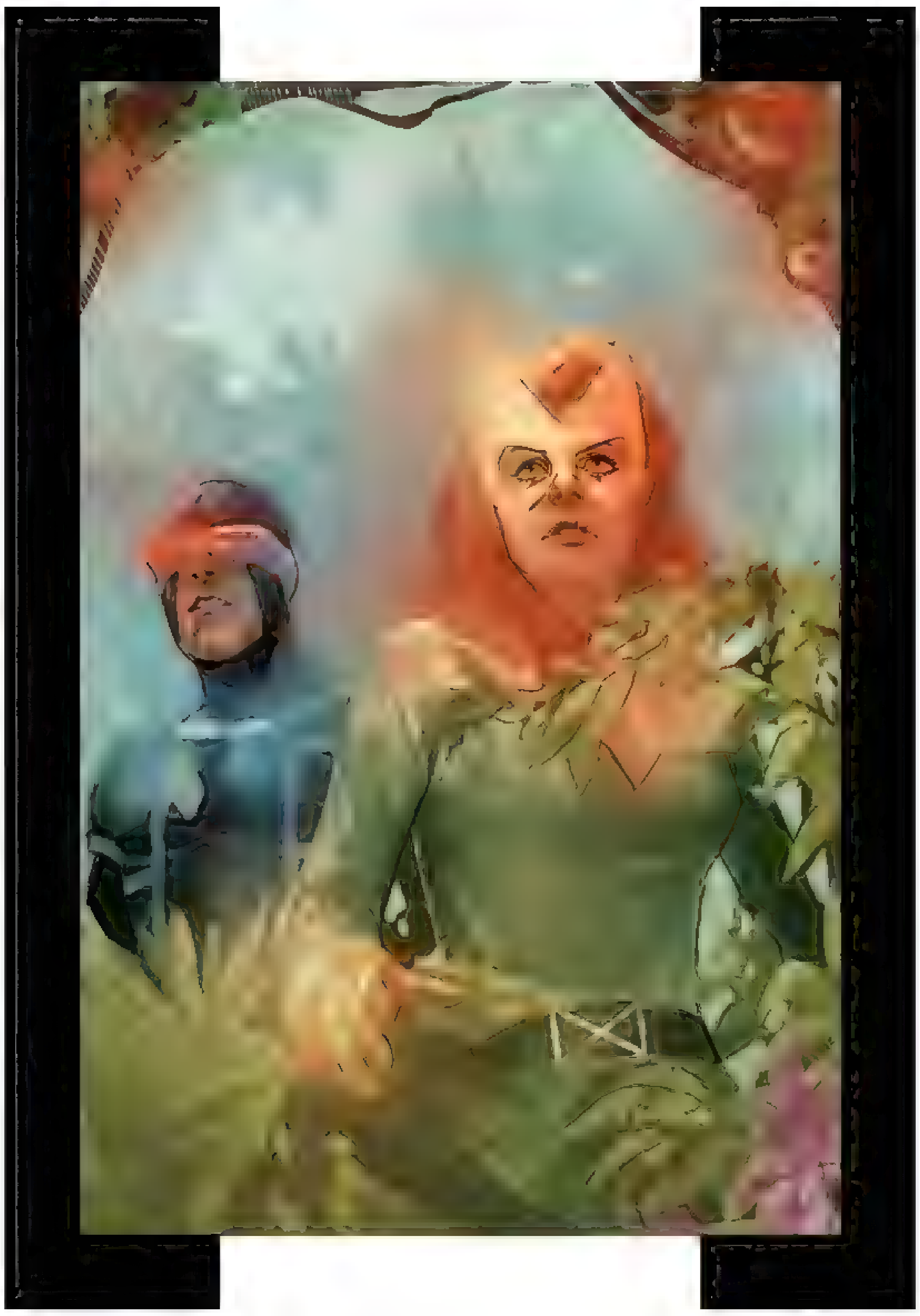

KRAKOA, I LIKE THE WHOLE "JUST LET IT GROW" LOOK, I'M JUST SAYING MAYBE LET SLIM GIVE YOU AN EYE LASER SHAPE-UP.

POWERS OF X #5 VARIANT
by Skottie Young


I'LL TRADE YOU A MINT CONDITION MULLET BISHOP FOR A CLASSIC MAGNETO. WHADDAYA SAY, BUB?
I SAY YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT "MINT CONDITION" REALLY MEANS.
SY 19

POWERS OF X #6 VARIANT
by Skottie Young

HOUSE OF X #1 VARIANT
by Joe Madureira
& Peter Steigerwald

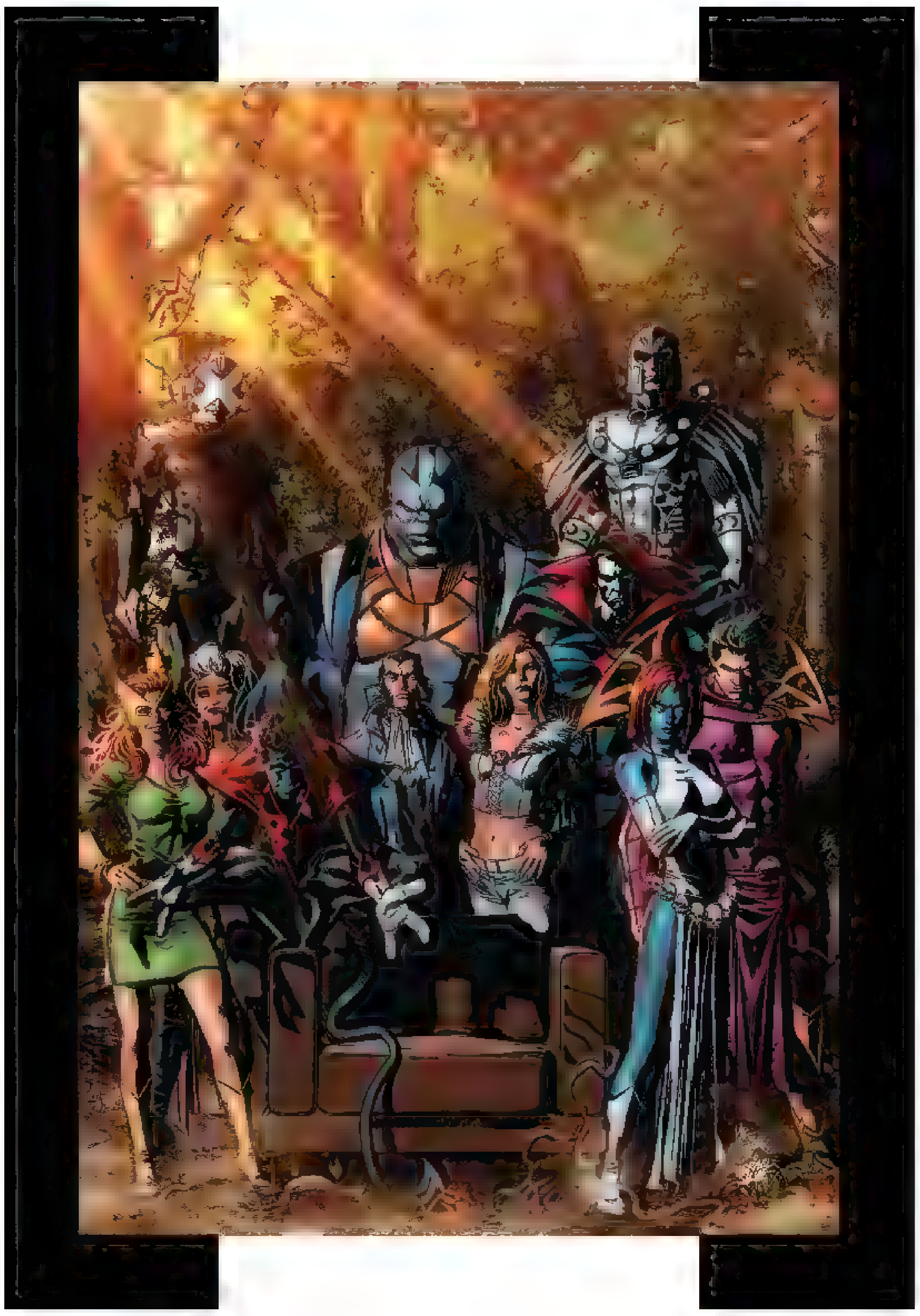


HOUSE OF X #1 VARIANT
by Phil Noto

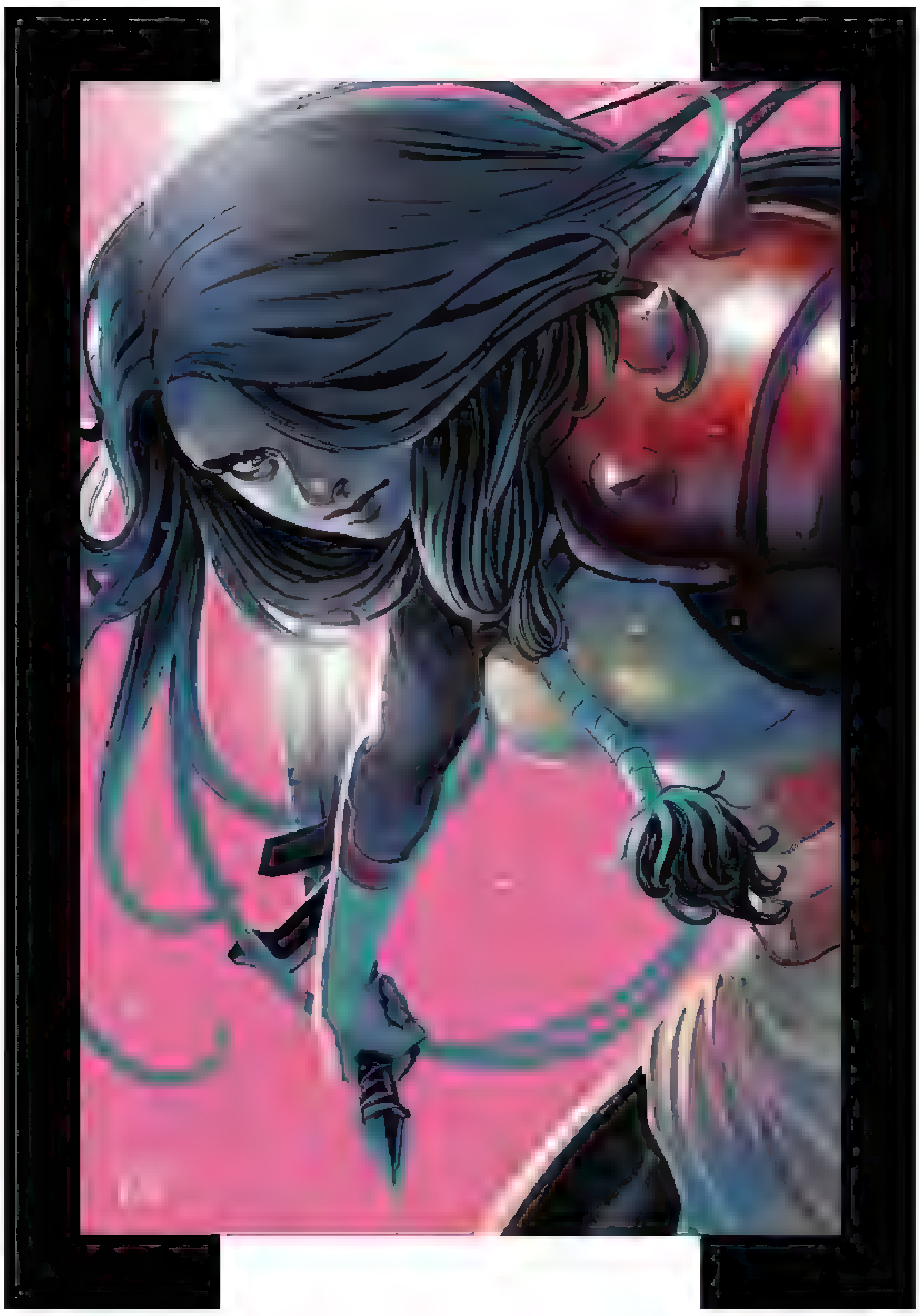
HOUSE OF X #1 VARIANT
by Carlos Pacheco & Israel Silva

No Humans Allowed

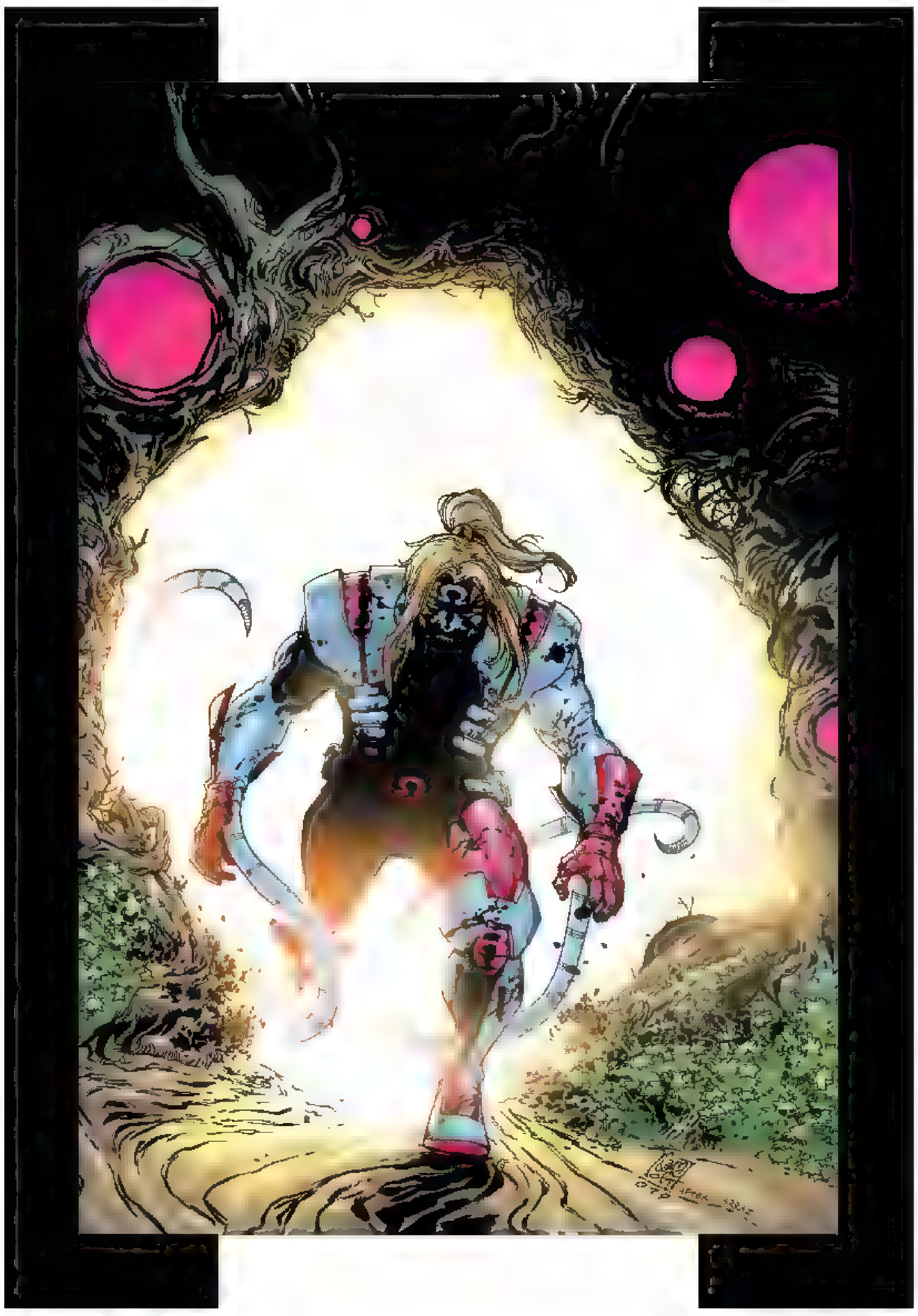
HOUSE OF X #1 PARTY VARIANT
by Humberto Ramos
& Edgar Delgado



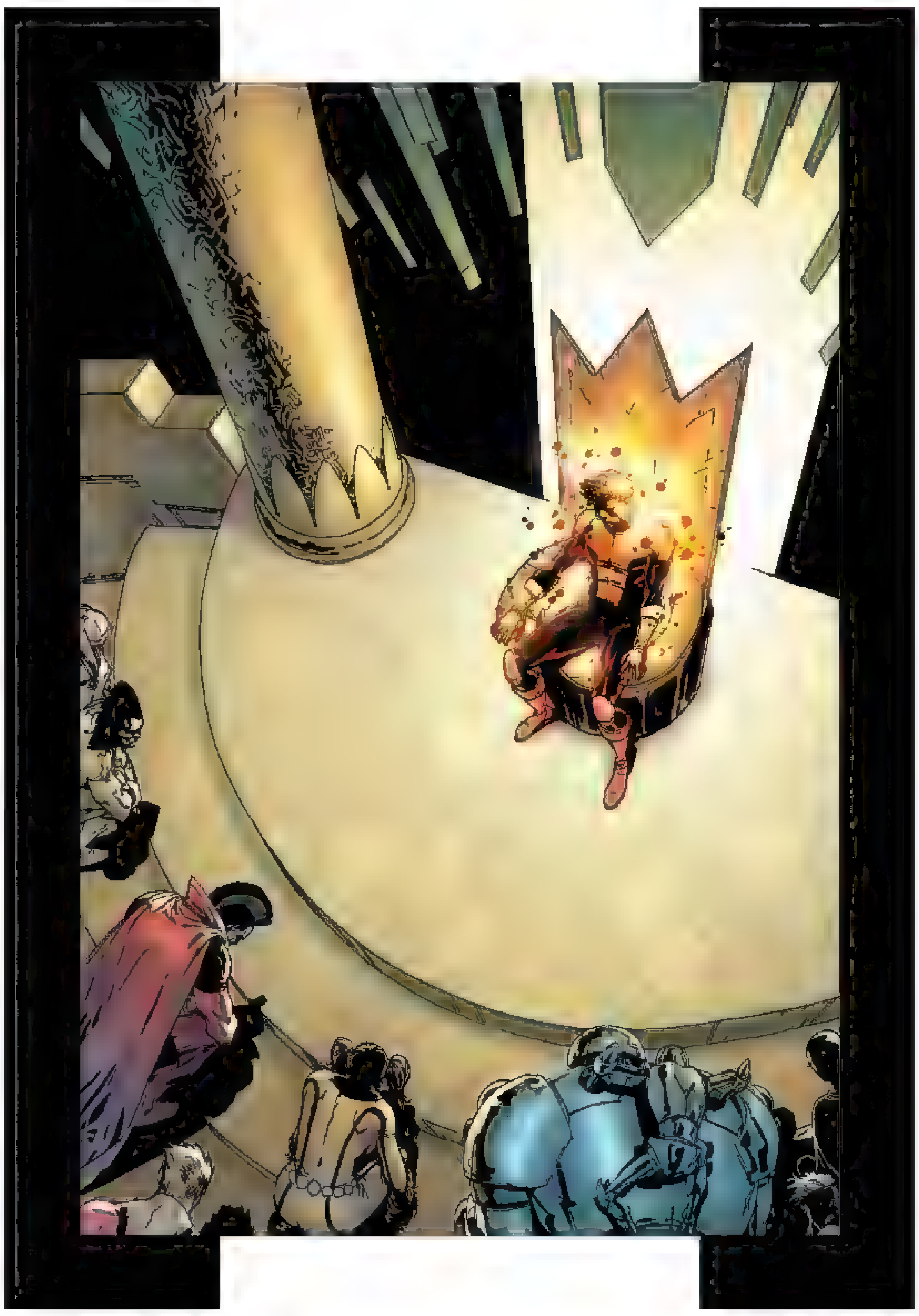
POWERS OF X #1 VARIANT
by Mike Deodato Jr. & Israel Silva



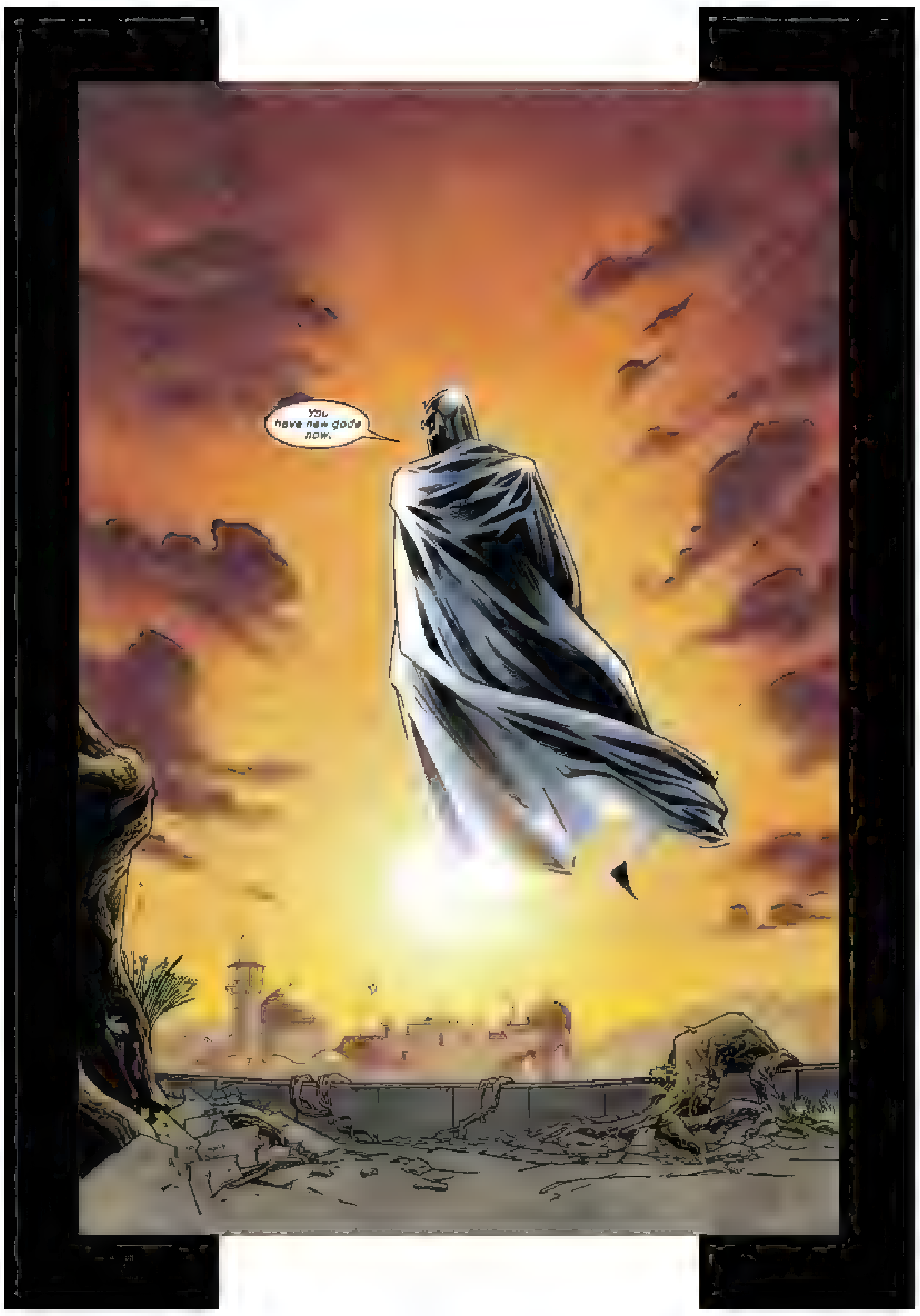
POWERS OF X #1 VARIANT
by Stephanie Hans



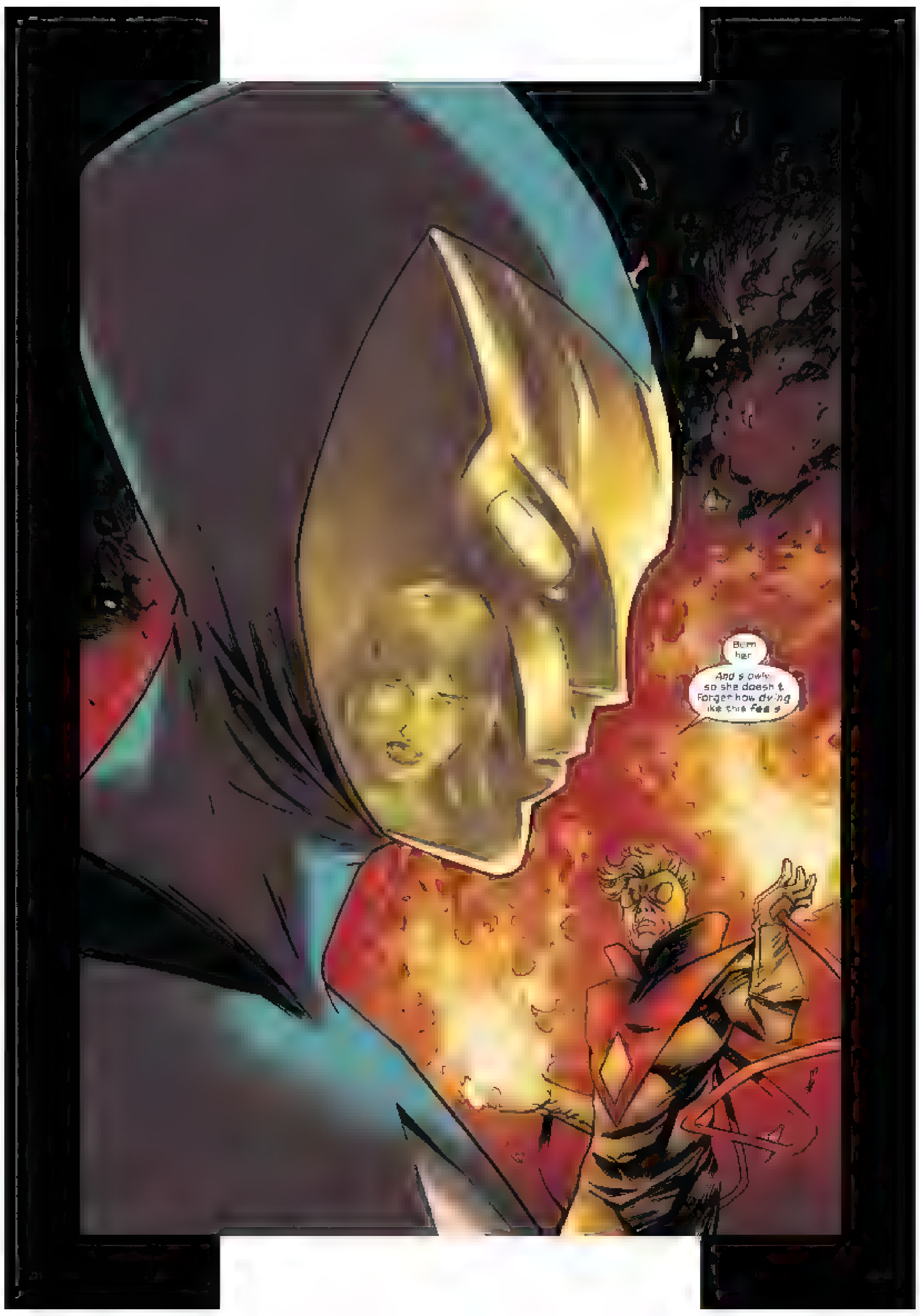
HOUSE OF X #6 FORESHADOW VARIANT
by Giuseppe Camuncoli
& Edgar Delgado



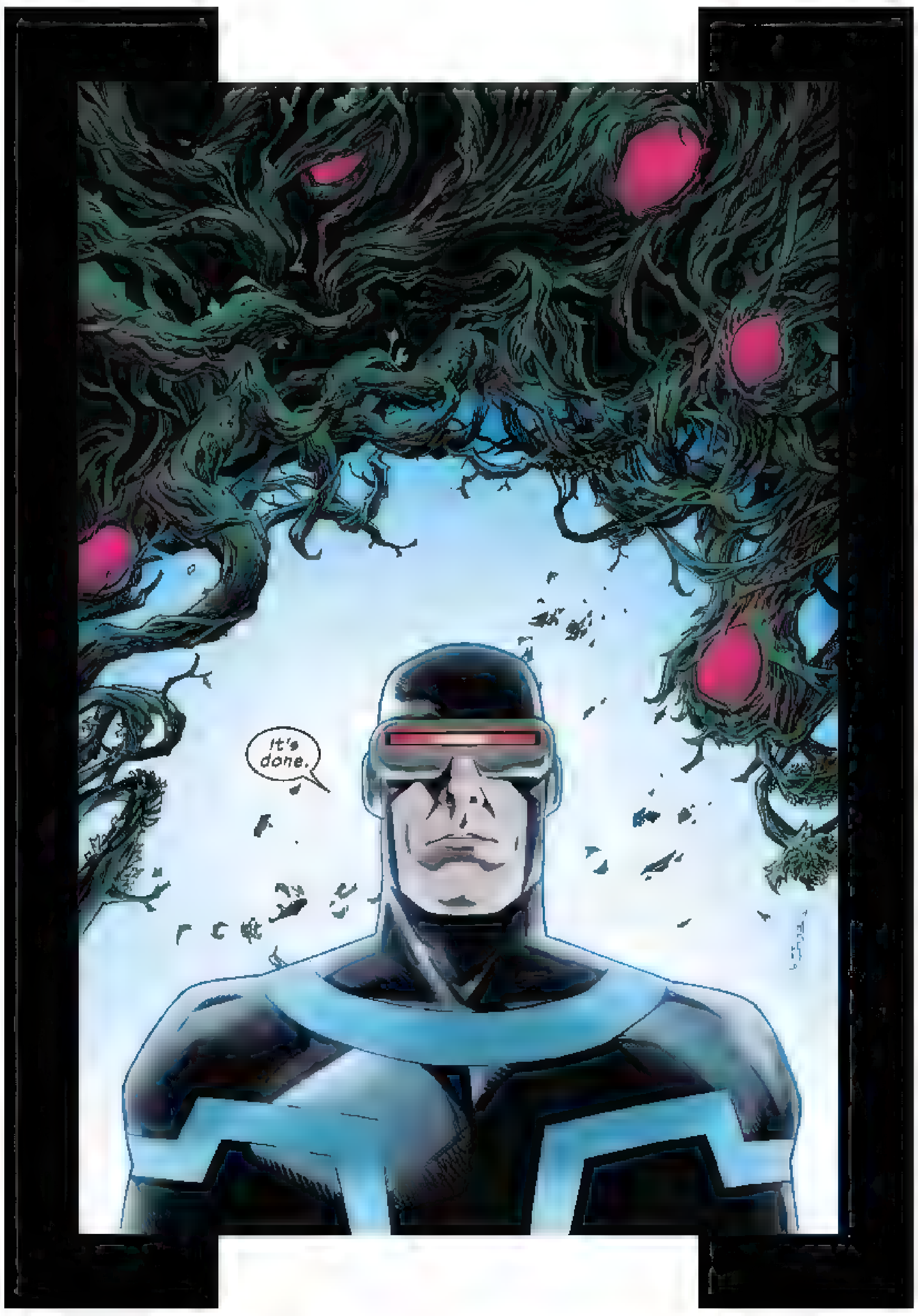
POWERS OF X #6 FORESHADOW VARIANT
by Giuseppe Camuncoli
& Edgar Delgado


You have new gods now.

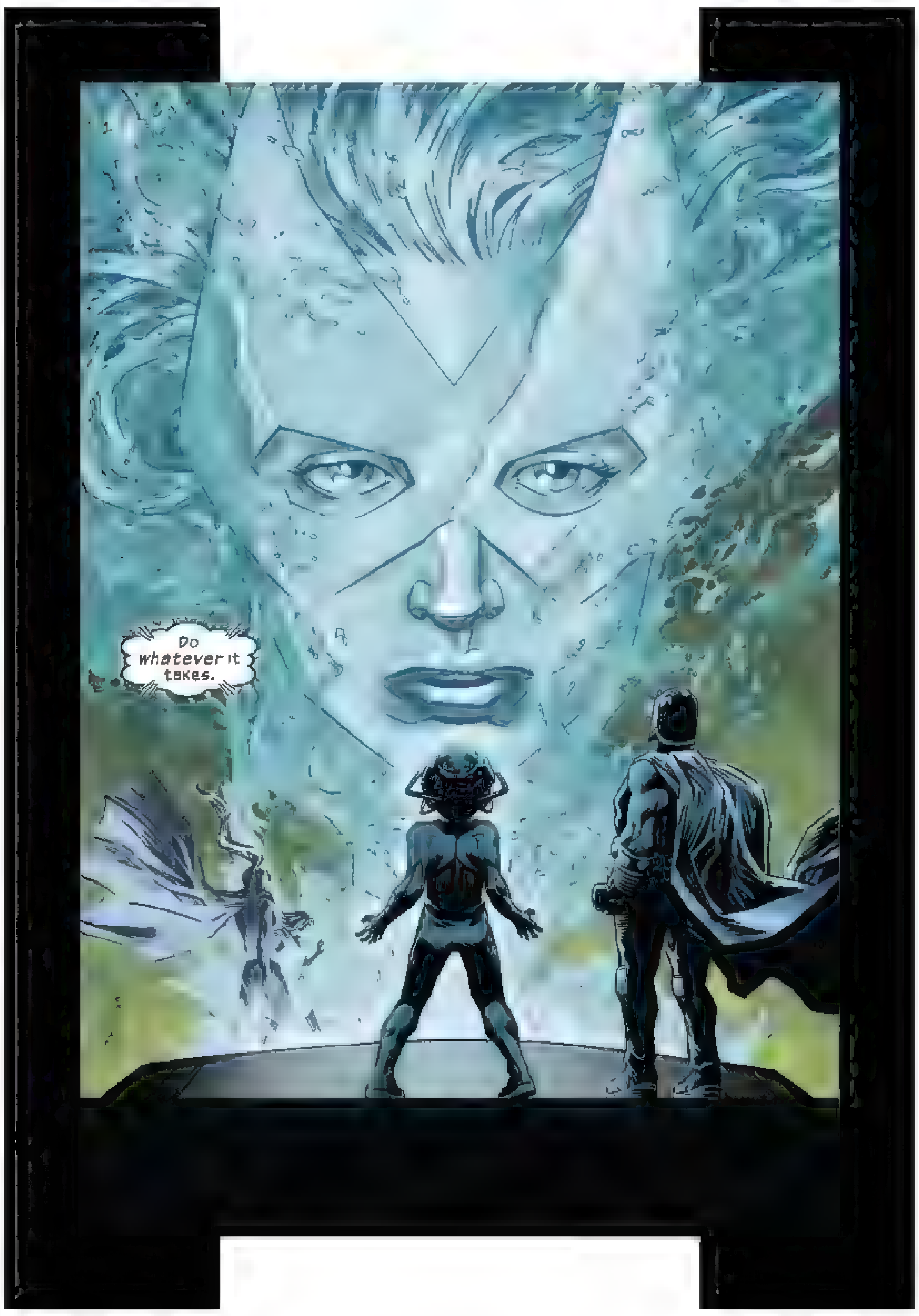
HOUSE OF X #1 3RD-PRINTING VARIANT
by Declan Shalvey


Burn her.
And slowly, so she doesn't forget how dying like this feels.

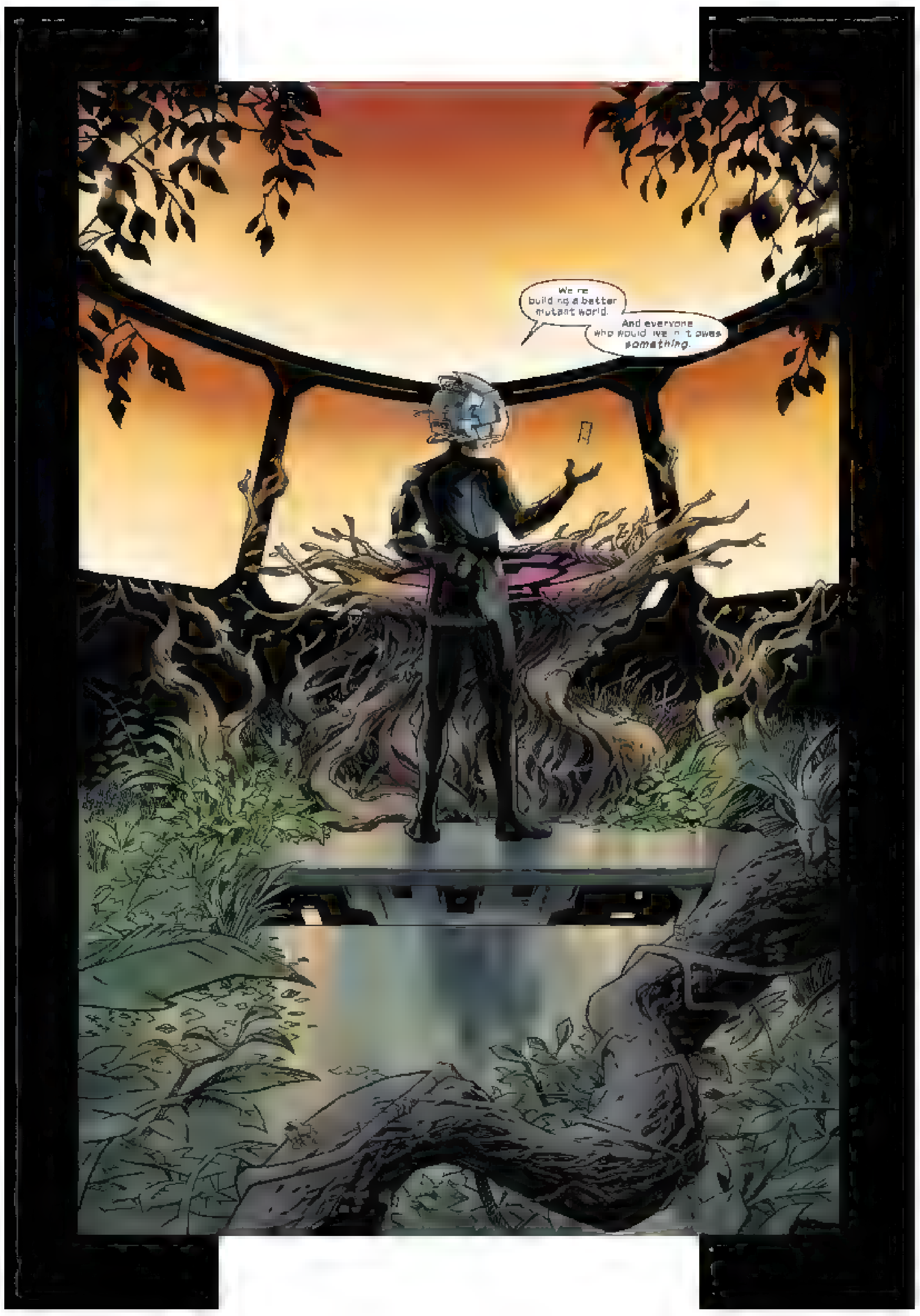
HOUSE OF X #2 3RD-PRINTING VARIANT
by Declan Shalvey



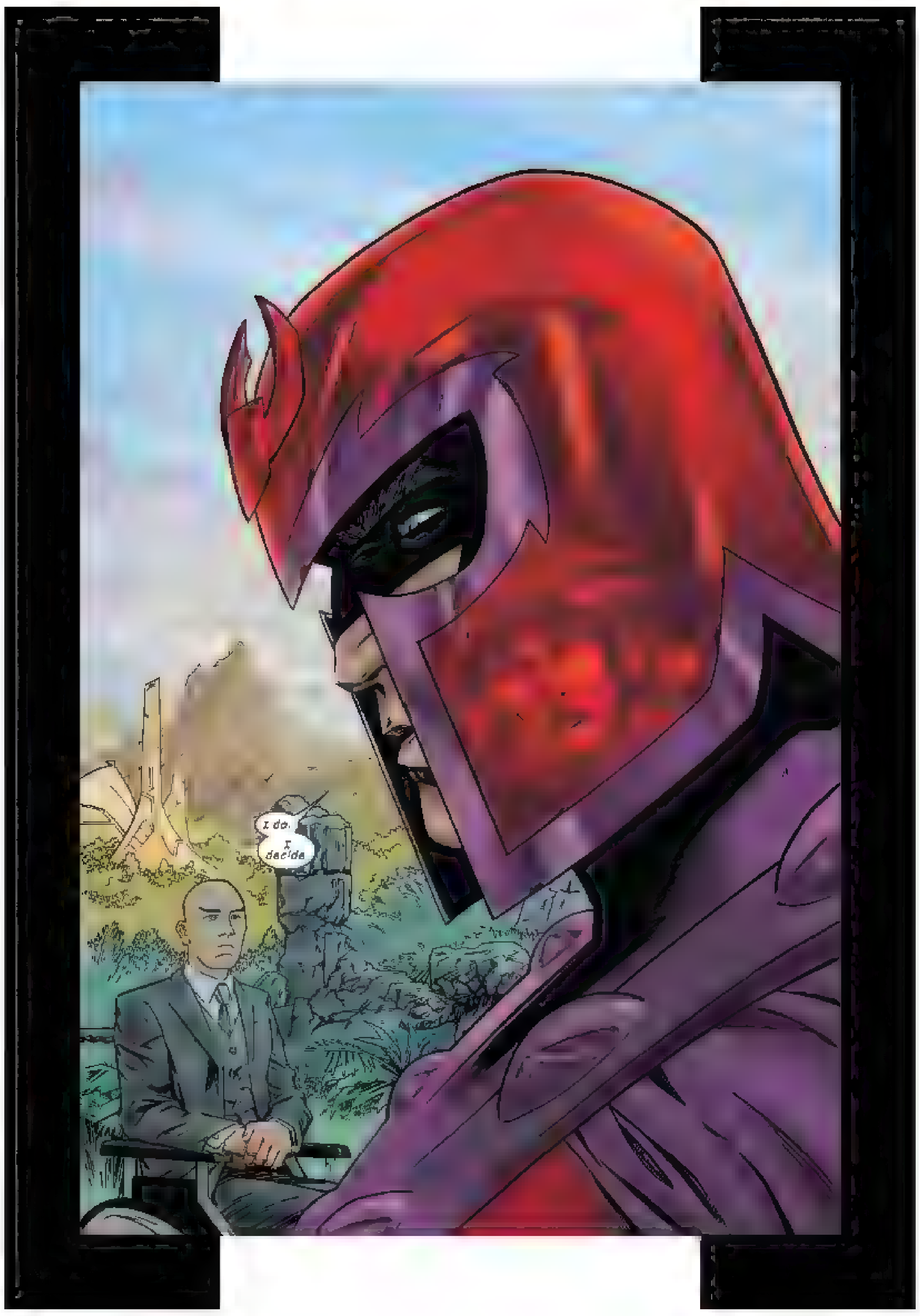
HOUSE OF X #3 3RD-PRINTING VARIANT
by Declan Shalvey


Do whatever it takes.

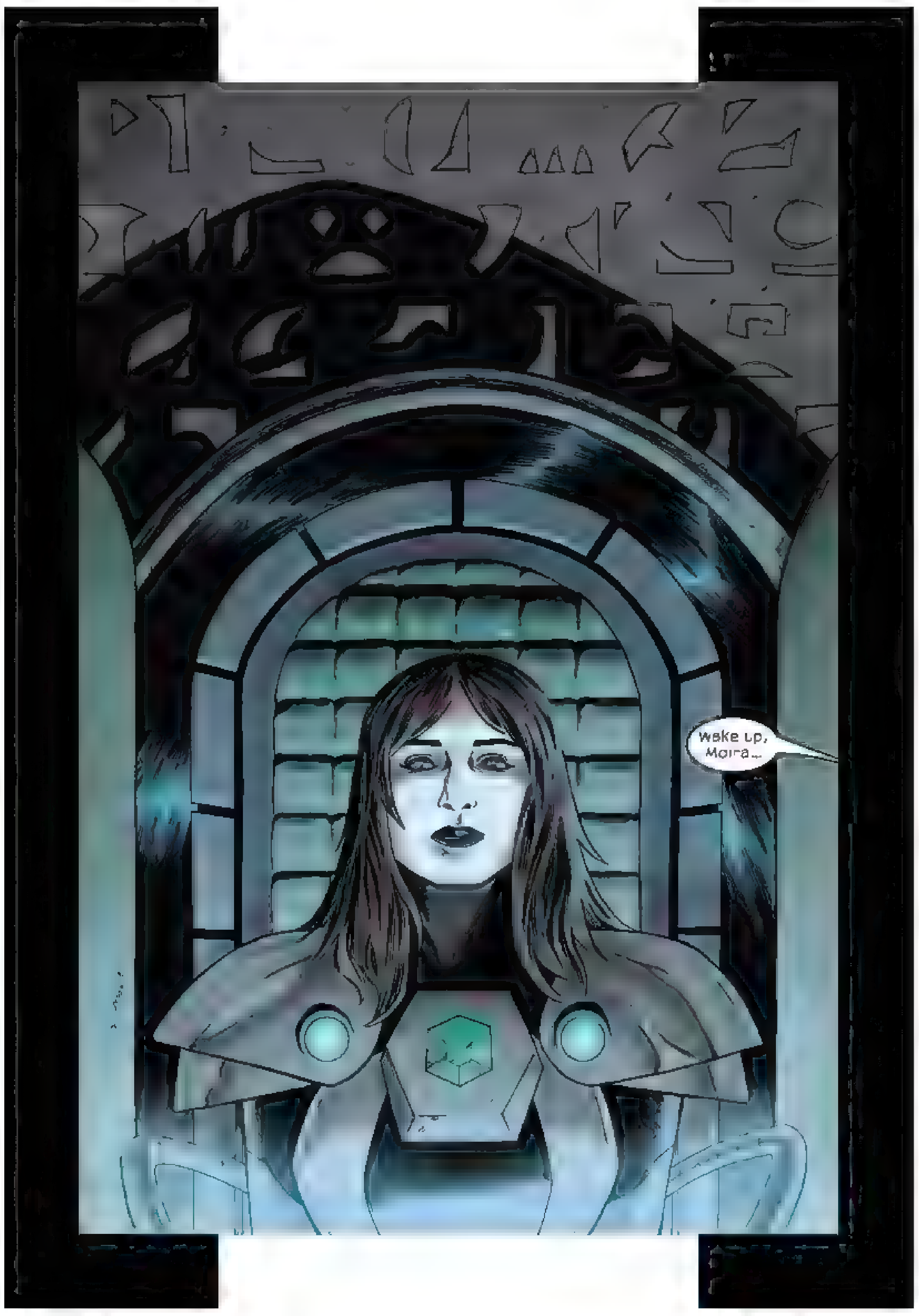
HOUSE OF X #4 3RD-PRINTING VARIANT
by Declan Shalvey


We're building a better mutant world.
And everyone who would live in it owes something.

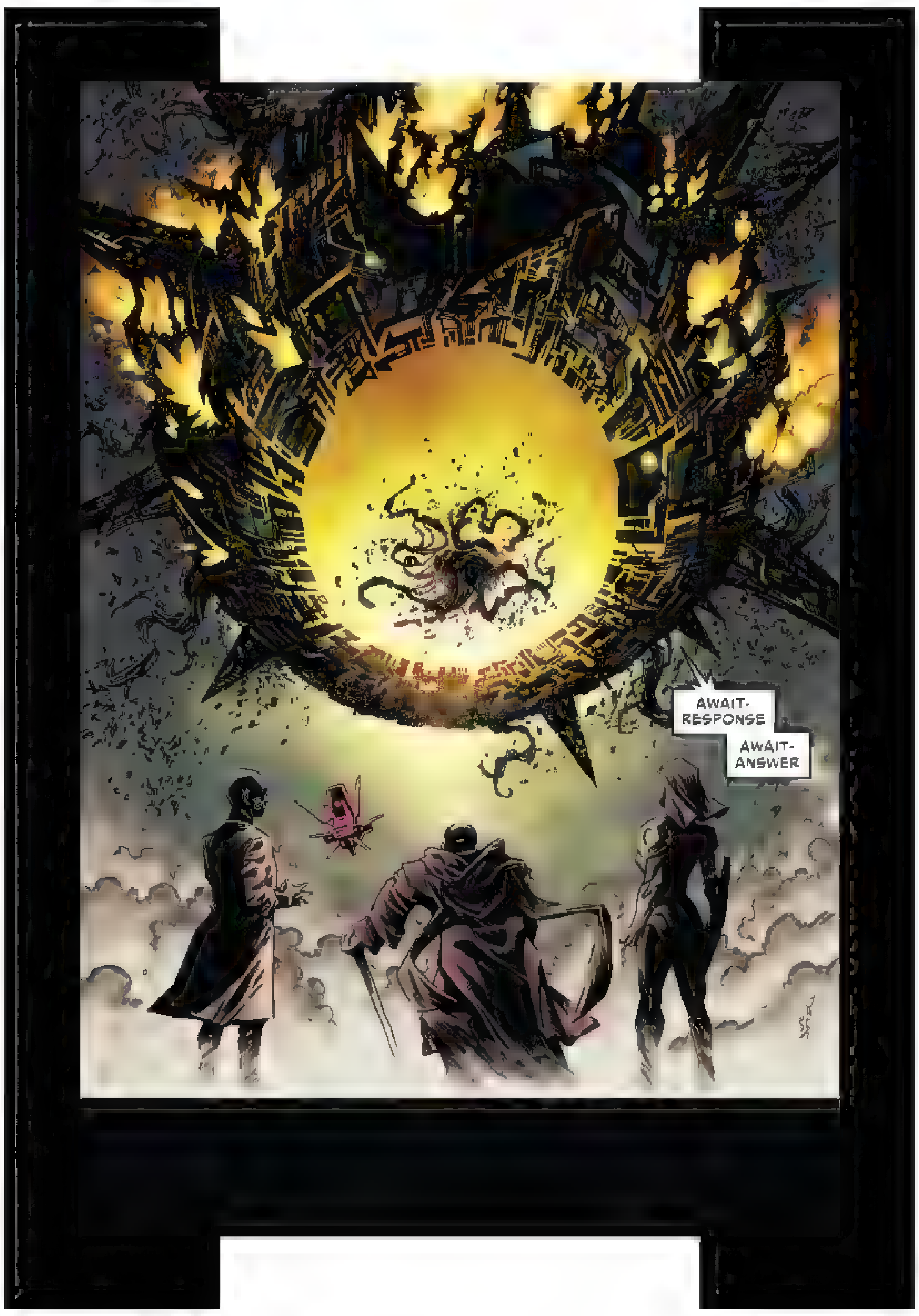
POWERS OF X #1 3RD-PRINTING VARIANT
by Declan Shalvey


I do.
I decide.

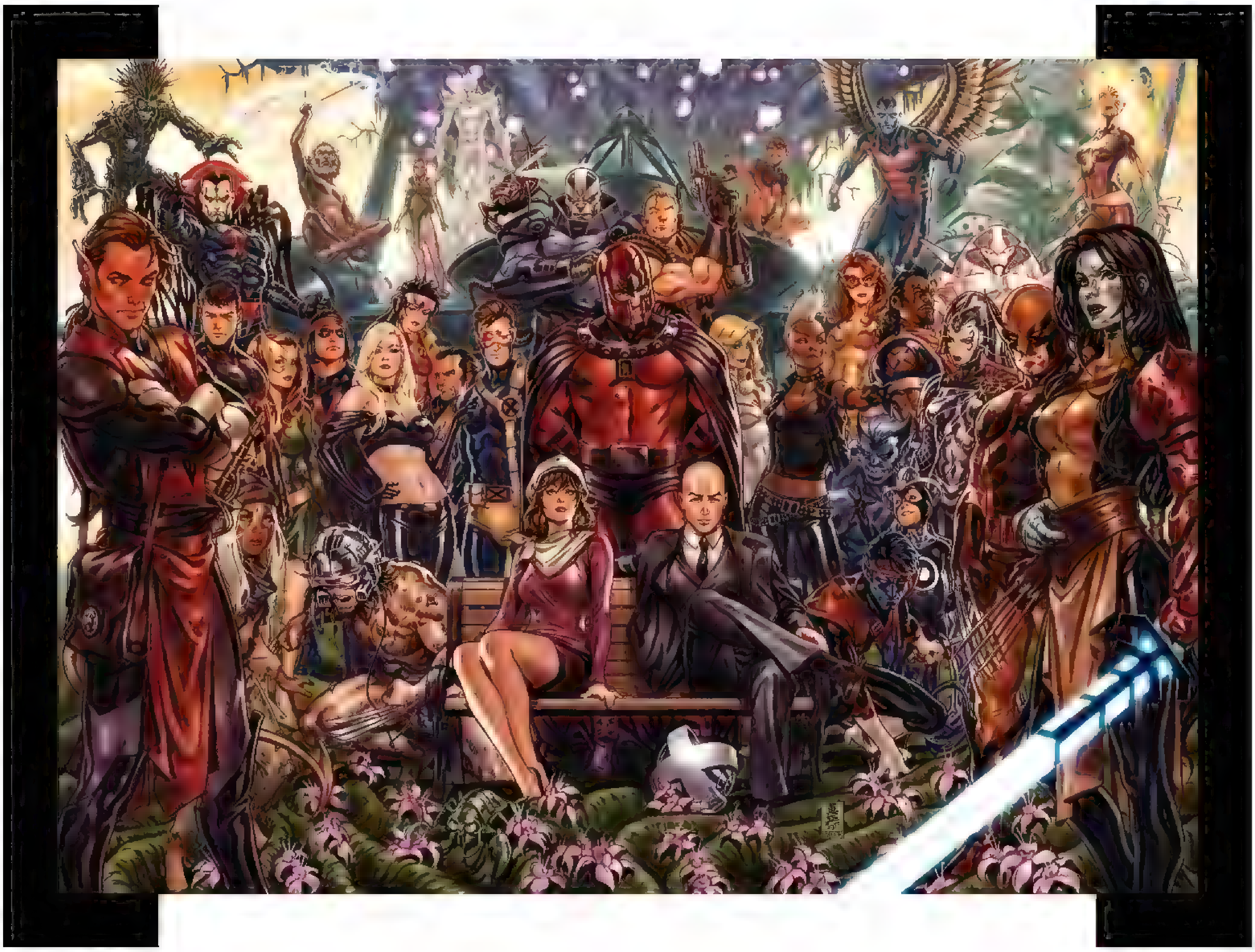
POWERS OF X #2 3RD-PRINTING VARIANT
by Declan Shalvey


Wake up, Moira...

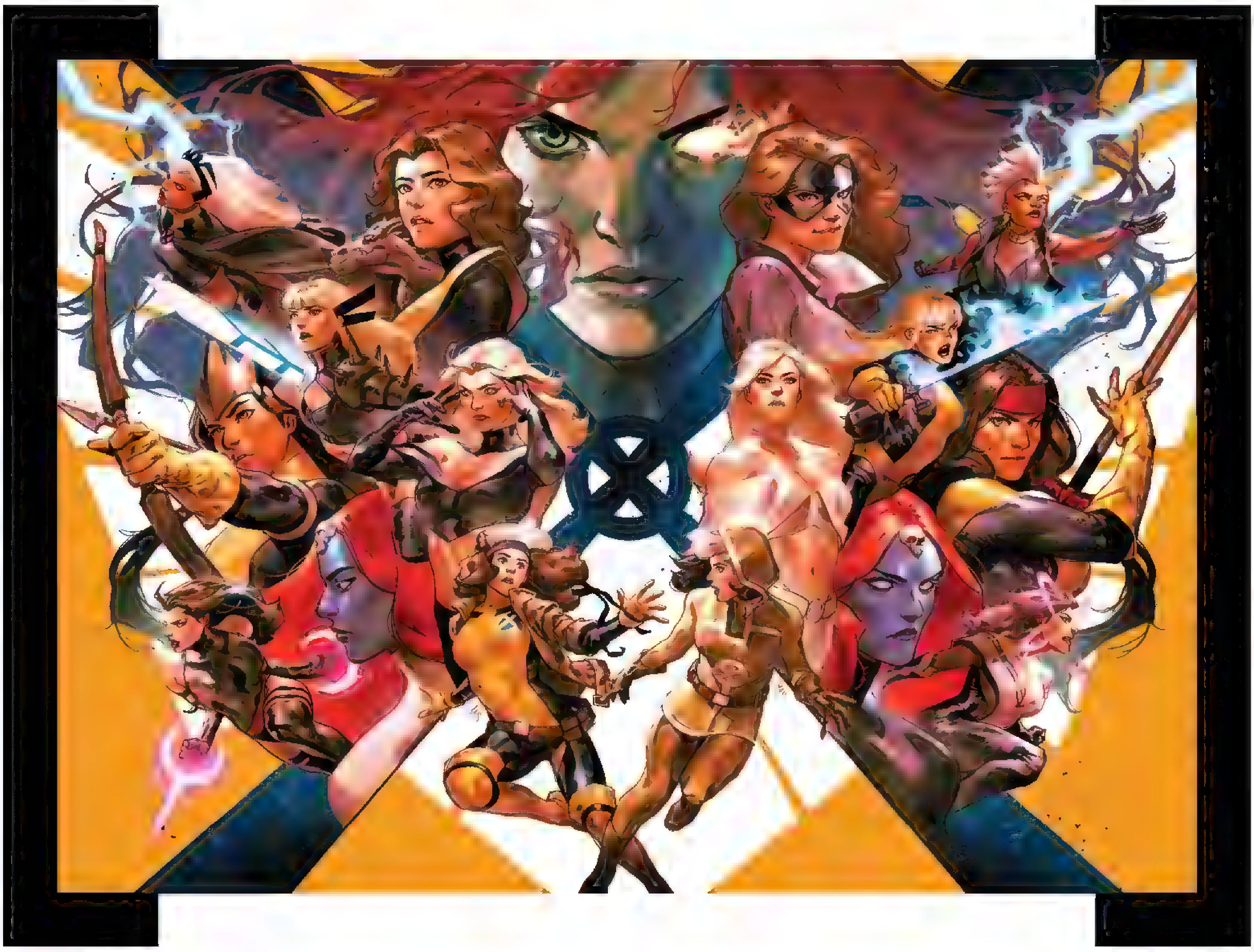
POWERS OF X #3 3RD-PRINTING VARIANT
by Declan Shalvey


AWAIT-RESPONSE
AWAIT-ANSWER

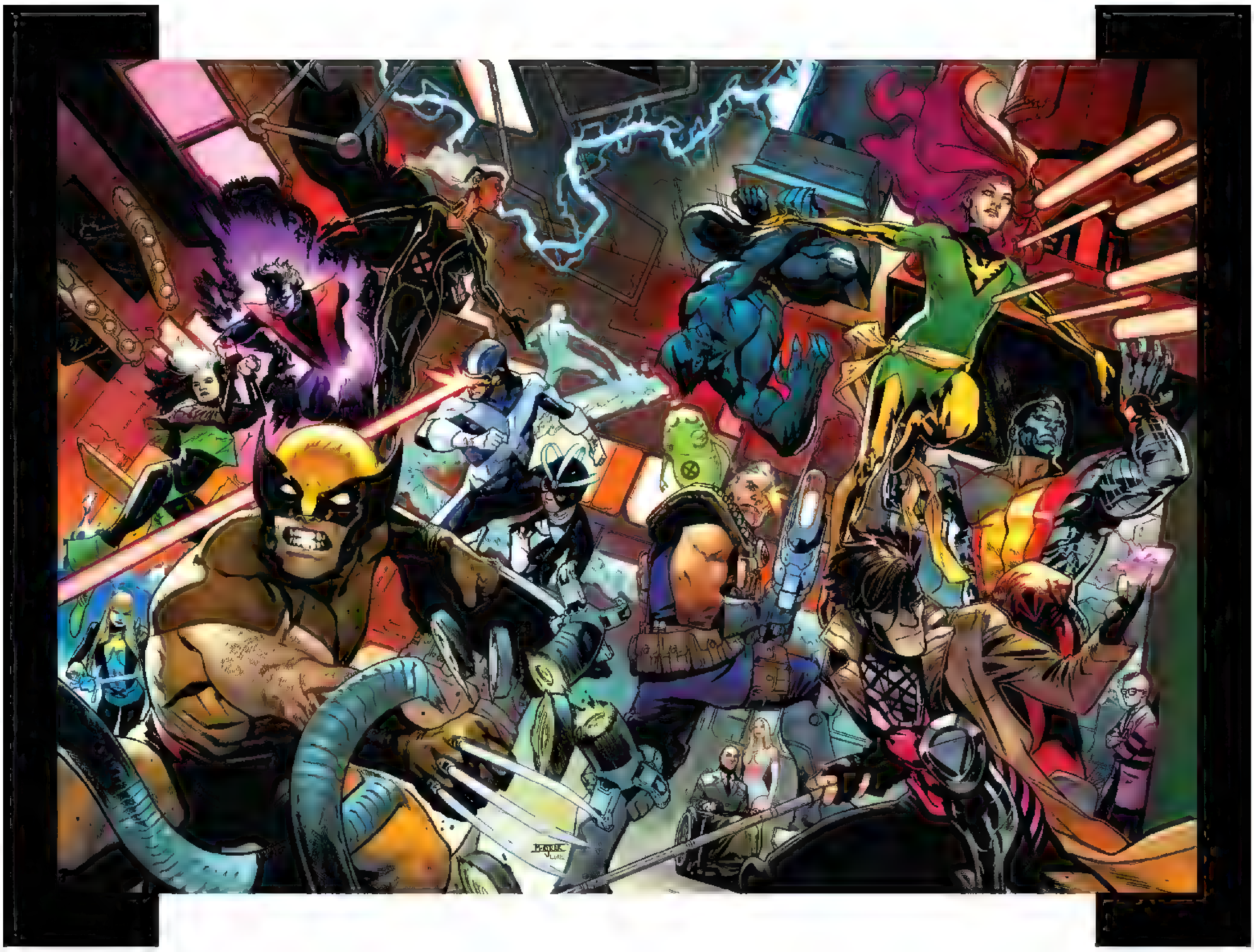
POWERS OF X #4 3RD-PRINTING VARIANT
by Declan Shalvey



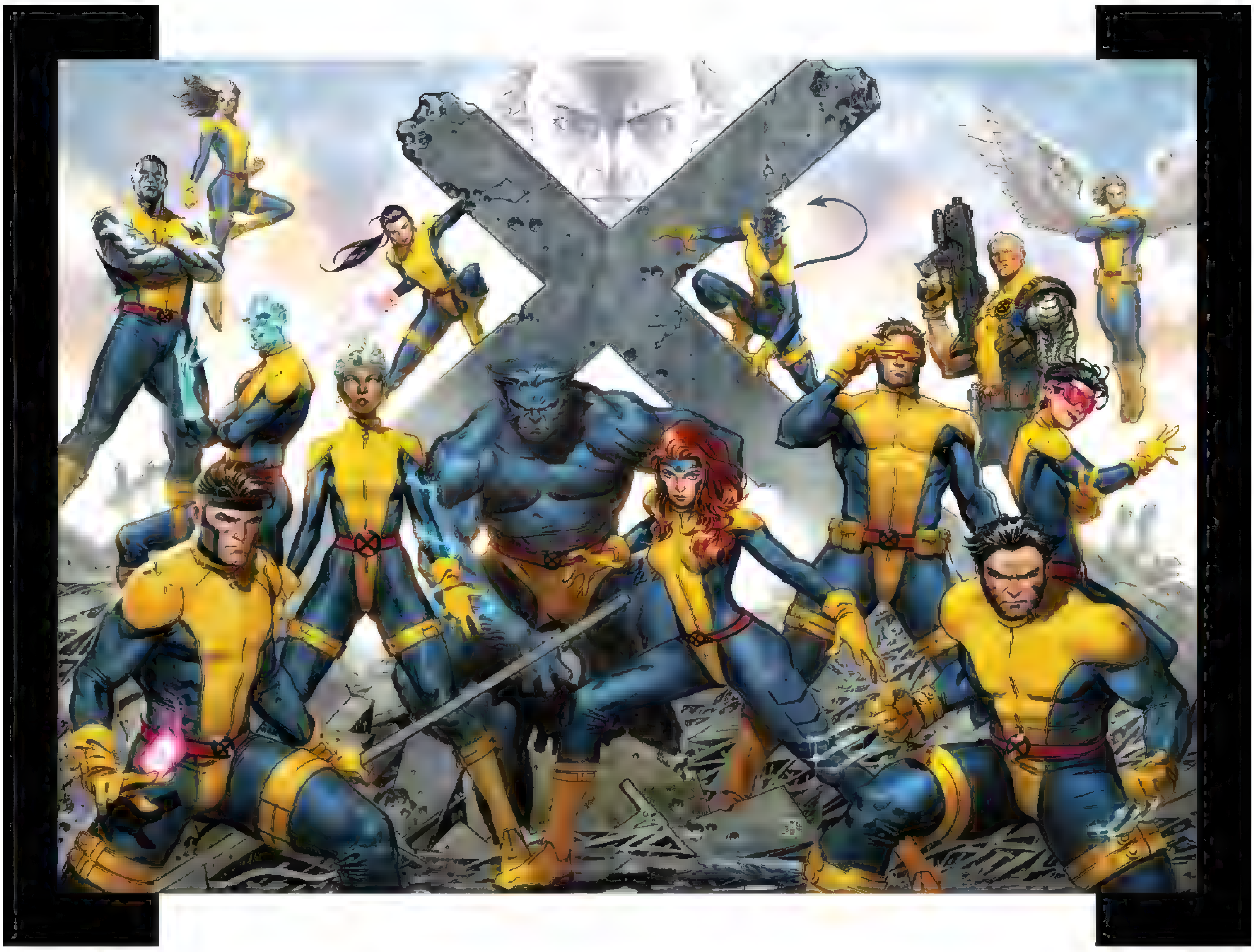
HOUSE OF X #1 & POWERS OF X #1 CONNECTING VARIANTS
by Mark Brooks



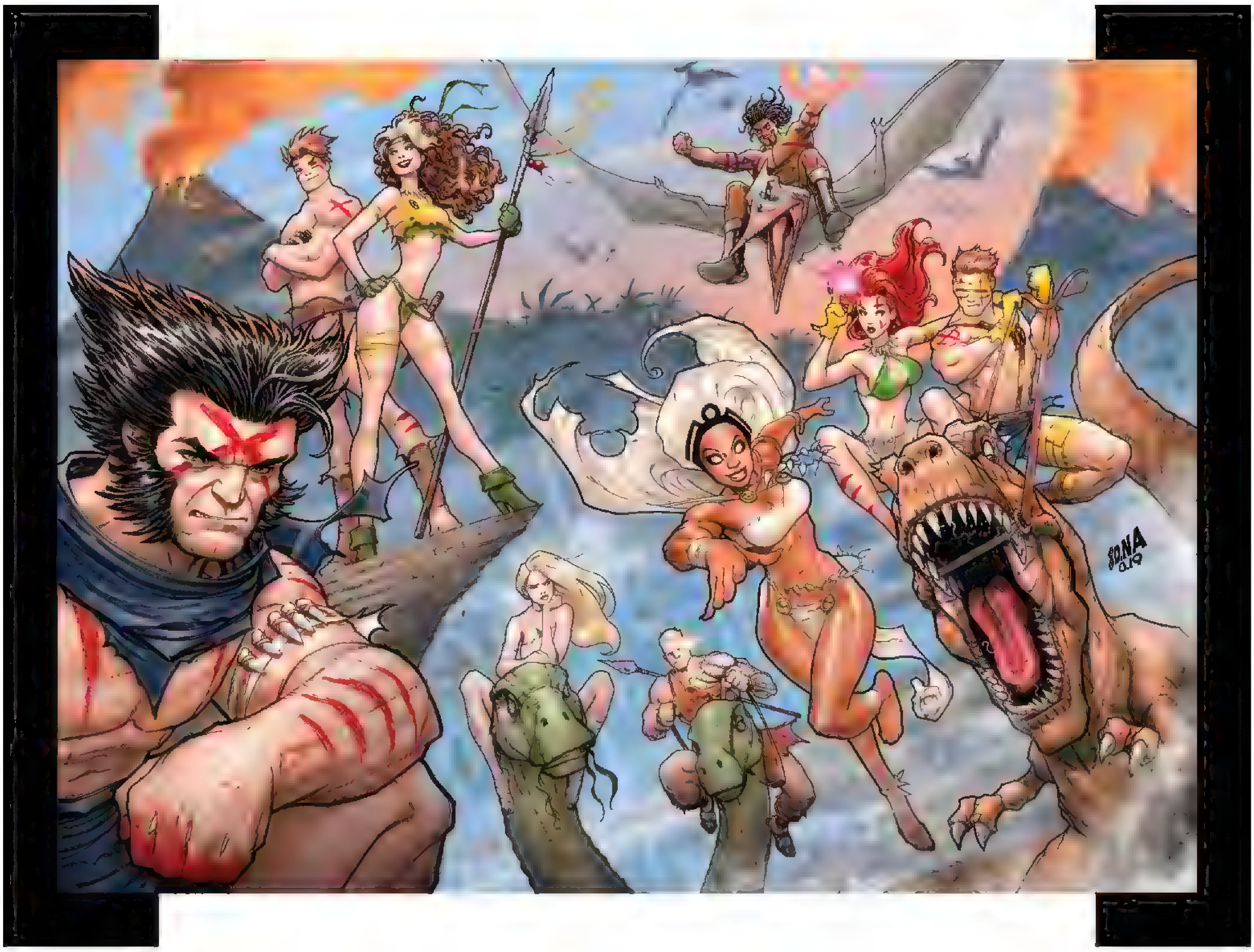
HOUSE OF X #2 & POWERS OF X #2 CONNECTING VARIANTS
by Yasmine Putri



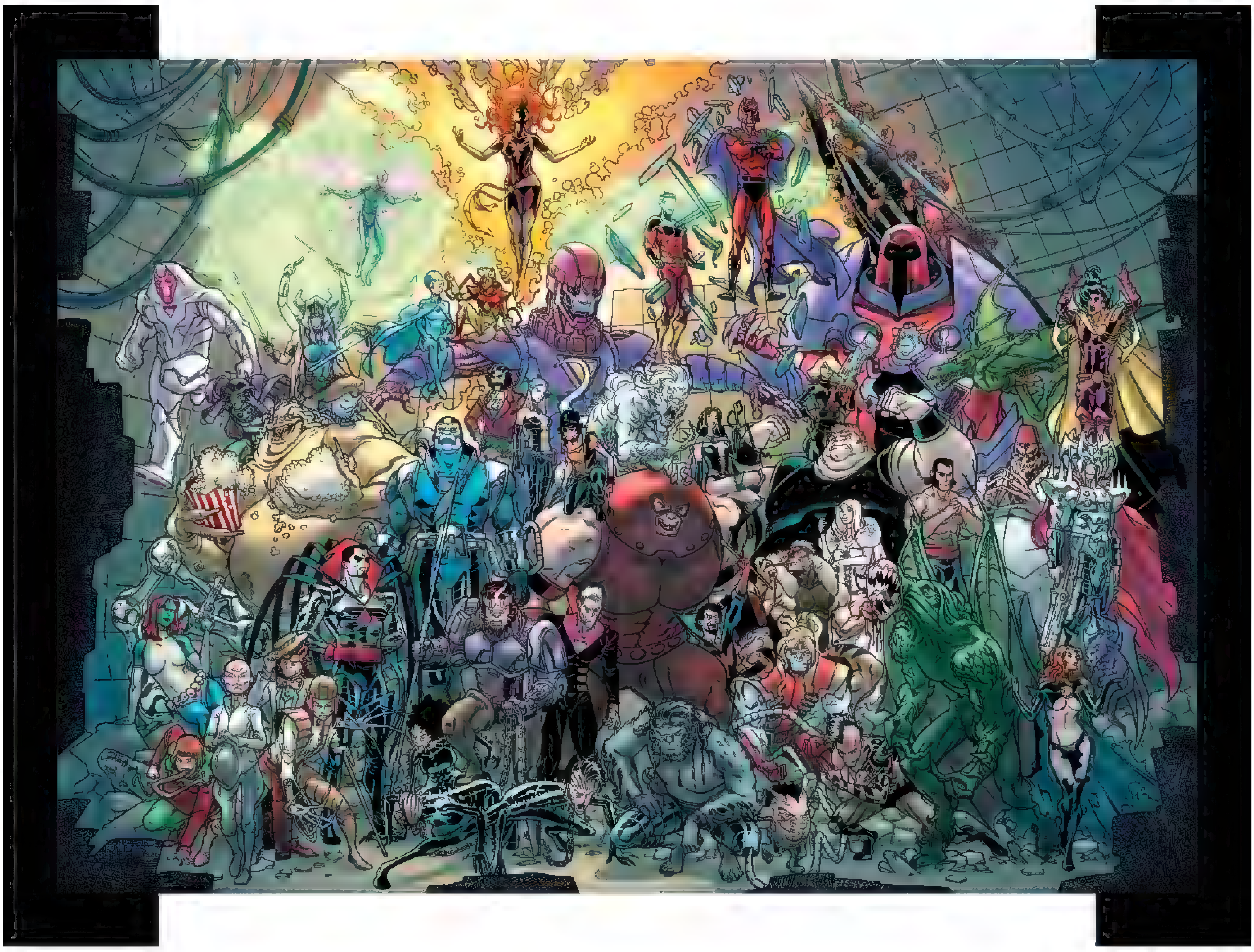
HOUSE OF X #3 & POWERS OF X #3 CONNECTING VARIANTS
by Mahmud Asrar & David Curiel



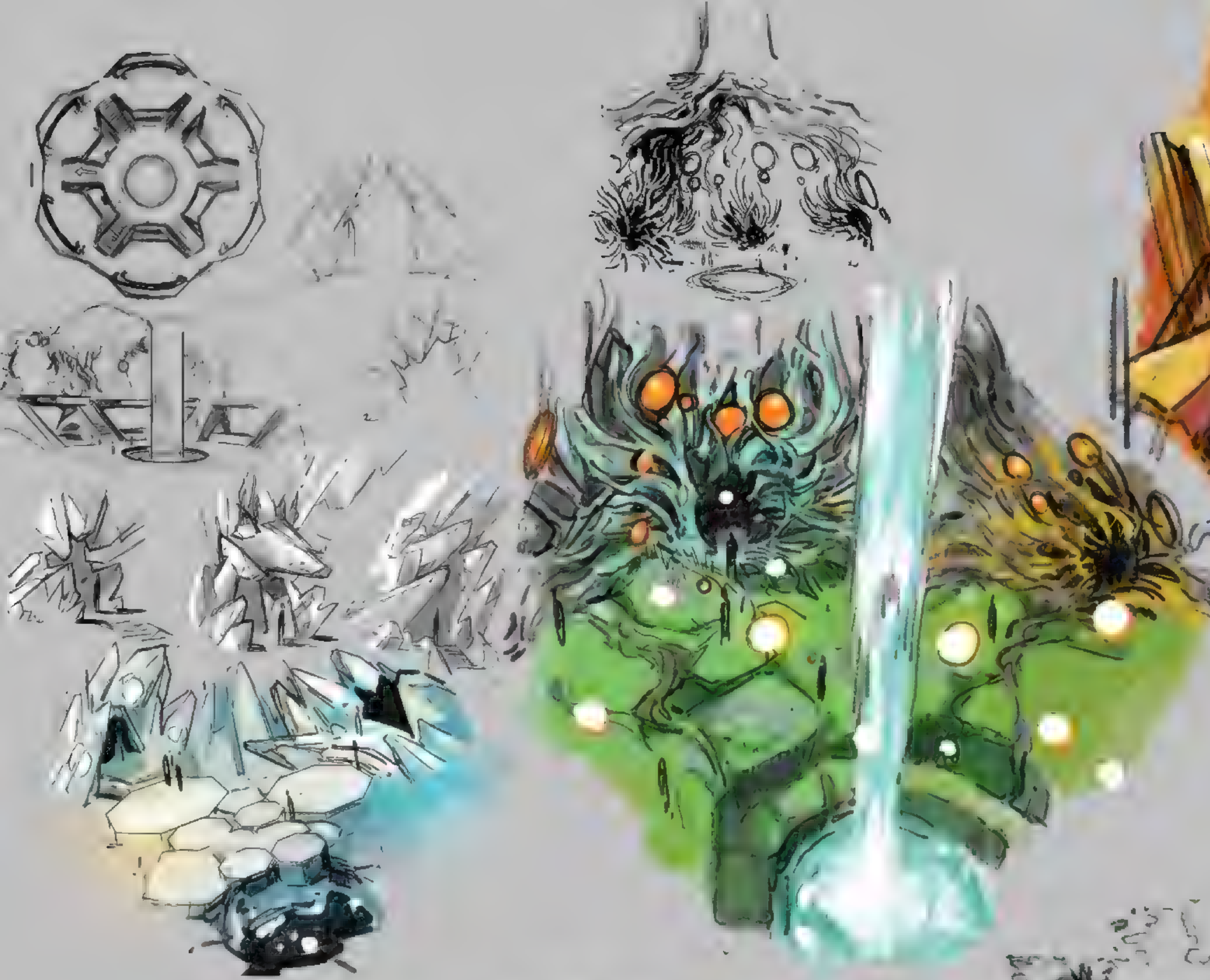
HOUSE OF X #4 & POWERS OF X #4 CONNECTING VARIANTS
by Jorge Molina

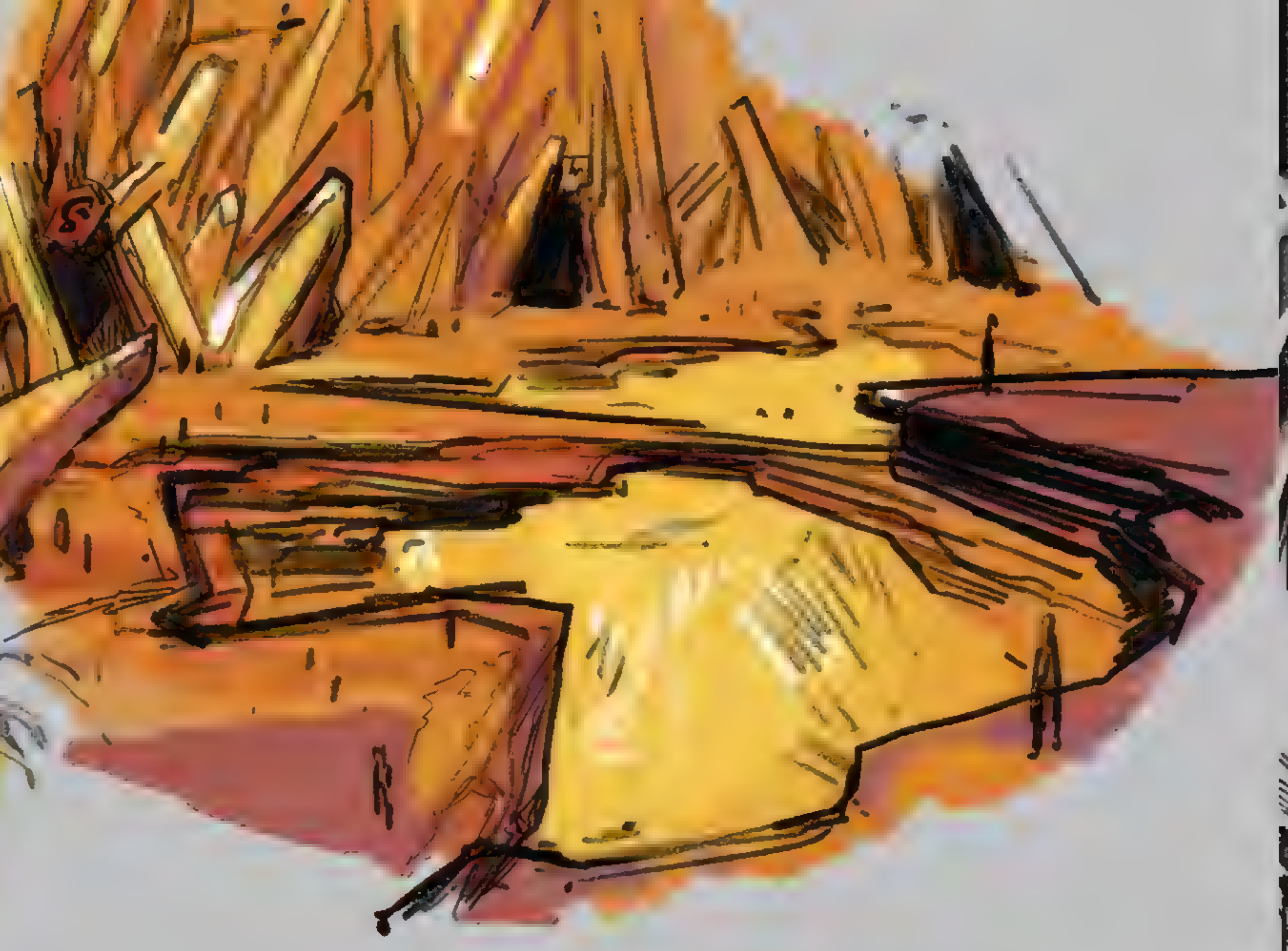


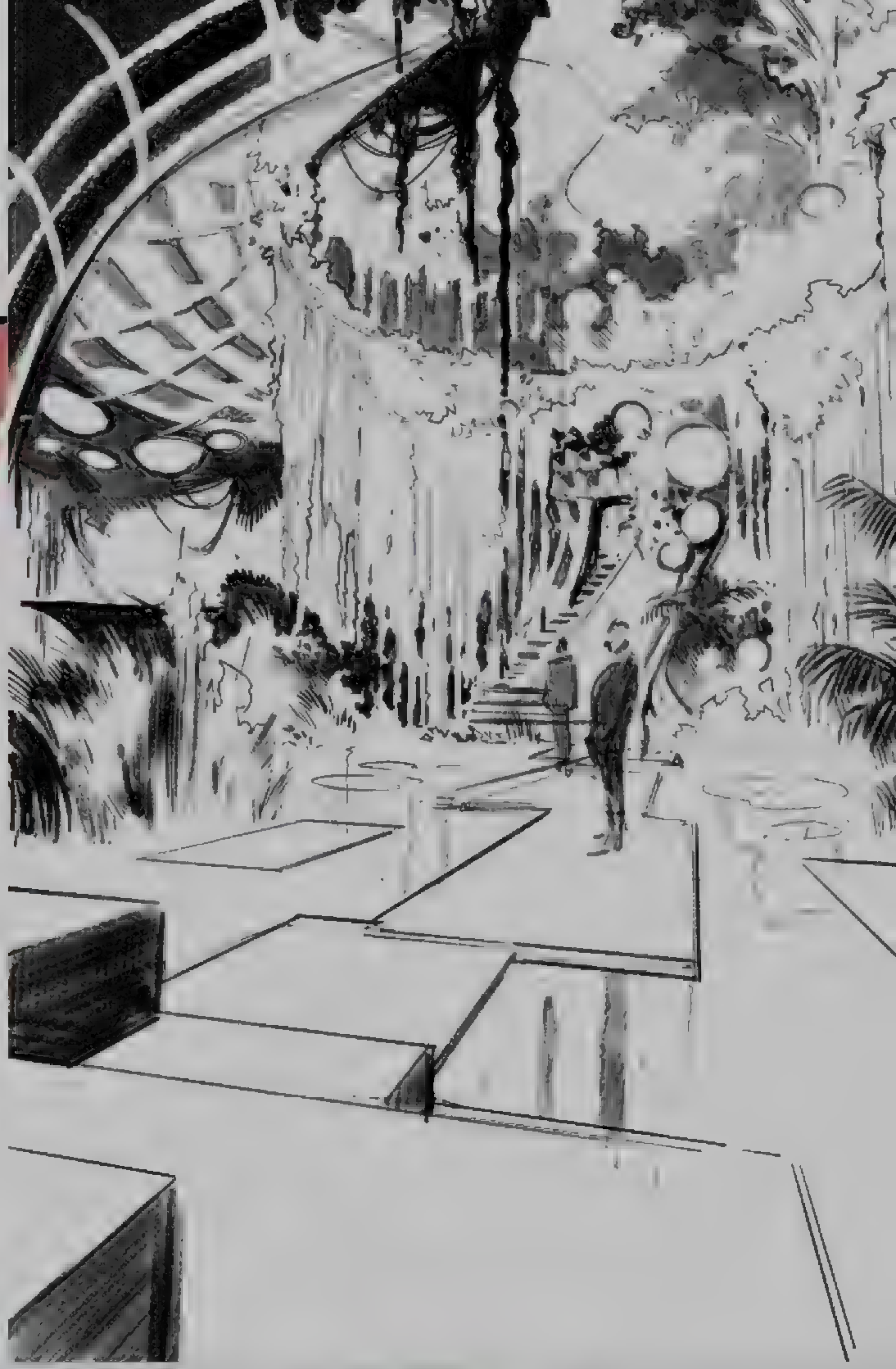
HOUSE OF X #5 & POWERS OF X #5 CONNECTING VARIANTS
by David Nakayama



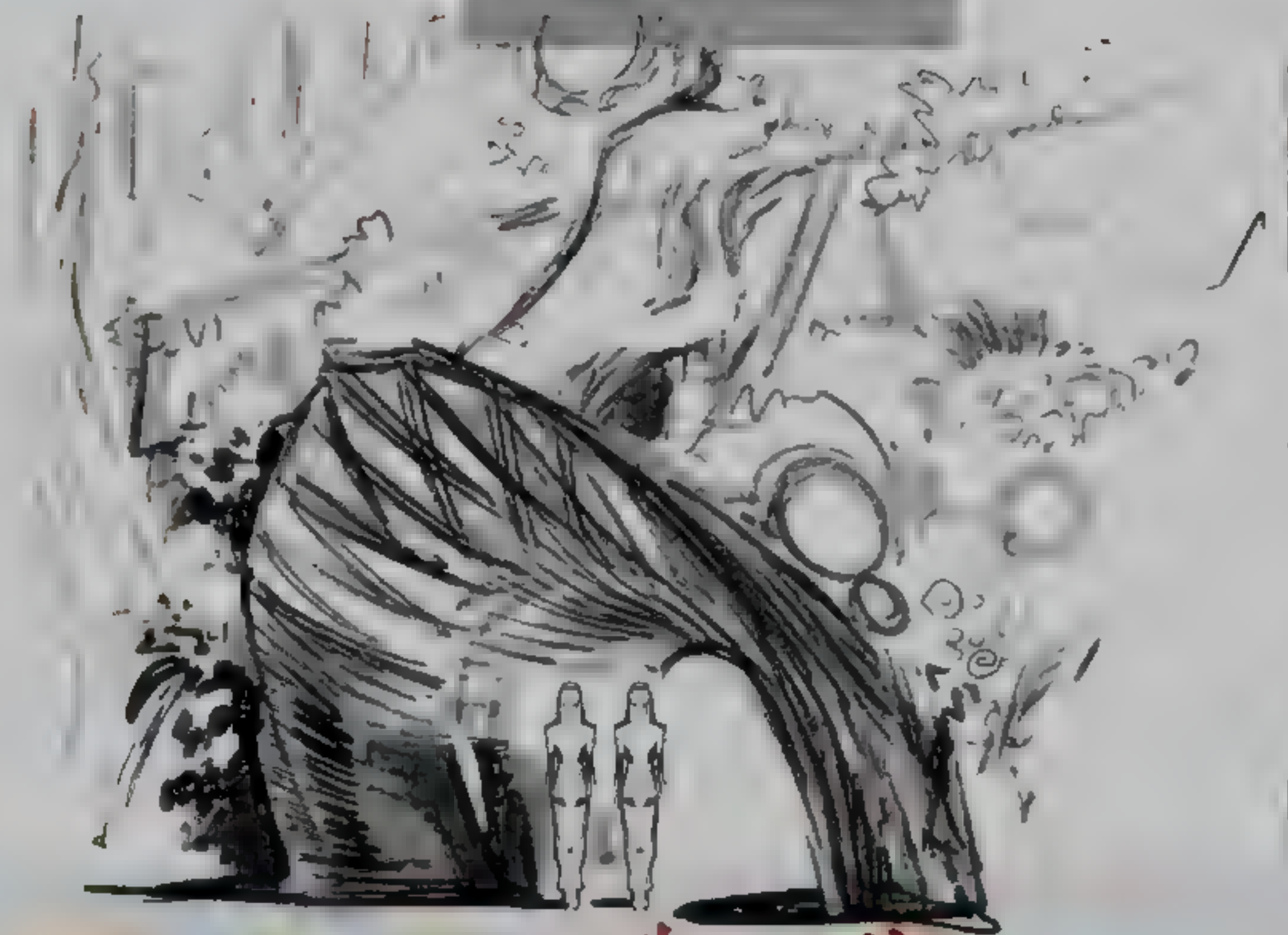
HOUSE OF X #6 & POWERS OF X #6 CONNECTING VARIANTS
by Javier Garrón & Rachelle Rosenberg



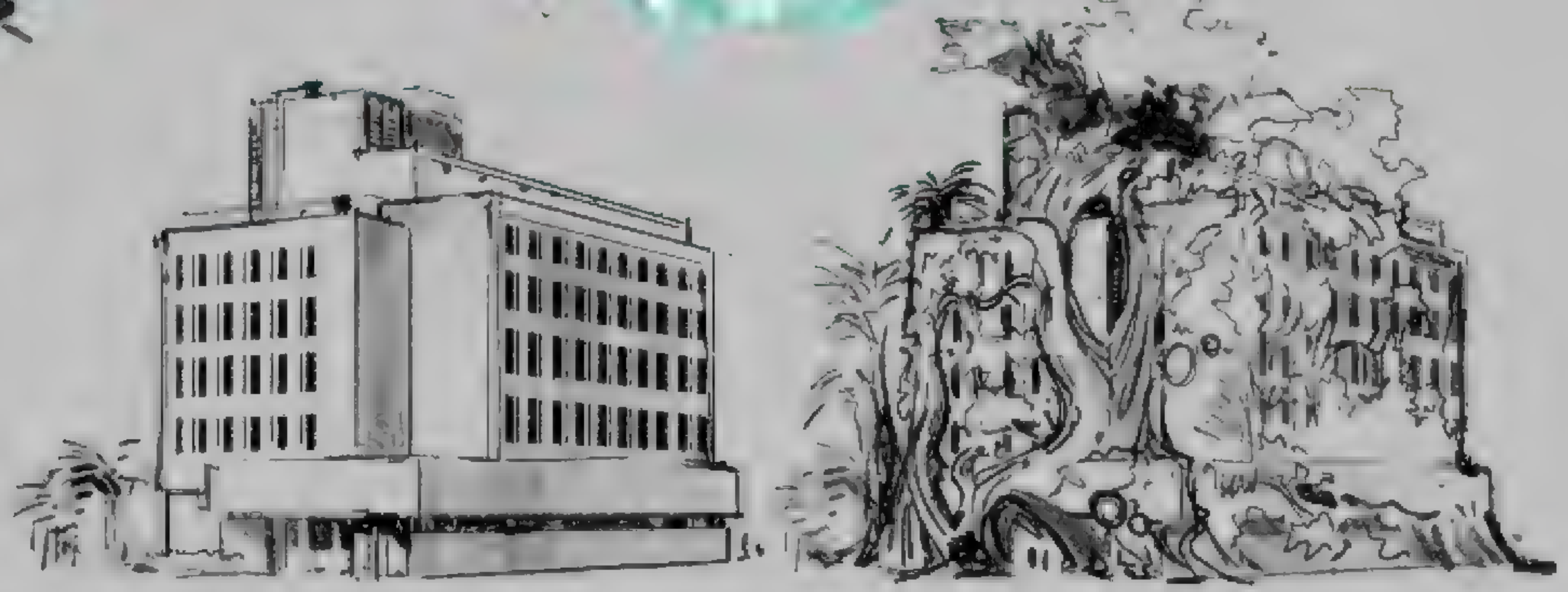


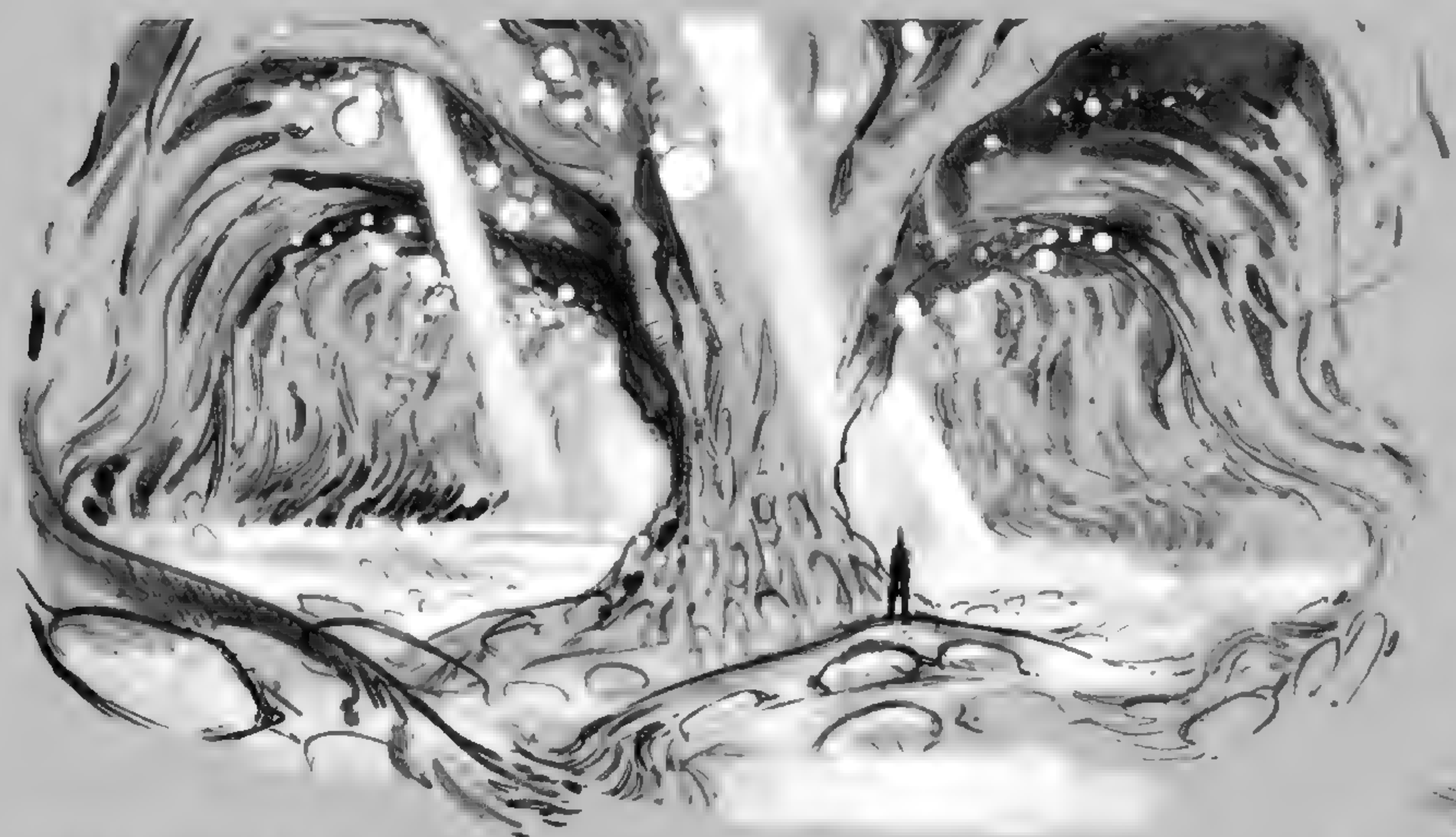


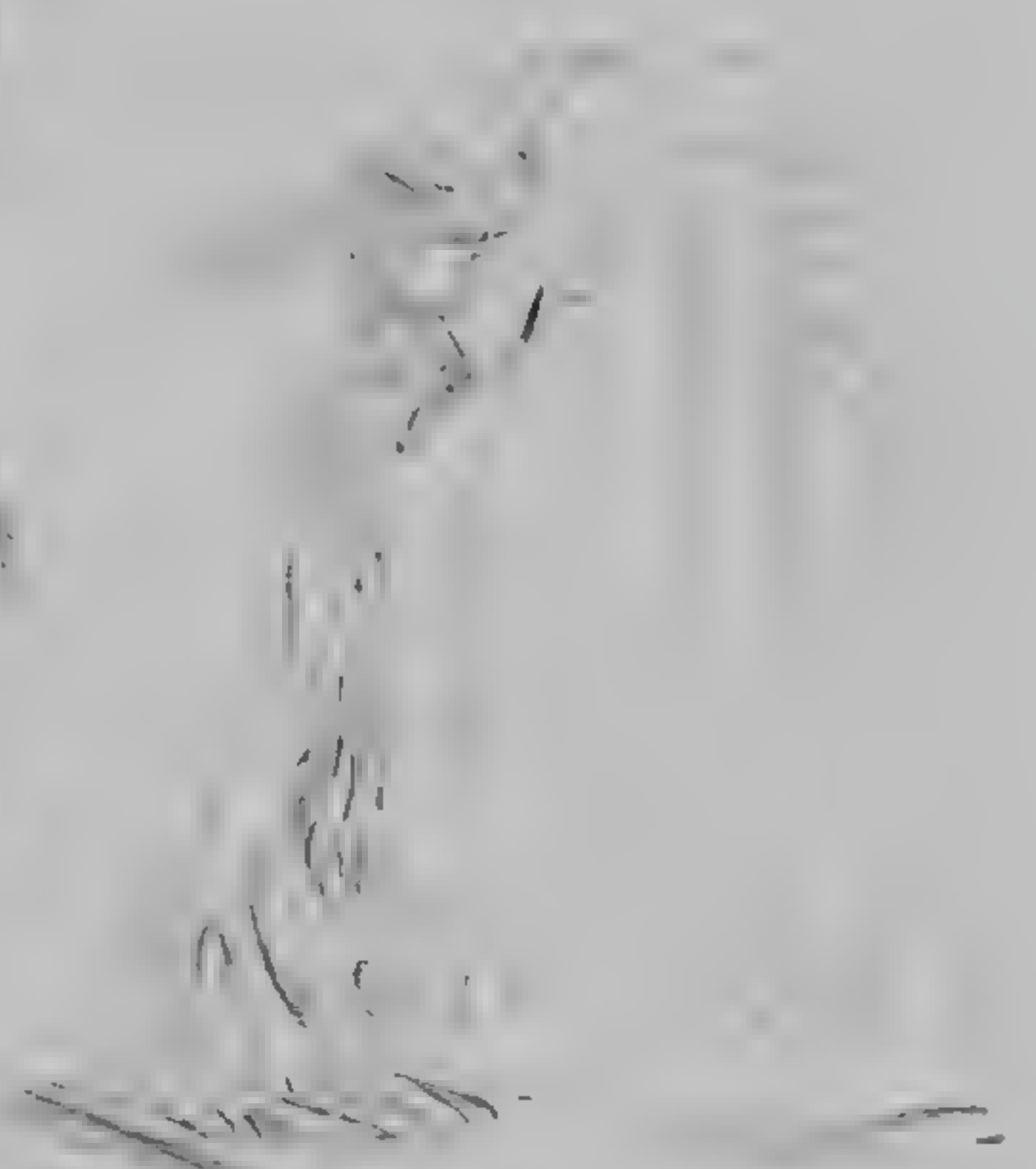
THE HUB



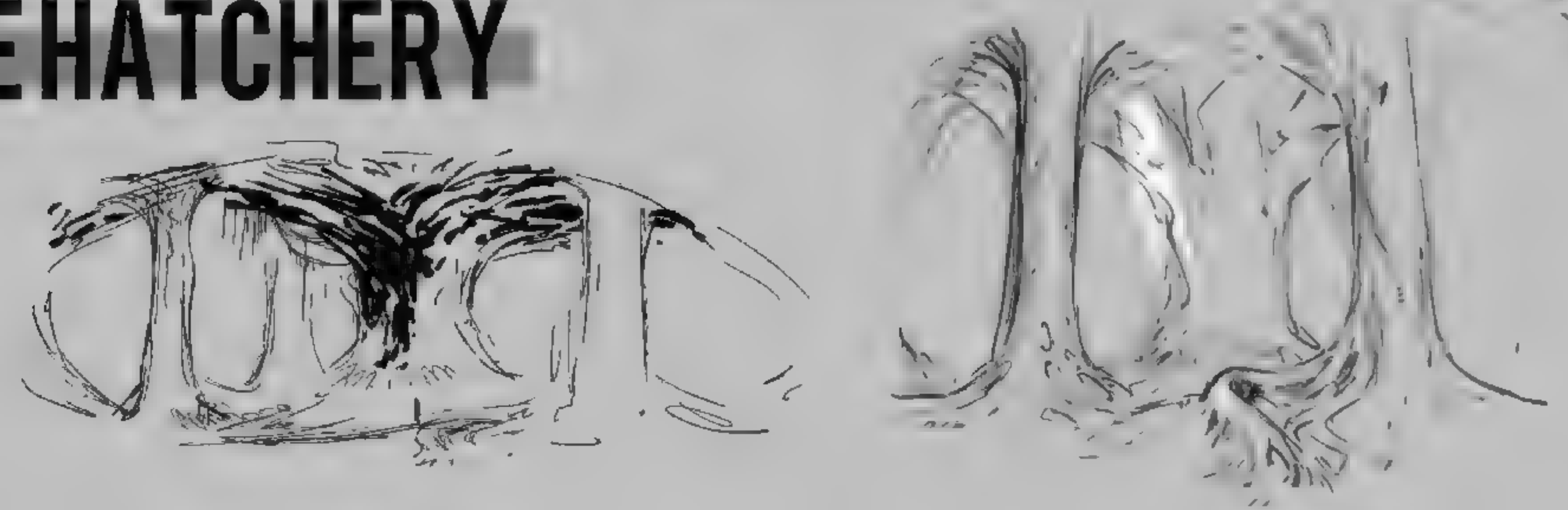
DESIGNS
BY
PEPE
LARRAZ



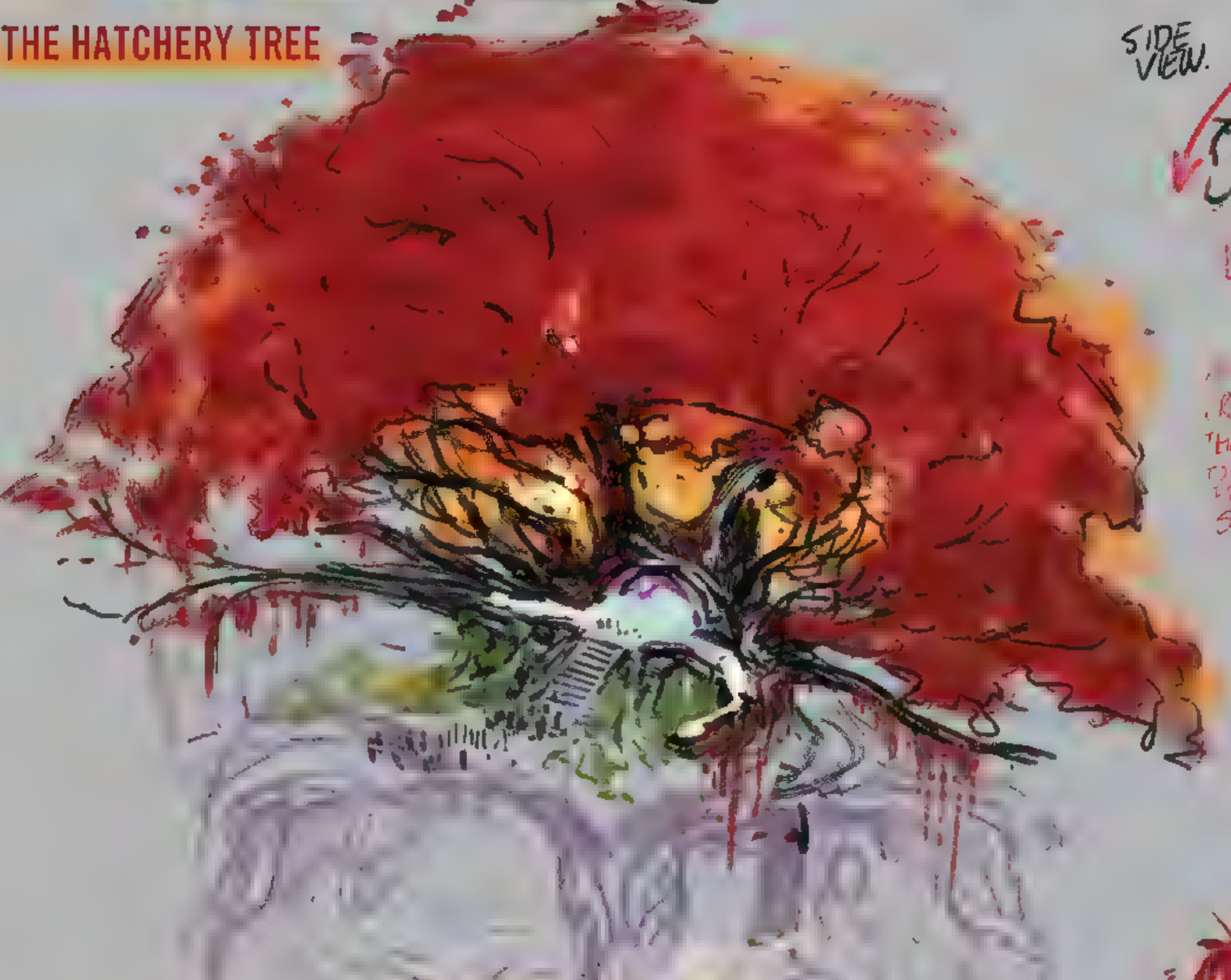




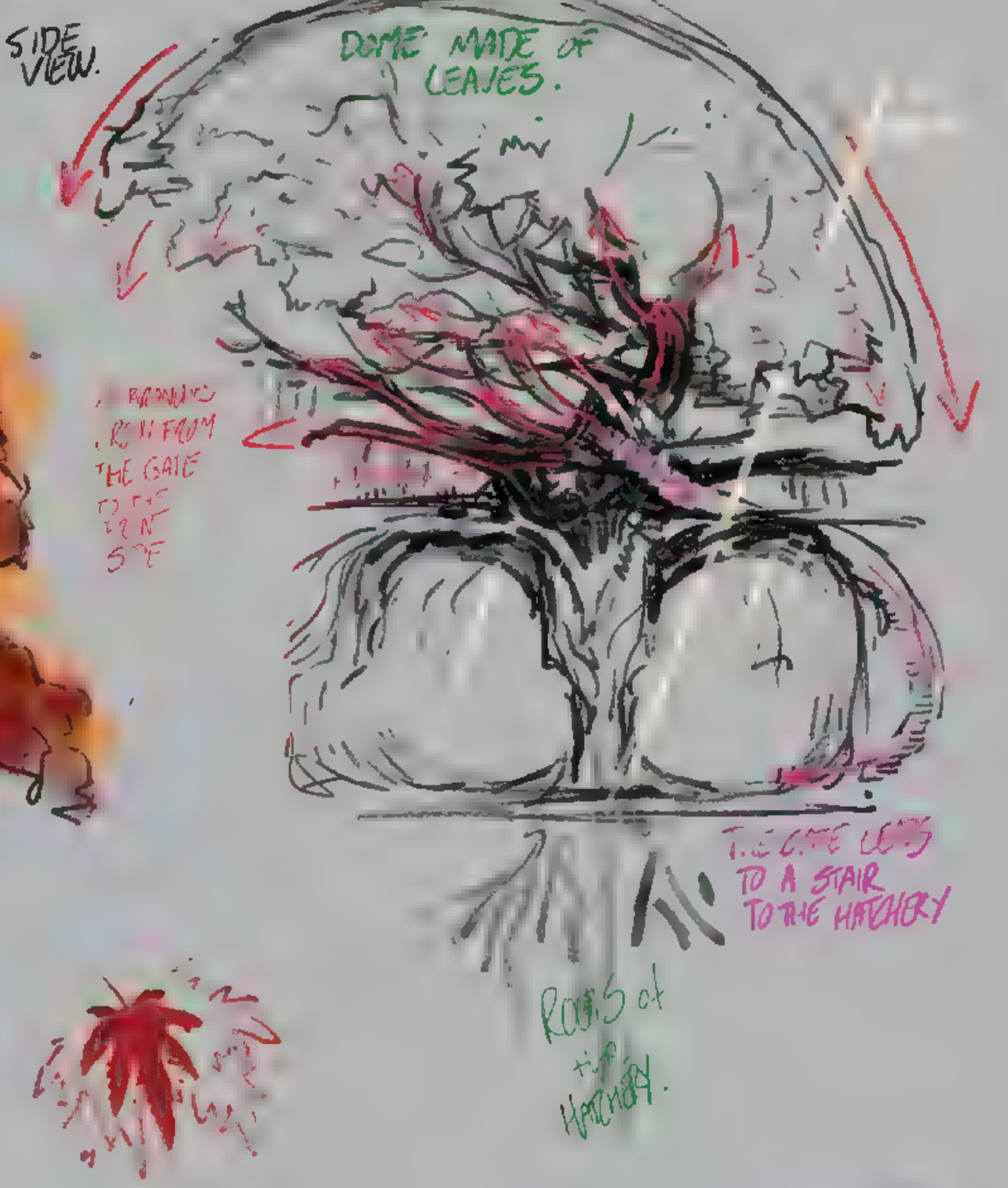
THE HATCHERY

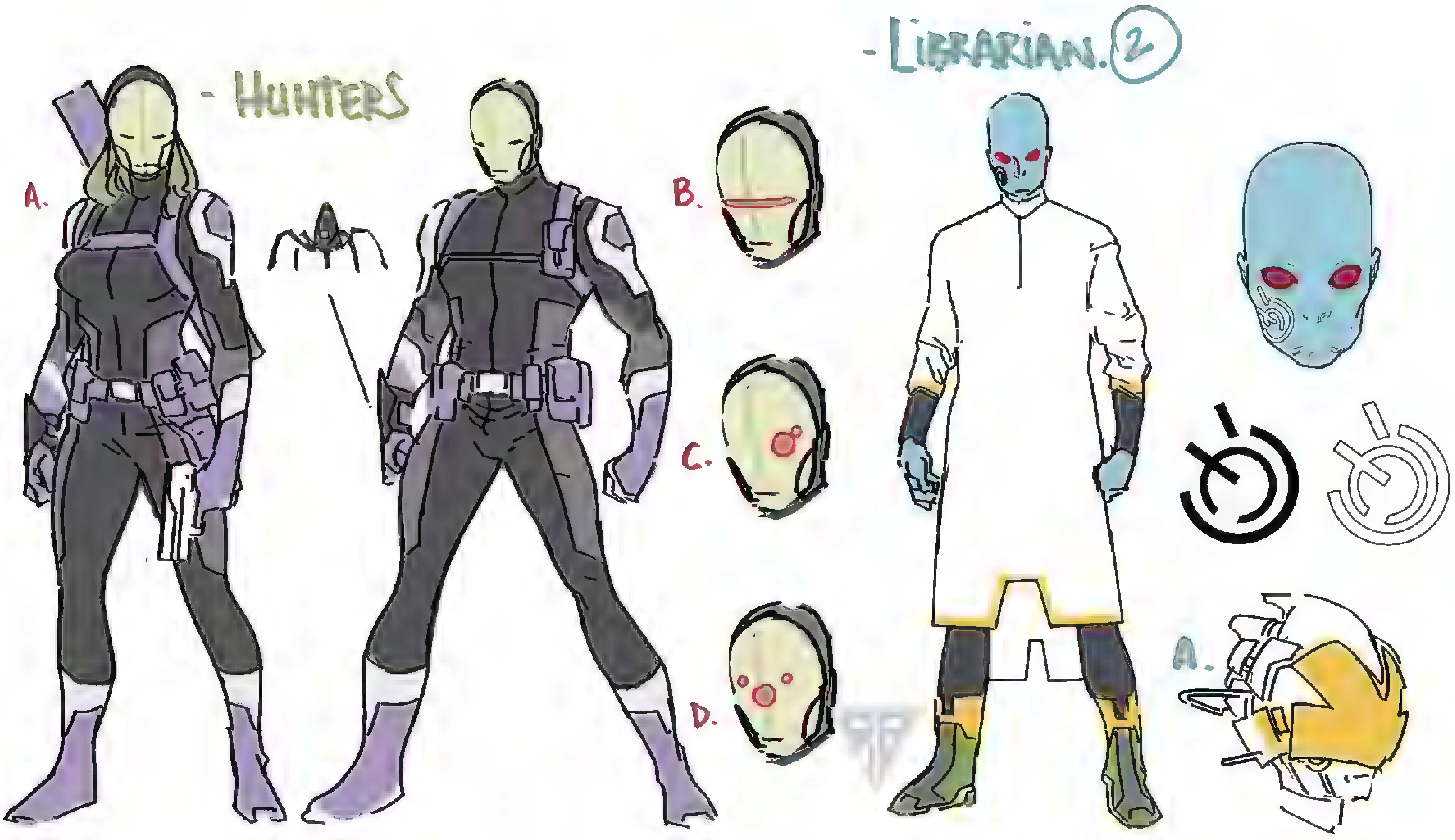


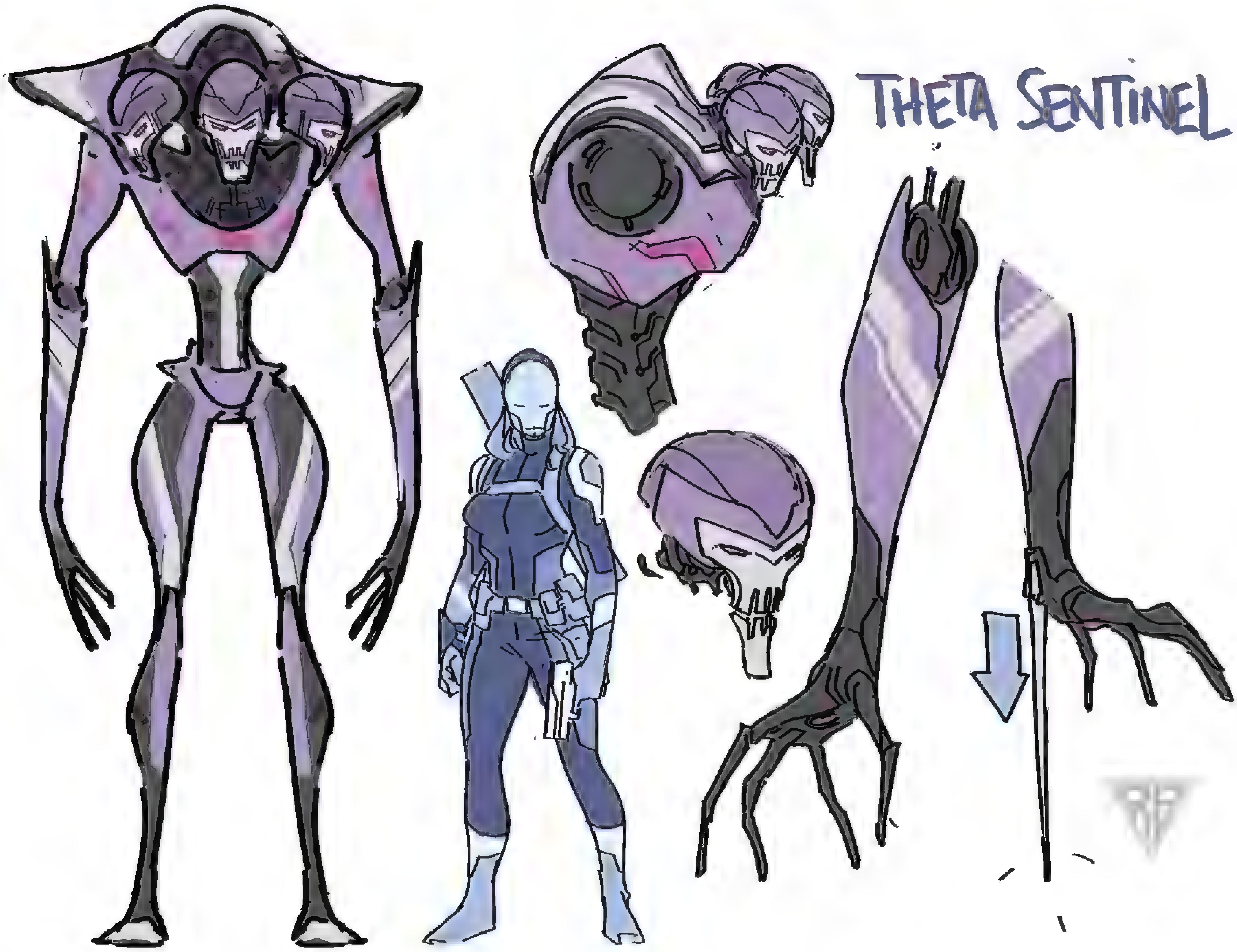
THE HATCHERY TREE

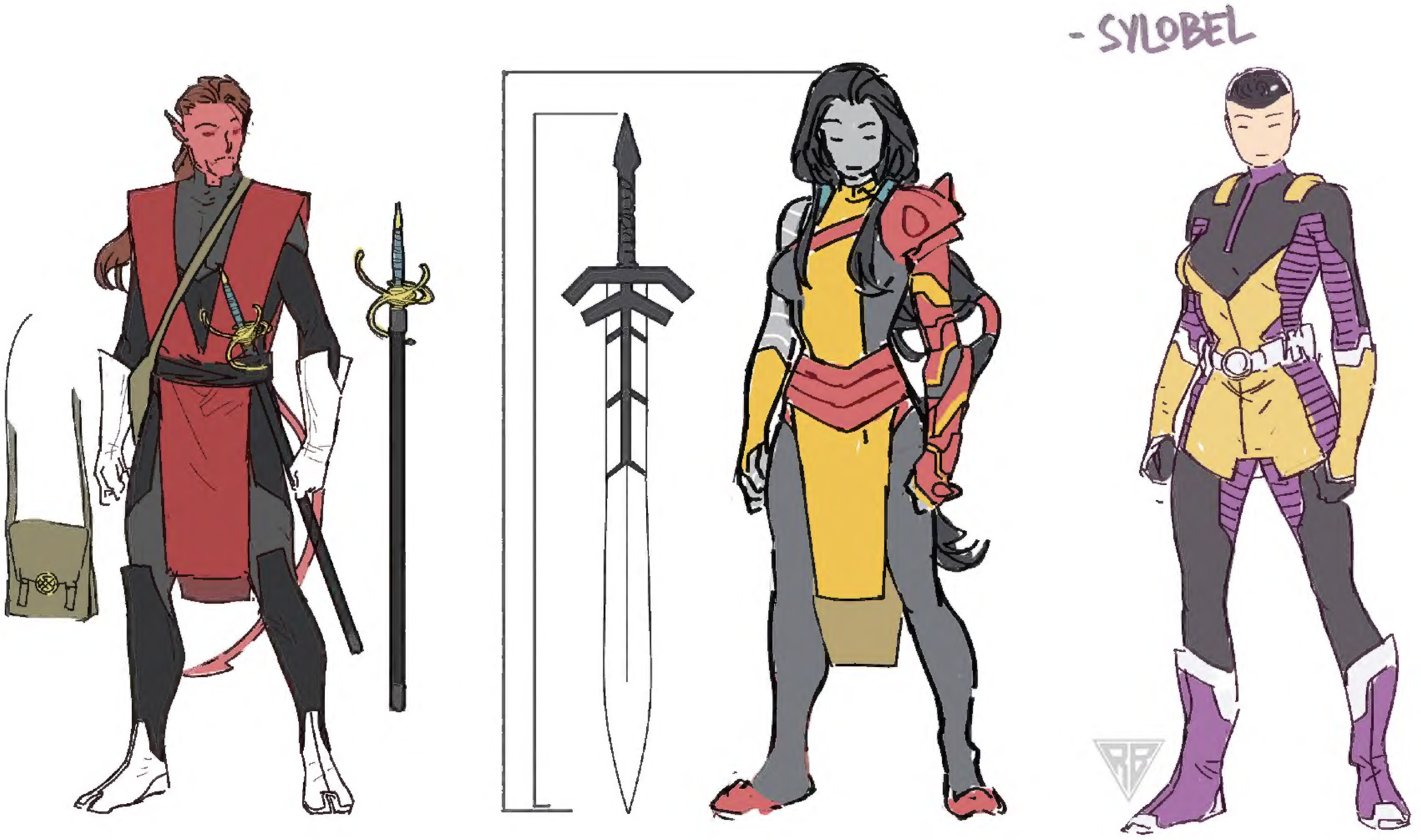


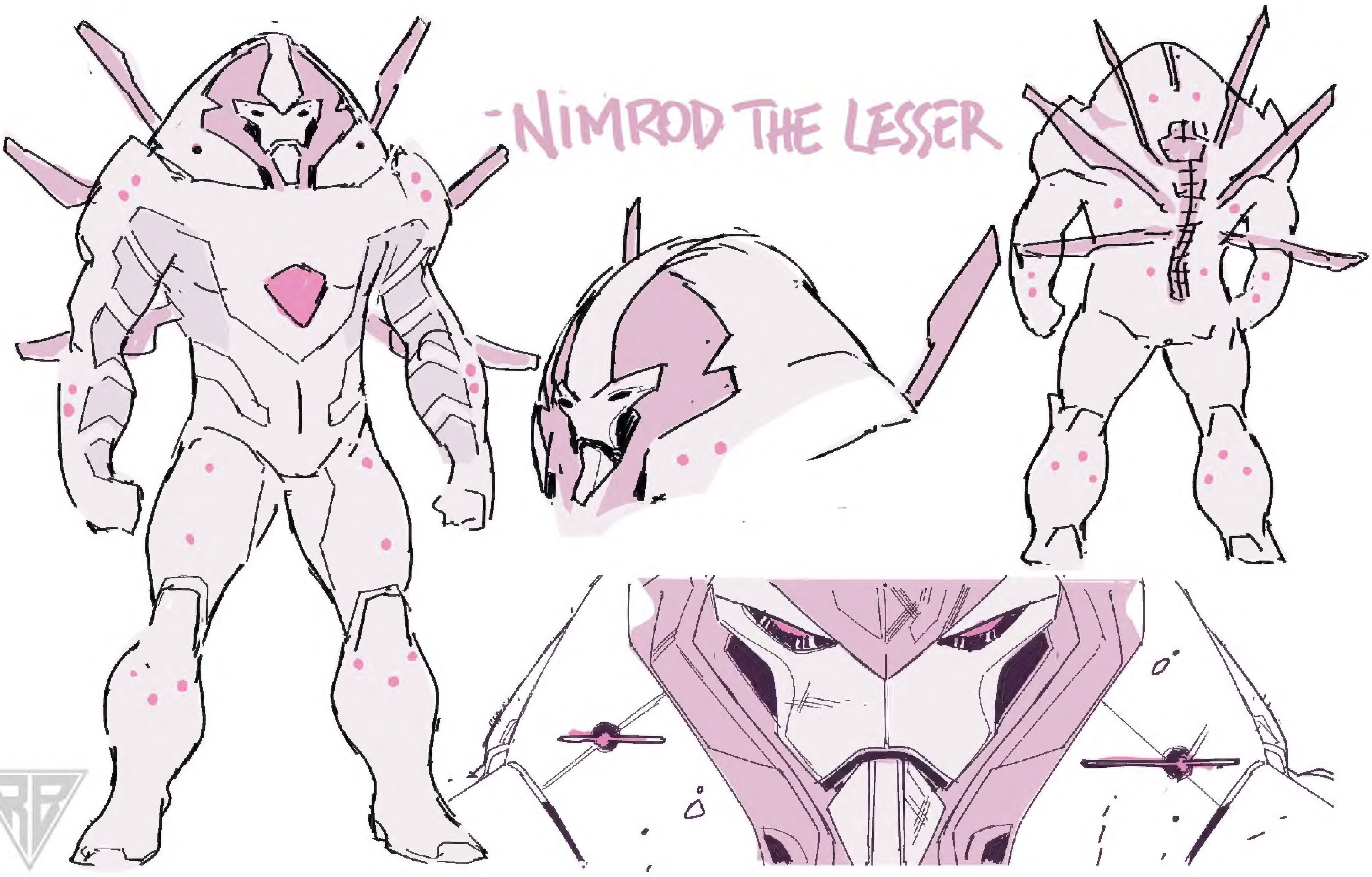
(mix of a Japanese maple tree and the giant banjan tree)


SIDE VIEW.
DOME MADE OF LEAVES.
BRANCHES [illegible] FROM THE GATE TO THE [illegible]
THE GATE LEADS TO A STAIR TO THE HATCHERY
ROOTS of the HATCHERY.


- HUNTERS
A.
B.
C.
D.
- LIBRARIAN. ②
A.


THETA SENTINEL




- NIMROD THE LESSER

DESIGNS
BY
R.B.
SILVA

[house_of_x] [01-06]
[powers_of_x] [01-06]

The next great evolution of the X-Men!

“While you slept, the world *changed.*”

With those words, Professor X announces to the people of Earth the new mutant nation of Krakoa. It is a safe haven for all *Homo superior*, with its own rules and its own language. In return for international recognition, he will offer humanity great scientific advancements, borne of Krakoa’s unique flora. But the time for coexistence is over. The old dream is dead — now it is time for a new one. And the impact of Xavier’s actions will be felt a hundred — even a thousand — years from now!

Visionary writer Jonathan Hickman (*Fantastic Four*, *Avengers*, *Secret Wars*) transforms the past, present and future of mutantkind!

Collecting House of X #1–6 and Powers of X #1–6 — by Jonathan Hickman, Pepe Larraz, R.B. Silva, Adriano Di Benedetto, Marte Gracia and David Curiel.

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